CHAPTERS FROM A SOLDIER'S LIFE

92
CAM

Holmes
Peebles

Miss Elsie Fox.

With affte regard
From Lee and F.L.

In memory of many happy days Charlie
he spent with you all, and the
great kindnesses shown him which he
dearly appreciated.

6. 3. 1942

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CHAPTERS
FROM A SOLDIER'S LIFE

MAJOR FREDERICK CHARLES GUNNING CAMPBELL

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CHAPTERS FROM A SOLDIER'S LIFE

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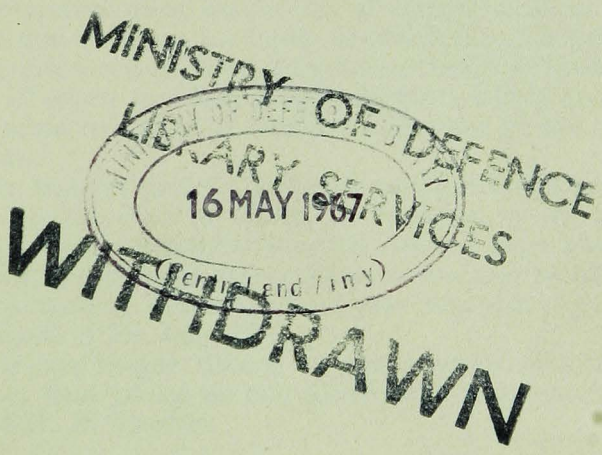

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BY

THE FATHER AND MOTHER

OF THE LATE

MAJOR

FREDERICK CHARLES GUNNING CAMPBELL, M.C.

Born 11th August, 1887

Killed by Enemy Action, 24th September, 1940

Printed in Great Britain

FOREWORD

THE diary which our son Charlie kept during his active career was apparently destroyed when his house was bombed on the 24th September, 1940, so that from the date of his retirement in 1930 there are practically no records of his many travels.

We are not putting up any brass or stone as a memorial to him, yet we naturally wish to perpetuate his memory. This we think we can best do by printing, for private circulation, extracts from such of his letters, from boyhood onwards, as have been preserved, and which for the most part were written on active service.

It is regretted there are breaks of several years in these memoirs due to letters not being available for such periods. Some letters, too, have been altogether omitted and passages cut out of others as being of little interest, which accounts for the apparent want of continuity in some of the correspondence.

We are hopeful that the influence which Charlie brought to bear on the lives of others, as revealed by his silent-speaking letters, will help to keep his memory green amongst his friends, and that the younger generation may be inspired by the example of a cheery soldier who ever placed duty in the forefront of his daily life.

This is our simple tribute to the memory of a dearly loved son, than whom no one could more truly say, in the words of W. E. Henley:

> It matters not how strait the gate,
> How charged with punishments the scroll,
> I am the master of my fate,
> I am the captain of my soul.

11th AUGUST, 1941.

Eleanor M. Campbell

F. Campbell

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DATES OF PRINCIPAL EVENTS

1887. Born 11th August at Morningside, Murree, Punjab.

1890. Toured in Kashmir with his parents. Then Home, running riot with his cousins, nine of them, in Cornwall. A cheery handful !

1895. Back to India. Taught by a governess the three R's. Hoti Mardan in the cold weather, Thandiani or Murree in the hot weather.

Early pursuits: Riding; very fond of his pony Santa Claus. Gymnastics, of which he was taught the rudiments by Lieut. Ivan Battye of the Guides. (Now Brigadier Ivan Battye, C.B., D.S.O.) Highland Dancing. Bagpipes, learning on the Goose (practice chanter fitted into a bag).

1897. Home again. About 24th September placed at school at Mr Frost's, Ardvreck, Crieff, Perthshire. At Ardvreck till April, 1899.

1899. Private tuition. Fort William, Inverness-shire, and Robin Hood's Bay, Yorkshire. Tutor, Miss E. Still, M.A., and a Swiss lady. Learnt to handle a miniature rifle. Mr Cooper, the vicar, kindly took him out riding occasionally.

1900. September, entered Trinity College, Glenalmond, Perthshire. Took a scholarship of £45 a year which he held for the five years he was at the College. The warden sent Miss Still the report of the examiners on the scholarship work, which was to the effect that his French and Latin were outstandingly good—far above that of other boys—and that the examiners were struck by the method and thoroughness shown throughout in his papers. The credit for this was, in great measure, due to Miss Still's wonderful power of imparting instruction. Joined the Cadet Corps and the Pipe Band, of which he became Pipe Major. Shot in the College VIII at Bisley. Some damage was caused to his right eye by looking at the eclipse of the sun. This

injury caused him to fail in the eyesight test when he went up for the Navy. Luckily, he had been brought up to be ambidextrous, so this defect did not affect his shooting from the left shoulder. See " Extracts from *Glenalmond Chronicle*," Appendix A.

1905. Left Glenalmond.

1906. Private tuition at Camberley for about six months. Passed into R.M.C., Sandhurst (it is thought thirteenth in order of merit). Joined F Coy. Sergeant. Prominent at Gymnastics, Riding, and Rifle Shooting.

1907. Passed out of Sandhurst eighth in order of merit. Gazetted to the Unattached List of the Indian Army, and attached to the 2nd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, which he joined at Nowshera, N.W.F.P.

1908. Proceeded on service with the Seaforths about the beginning of February, in operations against the Zakkha Kheyl Afridis (the Bazaar Valley expedition).

1908. About 17th March posted to and joined the 40th Pathans and served with the regiment in the Mohmand expedition (April). His services during his career in the 40th Pathans are fully given in the history of that regiment by Major R. S. Waters, O.B.E.

1913. Visited Java with his great friend, and brother officer, G. D. Campbell. His article, " Java, the Garden of the East," appeared in the *U.S. Journal*, India.

1914. Studied Russian. Home on furlough. Passed preliminary Russian, with the intention of going to Russia to complete his study of the language before presenting himself for the interpretership examination. War broke out on 4th August while he was at home. He joined the 2nd Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers (depot) 18th August. The battalion had crossed over on the 23rd August, and he went over with the first reinforcement the day after, joining the battalion on the 5th September, the last day of the retreat from Mons.

1915. Served with the Dublins till about 18th January, 1915. The dates of his further postings were, approximately: To the 129th Baluchis from 22.1.15. Then to the 59th Scinde Rifles 6.3.15. Finally rejoining his

own regiment, the 40th Pathans, mid-April, 1915, as Adjutant. Selected to conduct a party of Indian officers on a visit to England, 25th November, 1915.

Proceeded with the 40th Pathans, at the end of the year, to the East African theatre of war.

1916. East African campaign with the 40th Pathans till invalided home, July, 1916. Despatches twice. London Gazette 1st January, 1916, and 17th February, 1916. Awarded the Military Cross.

1917. Passed medical board in England. Ordered out to India. The following is an extract from the regimental history of his career from this point: " Captain Campbell on arrival in India was posted to the Mohmand Militia, and subsequently to the following in turn: Southern Waziristan Militia, Mohmand Militia (again), Northern Waziristan Militia, Mohmand Militia (a third time), Frontier Constabulary and Kurram Militia (as Commandant), before rejoining the 5th Battalion 14th Punjab Regiment in January, 1927.

1921. 14th July. Married, at Chudleigh, Elisabeth Margaret Keen, elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel J. Keen, C.I.E., C.B.E., Political Agent of the Khyber.

1923. Appointed Commandant Kurram Militia, N.W.F.P. His daughter, Jean Mavis, was born 6th September, 1923. His wife died 29th September, 1923.

1930. He retired 21st August, 1930. Thereafter he made frequent journeys to foreign countries, his knowledge of French, Russian, and some Spanish proving most useful to him. He kept careful notes on these journeys, but unfortunately they appear to have been destroyed when his house was bombed.

1932. His daughter, Jean Mavis, died 22nd May, 1932.

1939-1940. Served in the Postal Censorship Department, first at Liverpool and latterly in London.

Killed by enemy action when his house was bombed about 9 p.m. on 24th September, 1940, but as his body was not recovered till the 29th September, this latter is the official date under which his death is registered.

CHAPTERS FROM A SOLDIER'S LIFE

CHAPTER I

1891-1902

EARLY DAYS

[Charlie's first letter to me, dictated by him, age three and a half.—F. C.]

SKISDON, CORNWALL.
12th March, 1891.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I am naughty boy up in nursery. I have broken my balloon now. This is only half a letter. I write a letter and a half tomorrow.

YOUR LOVING CHARLIE BOY.

I send you 3 kisses, Father.

MARDAN. *5th Dec.*, 1895.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

At breakfast this morning Baby asked Miss Matthews if her teeth were not tired eating her porridge. I am always dreaming about Skisdon; the other night I dreamt I went to Skisdon and thought this time it is really true, and then I said to myself, I don't remember going over the sea. Then I woke up and found it was a dream.

YOUR LOVING SON CHARLIE.

MARDAN. *10th December*, 1895.

Mother says I have been doing well since you left. Mr Battye came over yesterday, and I was able to hang with one leg. I am going to write Mother a letter for Xmas, and if I can I am going to learn some Geography and put it in the letter. Besides being able to hang on with one leg I am able to swing the right leg over, and to swing up and put the left leg over and sit on the bar.

The men were firing very good volleys this morning: they went one bang for each volley.

May wants a new hoop because she said, "I am not afraid of Sukey," the cow, so she went on bowling her hoop and when she came very near Sukey she stopped and watched it, and it ran and hit Sukey and Sukey trod on it and broke it.

MARDAN. *12th December*, 1895.

MY DEAREST FATHER,

While you have been away I have been eating all your cream with my porridge. I try very hard to teach Baby to dance; yesterday she trod on my fingers, and we both fell down. We play a game in the evening that Baby calls troubling, she means travelling in a train. We put two or three chairs close together and pretend it is a train. . . .

YOUR LOVING SON CHARLIE.

THUNDIARNY. *3rd June*, 1896.

I am going to paint, and Margaret is going to sow; May and Malcolm are going to tare up peases of paper to send a girl to the hills. This morning one of my sums was wrong, and yesterday I put down 195s. I got 30 runs this morning and the man only got 7 or 8. I might have got more than 30 runs, but it was eight o'clock. George said he couldn't come down for a week, and mother thinks he has been a bad boy. This morning the orderly got 32 runs, and I only got 31 runs. He plays charet better now. Tiger is quite well

Charet means Cricket.

THUNDIANI. *15th June*, 1896.

The Vynings came to tea on Friday, and we had a game of cricket. Thank you for telling me how to hold my bat, becues I played the best, then the little boy of 6 for his age, and then the other two. Thank you for the Chanter you sent, it is a very nice one. Tiger sends you a lick, and Brusher sends Mr Daves. Malcolm was asked when he was going to eat his pudding and he said, "After I eaten jam." There was a bear down the cud. We have some catterpilars.

THANDIANI. *20th July*, 1896.

We have some worlnuts, and when we throw them upon the house, after a time they break, and we are going to take them to Mardan and sail them on the canal near the

church. I am collecting peach stones to sling. The other night Baby and I were in bed and I said in fun, " Sily old bily father." Baby said " No, I will tell father to give you a caning when he comes." Margaret has got fever. The pollies basket was taken away last night, and in the morning I only found May's parrot. The other day monkeys were down the Khud and we could see them.

THANDIANI. *7th Auugust*, 1896.

Only four days to go by, and then on the fifth it will be my birthday. On Malcolm's birthday May and Margaret had two dolls in two little baths from Aunty Maurd, and Margaret had one big doll; and Malcolm had a box with four shetelcocks and two bats. George told me he was going to give me a bottle of honey for my birthday. May says she will make a braselet for you, before you come up here. I have just finished a necklace to give Baby on my birthday tomorrow. I am looking to cutting wood with you. I have not been dancing lately because my foot was swolen from a bee sting.

Today is my birthday and mother's present has not come yet. Margaret and Malcolm gave me a magic lantern. Auntie Maurd a pistole with a thing that shuts at a target, and Miss Matthews a box of chocolate biscuits.

CAIRNDHU, COMRIE.
23rd September, 1897.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I go to school tomorrow, and I am in my school clothes today.

Baby and I have been having an awful romp. I have just broken a bottle of ink, and Baby was in such a hurry to get downstairs that she fell down and came sliding down but did not hurt herself. I forgot to tell you I lost my skeendhu at St Fillans, but it is found. I am in a great hurry. Love to you and everyone.

YOUR LOVING SON CHARLIE CAMPBELL.

ARDVRECK, CRIEFF, PERTHSHIRE.
26th September, 1897.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I am feeling awffully home-sick and hate the school. There is such a row (so excus writing). There is a new boy here and the boys told him to write Ardvreck all wrong.

I wish you would come next Wednesday, it is a half holiday, and of course bring May.

A boy named Moncrieff is just starting a Museum and he wants to know if Father can bring home anything from India.

We are allowed to talk as much as we like at meals, and we only have about two minutes in the morning to say our prayers, and altogether it is an awfful school and I wish I could run away. Love to you and May

YOUR LOVING SON CHARLIE.

Please send on to Father

ARDVRECK, PERTHSHIRE.
29*th September*, 1897.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

There are millions of things I wanted to tell you, one thing is I have lost a pr of boots and a pencil.

I am getting on capitabaly, most of the chaps think I am a decent fellow, not by Charlie only but by me giving away most of my grub and it is all gone.

We were doing poetry and a big boy of 11 or 12 lost 5 and I didn't lose one.

I like your letters affly. Time simpully flies.

Your loving son
CHARLIE CAMPBELL.

ARDVRECK, CRIEFF.
2*nd October*, 1897.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I am awffully happy could not be happier anywhere else but at home. All the boys bring golf balls so I want a few.

YOUR LOVING SON, CHARLIE.

ARDVRECK, CRIEFF.
3*rd October*, 1897.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

You can send all your letters on to Pater (father) if you like. Both your's and father's teaching help me awffully.

Mother is Baby praying for father to come home, because that is what is bringing him home.

[Extracts only are given of the following five letters.—F. C.]

GLENALMOND. 19.2.1900.

All the snow and ice have gone but the Matron (Mrs Blizzard) said we are sure to have a storm in March. We call her the Blizzard. Of course a Blizzard should know when her namesake is coming.

GLENALMOND. 6.3.1900.

We were inspected by an Adjutant, and it was very funny as he passed down the ranks he came across a master who is just a private, and he stopped and said " How old are you ?" Franky (as we call him) blushed and nearly split with laughter. Then the Adjutant said " Oh, I believe you are a Master !"

GLEN MAY, ROBIN HOOD'S BAY.
21.3.1900.

Today Mr Cooper took us for a ride. Baby rode most of the time. Mr Cooper tells me to tell Father he never had a scarf round his neck, and never will though he has been here 40 years. Today we were having Yorkshire pudding as pudding and Baby said " Do you like it Charlie ?" Miss Still told her it was very rude to make remarks about the eatables.

GLEN MAY. R. H. BAY. 8.4.1900.

One day as we were going down to the shore, and Mrs Peacock's cock was in the road, and I did not run after it but kept it running in front of me, Mrs Peacock came and said: " Don't charse thaat me daar, its a valuable burd that is " and she told Miss Still that it had been frightened 3 weeks ago, and Mr Peacock had not got over the shock yet.

18.4.1900.

I have only fenced once. You see I cannot do it outside, for as the CoastGuard expressed it " the people'll be sarming round like beas " and the room inside is dreadfully low. I do not like to ask him all this way up.

[The following was by post card.—F. C.]

GLEN MAY. R. H. BAY.
19.7.1900.

DEAR FATHER,

Hurrah! Vive la joie I have gained a scholarship pour £45

CHARLIE.

[Charlie held this scholarship for the 5 years he was at Glenalmond.—F. C.]

FENDER LINN, BLAIR ATHOLL.
12*th Sept.*, 1900.

MES CHERS PARENTS,

. . . Je vous remercie de vos lettres. J'aimerai beaucoup avoir des timbres Indiens pour changer avec des autres garçons. Je crois J'aimerai Glenalmond beaucoup.

May pleure presque chaque soir parceque Mdle s'en va. In my pipes I have learnt since with him, Mr Stuart, My lodging is the cold cold ground, Battle of Killiekrankie, Mucking of Geordie's Byre, The Atholl Highlanders, and am learning The Quakers' March.

CHARLIE.

GLENALMOND. *Saturday*, 22.9.1900.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

So far all is well, but I am afraid on Monday I will have to sing "Ben Baxter." I am in the Army Class and youngest in it too. There are about 10 in the form not counting 3 big chaps who are working at different stuff. I have to work with boys who age from 13 to about 18.

There is a new boy "Winter" who is going into the Navy and who is 13½. We are great friends and work together, I expect, in nearly all things. We are both going to swat however much the chaps laugh at us.

The showers are awful fun.

[NOTE.—I had warned Charlie that on joining his big school he might, as a new boy, expect to be called upon to make a speech, express a sentiment or sing a song! To prepare himself for such an eventuality he picked up from me the following ditty—the last two verses in particular being accompanied by realistic pantomimic action!—F. C.]

BEN BAXTER

Ben Baxter was a Bosun,
A very jolly boy,
No man more merrily than he
Could pipe " All hands ahoy " !

Chorus—With a chip chop, cherry chop, Foldiroldirido !

Ben Baxter he got tipsy
Right to his heart's content,
And—whilst leaning oe'r the larboard side—
Right overboard he went.

Chorus—With a chip chop, cherry chop, foldiroldirido !

They threw out ropes and tackling
His life to save in hopes,
But—the sharks had bit his head off,
So he couldn't see the ropes.

Chorus—With a chip chop, cherry chop, foldiroldirido !

GLENALMOND. 1.10.1900.

I and Winter are really in a form to ourselves since we are the only ones in the Army Class who are going to be sailors —We are being worked up in Maths a deal. Grue, that is Mr Skrine, gave him and me a little card with Bible reading for every night and the first verse I read was " Whatsoever things are true," etc. etc. I am going to be a Piper and Maclaine the Pipe Major is going to get me a set. I have joined the boxing.

GLENALMOND. 7.10.1900.

One cad in our form told me he'd give me some advice, he told me not to work hard. I said I was going to. He said " Why ?" I said because it was right. He told this to a group of boys, thinking they would laugh at me. He was rather snubbed though, for they said I was quite right. There is only one other (junior) Campbell here. He is B. A. Campbell.

GLENALMOND. 15.10.1900.

I have joined dancing. I have also joined boxing and fencing. Miss Still often writes to me.

GLENALMOND. 13.11.1900.

I have plenty of my spare time filled up with Recruit Drill, Band practice etc. It was ripping my stay in Edinburgh. I ate so much chicken and sausages etc. that I could not finish my pudding. I am now going for a 7 mile run.

GLENALMOND. 26.11.1900.

M. Skrine m'a donné un gentil livre qui s'appelle " Helps to Worship."

ROCK. CORNWALL. 27.12.1900.

We have had a very nice Xmas. There are one or two rather funny stories to be told. This is one—

One night, when Nona and May were going to bed, Nona blew out the candle. May lit a match to light the candle, but instead of holding it to the candle she held it to Nona's nose. The result was she burned the skin off. Nona came running down stairs calling for vaseline, and May followed her splitting her sides with laughter. She thought it a great joke.

This is another. Once when Helen and May were in bed together, they thought they heard a man in the wall; so they agreed to blow their noses very hard to shew the man in the wall that they were not afraid of him. May blew hers so hard that it began to bleed.

23A DICK PLACE, EDINBURGH. 16.1.1901.

We have left Rock as you can see by the address. I am awfully sorry to leave uncle Leveson, Auntie Trottie, and all my cousins. We have had awful fun, and I would give anything to go there again. We had lots of Xmas parties, and Fin and I had such fun and we were so sorry to leave. Auntie and Uncle and all were so kind. When we were at Grandfather's he gave us each 10/- Uncle Leveson gave me 5/- Auntie Nell gave me 3/6. I am going to get a steamboat.

GLENALMOND. 11.1.1901.

Awfully good tobogganing. I have thrown up fencing (foils) but simply love boxing. I still want to enter Navy.

GLEN MAY,
ROBIN HOOD'S BAY 3.4.1901.

Here we are again ! Oh is it not nice ! And May is coming this evening. I am so glad you kept me at my pipes. I simply love playing now. It is very nice to meet all our old friends again; yesterday I met Dr Wood. All the boys and shop people say " 'Ullo, so you've kum te live in th' auld cuntry again." Callum is getting quite smart. In Edinboro' once he said " I want to go out to the war." Auntie said " Why you're too young." Callum answered " Yes, but dont you think they might put me in the *Infantery* ?"

GLENALMOND. 26.5.1901.

There is a chap called Ross here, rather a decent sort of chap, who came the same term as I. We were ragging about the Rosses and Campbells and I said that the Campbells were the best, that you always heard of them in India. " No," he said, " that is not it; you see the Campbells were in a blue funk of the Rosses so they all scuddaddled to India, and when a Ross came within 20 miles they used to build castles and then lock themselves up."

GLENALMOND. 11.6.1901.

I again repeat that I am awfully glad that you sent me to a Public School before I went into the Navy, and especially to this school. It is really *charming, lovely.*

The Band tunes that I play on the Pipes are—Highland Laddie, Blue Bonnets, Haughs of Cromdale, Atholl Highlanders, 42nd or " Wha wadna fect for Charlie." I almost know the Munlochy Volunteers too. Other tunes I know are, Scots wha hae, My love is a fair maid, My lodging is the cold ground and, And Sae will we yet. I am now in the Band, and on the eighth of June I went to Perth in the Band with the Corps and piped with about 30 other pipers.

A boy told me the other day he envied me being a piper so young: I told him it was because you had been strict/ ~~Strict~~ and constant when I was a kid, and I heartily thank you for it. I like cricket and bathing very much. Cricket is compulsory and even if it were not I am sure most boys would play.

The other day we were doing about the battle of Austerlitz. Well the master read out " What killed Pitt ?" No

answer. Master "Austerlitz", and I thought he said "Oysterlettes" and that Pitt died from eating too many oysters.

GLENALMOND. 17.6.1901.

p.s. This is my own make up. Why is Divinity the most nasty hour at Coll? Because it is most gruesome. (Grew the Warden takes us in Div.)

MARGARET VILLA, DALWHINNIE.
23*rd Sept.*, 1901.

May is greatly looking forward to the time you come home. Do you know May is awfully keen on poetry. She reads any little scrap she can find (what I call dry stuff) and enjoys it. She often says she wants to be a poet.

GLENALMOND. 29.9.1901.

I am always going to bed as soon as I can to be nice and fresh for my dumb-bells in the morning. I saw Sandow's book in the holidays; I have his chart. Do you not think I could do all the exercises except the ones not advised.

May has been taught jolly well at her school.

GLENALMOND. 9.12.1901.

I was confirmed last Wednesday, Auntie May being present, and I am very happy and glad I was confirmed. On Sunday I went to Communion, and I now see its use.

ROCK, CORNWALL. 22.12.01.

I hope you will have had a very happy Xmas. I expect we will have a lovely time. Everyone is at home now. We arrived here safely. May's carriage was not joined onto mine at Waverley, but her train arrived 5 minutes after mine at King's Cross.

I talked to the Gentleman opposite me in my sleep in the train. I remember asking him where the rest of the Gentlemen in the carriage had gone since they had stolen my sticks, (the Gentlemen and sticks being there all the time).

GLENALMOND. 2.3.1902.

One of our schoolfellows called Sturrock died this morning. Auntie May is telling you about him. The Warden spoke

so nicely in Chapel this morning, telling us how Mrs Sturrock had sent us a message thanking us for our kindness to her son. We are subscribing for a wreath.

Now let us put away this gloomy subject, for Sturrock is quite happy now.

You don't know how your last letters cheered me up and what joy they afforded me.

I think May has a good deal of common sense and knows more of practical matters than I did at her age, and you should see her run. She is a good lassie and awfully kind hearted, and we love each other awfully really.

I cant swim at school this term, but in Edinburgh I go whenever I can and play about at swimming, if I cant get a lesson. The deep end is only 9 feet so there is not much fear of my drowning, which I daresay my Master regrets as he is always telling us that the sooner we drown ourselves the better: he's a " funny awl joaker " is Boosie. This is supposed to be Cornish.

Now to my dinner. Cold beef and potatoes, plum-pudding, one slice of brown bread and as much white as you like and one glass of so called beer (if you want it !) Still you can make a pretty fair dinner with that, especially if you pass up your plate for second helpings. The food is really awfully good for a public school.

LONDON. 20.3.1902.

Grandfather enjoyed those jokes you sent me, about mistakes in examn papers. I am going to Edinburgh tomorrow after a most enjoyable stay here. I went to see the Hippodrome on Monday afternoon with Uncle and Auntie. We ended with seeing a one-legged man dive about 100 feet on a bike. Yesterday Uncle and I went to the Minstrels at Moore and Burgess.

I travelled down on Saturday with a Frenchman à qui Ja'i parlé Français longtemps pour être ferré dans le Français.

Getting dark so I will have a game of chess with Grandfather.

GLENALMOND. 6.7.02.

Yesterday our first XI won a school match against Edinburgh Academy and the Senior school waited up ¾ hour for them and cheered them down the Avenue, and carried four of them round the Quad.

The Choir are going to sing the Commem. Anthem in Chapel tonight. It is a very pretty one. " The Lord is loving unto every man."

It was rather funny the other day, —— who you know, has weak flat feet, and who is rather queer in his head sometimes, informed me very excitedly at table that he had a week end. I said " really, I always thought you had two. " He meant he had a week-end ticket home.

October 12th, 1902.

We had a piping competition last Tuesday. I won it and have been made Pipe Corporal. The Pipe Major who teaches us says in six months he could make a fine piper of me. I have just the fingers, he says. He also adds that I am falling off and need a lot of practice.

We only get our marks put up every fortnight. I am top in French. I play a lot of fives.

[At Xmastide, 1902, I presented my wife with a book entitled " Children's Voices," which contained some of our children's early letters up to October, 1902. From this book the foregoing letters have been extracted. There is now, unfortunately, a break of some 5 years, none of Charlie's letters for this period being extant.—F. C.]

CHAPTER II

1907-1908

FIRST CAMPAIGN

[Copy of a letter from Charlie to his sister May.]

H.M.T. *Rewa.* JUST PAST MALTA, *Saturday, Feby 23rd,* 1907.

MY DEAR MAY,

It was sickening leaving England and saying goodbye to everyone but it is soon over and got to come someday. The Xmas after next wont take so long to come now. . . . I used to hate being told to buck up and be good and all the rest, but you will find it pays in the end really. You are old enough to see this now and I should stick to reading if I were you. Thats where you score over me. I cant read fast enough. Devour everything you can and you will get better and better and soon be able to pick out what you like best. Look at the papers and things when you get a chance. I shall be awfully busy in India and when I am working I write very little as you know, but you must forgive me because it is worth it from the getting on point of view. . . . Poor Colonel McSwiney is dead, did you know ? But life is too short to worry about. Never worry about anything and you will live much longer and healthier. I dont mean dont be serious. . . . I dont know if I ever told you, but at the McKenzies' dance I was dragged down about three flights of stairs to see if I knew that pretty girl by the food supply, and found you ! Lots of people thought you were the prettiest girl there. I began to think myself quite handsome. . . . I never seem to have had time to talk to you seriously on life. I wonder what your views on it are. I really almost believe we come back again. So long for the present. Thanks awfully for your farewell telegram. . . . With love and good wishes and best of luck and a good time till we meet again.

I am your very affect. brother

FCG CAMPBELL.

CAMP WALAI,
BAZAAR VALLEY EXPEDITION
17.2.08

(Note, with Seaforths—F. C.)

MY DEAREST MAY,

Just a note by fading light, send on to mother. Here we are on service, awful fun. Bar being under fire I cant say we have done much fighting. Mullaly's head cut open with a ~~ssine~~ stone being about all, as a matter of fact we aren't to say much about it just now, but I'll write later when we get back. Feeling awfully fit eating solid chunks of cold bullock fat and biscuits you have to stand on. Weird country etc. we lose all count of days and dates, but I hear the mail goes tonight.

How is third prefect getting on? Must end this silly note but strict orders against saying anything, so all love for time being—just to let you know I am alive and kicking. Who do you think relieved me on picquet to-day? Ronnie Duncan! with one coy of Gurkhas.

Ta-ta. Am writing to Father to-morrow. I wonder if Mother is out.

Your affect brother
FCG CAMPBELL.

CAMP WALAI
Thursday 20.2.1908.

(Note, with Seaforths—F. C.)

MY DEAR FATHER,

Thank you for your letters. Very little time for writing. Wrote to May and asked her to forward to mother but hear from her (May) that mother sailed 4th. I expect she will arrive on your birthday.

Well before I just give you my diary up to date I must say that the stuffing has been rather knocked out of me and all of us by McFayden's death. He was my junior in F Coy and Cl Sergt after I left [Note—This refers to Sandhurst.—F. C.] and was attached here to my coy while I was at Meerut. He was shot in the stomach directly we began operations Tuesday morning, at very long range, the bullet first going through my revolver holster which he was wearing. He died and we buried him yesterday. AWFUL. I being a great friend of his and the other sub in B Coy was in charge of firing party. Must write to his people. Jock Campbell is

here. Mullaly did awfully well. His piquet of 12 men were rushed that night and he cut over the forehead by a stone and one of his men shot through the head (Mullaly is attached). Fancy McFayden got the sword of Honour at Sandhurst. I have learnt a lot and will tell you a thing or two when I get back. Major Sempill is our C.O. I am almost too fit. Cold nights but splendid weather. Keep cuttings from papers till I get back because we scarcely ever see anything up here and I should like to read a consecutive account of it.

Ta-ta, love to mother. This is luck, I only wish Seton and Craig had been out too.

Your affect Son
FCG CAMPBELL.

SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.
Sunday.

(Note—No date, but evidently prior to 17th March, 1908, just before leaving the Seaforths to join the 40th Pathans.—F. C.)

MY DEAR FATHER,

I thank you very much for your letter and the offer of the 40th Pathans. It would give me great pleasure, and I should feel it a great honour to go into your old regiment, therefore I gladly accept, especially as I think it would be a pleasure to you. Not that I accept to please you simply or because I thought you did not like, naturally, to crack up your old regiment, but so many people say what a good regiment it is.

I am going to call on the Ogilvies this week.

Love to Mother.

Your affect Son
FCG CAMPBELL.

JHELUM
Monday 20.4.08

(Evidently has joined the 40th Pathans.—F. C.)

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Thanks very much for your and Father's letters. The horse has arrived. I have not seen it yet as I have only this minute come back from Nowshera where I have been for two nights. I am acknowledging receipt in case I

forget later. Father travelled from Lahore to Nazirabad in the same carriage as Seton and sat opposite to him at breakfast but looked so fierce that Seton got no forarder. I travelled up with him from Jhelum to Nowshera in the same carriage that Father was in an hour before.

All the Seaforths very nice want me to get a transfer. Have promised to go to Ghora Dhaka part of leave. Awfully busy never have time to read or write. Will fail Pushtoo obligatory for a dead cert. Confound this sketching class. Will write again to Father when I know horse.

Yr Affect Son
FCG CAMPBELL.

MICHNI FORT,
Sunday 17.5.08.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

No more news. Things here just as they were a week ago and will be a week hence. General Ramsay is here this morning giving a look round. I believe Major Rennick and I and the Doctor are going to be left here alone.

Have you read Oliver Wendell Holmes' Breakfast-table series? Mrs Fox sent them out to me. They are really rather good. I wish I had read say just 10 times as much as I have. There is no time now to read even the current news, periodicals etc, much less novels or any interesting subject, I put the horse down as value RS 500. Post off.

Yr Affte Son
FCG CAMPBELL.

[There is now a break of about six years in the correspondence owing to Charlie serving in India and being in touch with his parents who were also in that country.—F. C.]

CHAPTER III

1914

THE GREAT WAR: FRANCE AND BELGIUM

2ND BATTN. ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS.
MILTON BARRACKS, GRAVESEND.
Thursday, 20th August, 1914.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Getting tired of sitting in London (forbidden to call on or write to the W.O.) I went off to Streatley. Sure enough in 2 days I got my orders to join here yesterday, but this is only a depot, the regiment having gone, and I don't see any chance of escape for some time. However it is all in the day's work and I suppose our chance will come. The men will go mad if confined to Barracks much longer.

There is no news to give. 9 out of 10 men have not yet appreciated what we are in for or may be in for.

Forgive brevity but really it is impossible to write.

Love to all.

Your Affect Son,
CHARLES CAMPBELL.

Sunday 11 a.m., *6th September*, 1914.

Very rushed—have joined at last and hope to be " doing it " soon. Please send on to Mother. Could not write before. No letters yet as the regt., not knowing who I was till I joined, sent them all back.

Please give the Postmaster General the tip I *am* with the 2nd Dublin Fusiliers or he may hold up all my letters.

Very foot sore. The French are rippers. It is too hot by day but pleasant at night, though 30 mile marches teach one to sleep through anything. Remember we have absolutely no news, so please tell us everything however stale it seems to you.

One tin of tobacco—craven mixture—thank you.

Tuesday 8th, 8 a.m. Close to it last night. Hope to get going soon. However we are doing our job mostly walking

2 a.m. till dusk. How we long for news. Letter from Ruth this morning—many thanks. The 6th aeroplane this morning (it is only 8 a.m. now, though as usual we have been up for 5 hours) is whirring overhead.

People bucking cheap French all round. Dead Germans have ceased to interest one, but dogs eating them rather turn one up on a cold empty stomach.

Bye Bye,
CHARLES.

[The following lines from the Official History of the War—Military Operations—France and Belgium 1914, may be inserted here.—F. C.]

> 14th September, 1914: At noon the fire increased so greatly that a German attack on the spur of La Montagne was apprehended, and a company of the Dublins* was sent forward to make a counter attack. This company advanced for half a mile, engaged hostile infantry in a beetroot field at four hundred yards' range, and by sheer marksmanship silenced its fire.

The next man to me was killed the moment I knelt up to use my glasses that show.

CHARLES.

23rd September, 1914.

I want you to send this on to mother after you have read it. We don't get much opportunity of letter writing and when we do all news is forbidden. But if I tell you I started with 15 days in a train all round France, then a 40 mile march—and lately 48 hours in one trench which became a grave of liquid freezing mud you may guess the rest. I am lucky to be commanding a Coy with a very nice boy as a subaltern. Food is splendid and plentiful—ditto the rain. I can't tell you the delight of washing my face and taking my boots off after a whole 7 days of neither. One old general has fallen in love with me—perhaps it is the beard which has earned me the name of the Commodore. The French are rippers and we are all anxious to meet the Germans. I am keeping a rough diary which we must go over together some day D.V.

* Charlie's company.

24th September, 1914.

Will you please send this on to India. I have no news. All is well. Very cold nights. We hope to see the Indian Army soon. Thank May for all her letters and Mother's. They seem to roll up at all odd times. Did I tell you four shells burst through the roof and walls of a barn where I and 2 men were sitting on ammunition. We weren't long in getting it out when the straw caught alight. My beard gets longer every day. Men of strange regiments think me a Pathan native officer. Thank Uncle L. awfully for his letter. I hope to see you all again (and the Ford) before going East.

Bye Bye. Very busy.

CHARLES.

Sunday, 4th October, 1914.

MY DARLING MOTHER, FATHER AND MAY,

I cannot thank you too much for all your letters. Aunt Trottie and Ruth have been splendid too. One feels it useless writing (for the first 3 weeks I had not a moment night or day) as I have only heard of 3 of 20-30 letters home arriving. Isn't it splendid of Uncle Leveson, Cousin Charlie and others. I cannot give you any news. To start with I know nothing. I am lucky to command 200 men and 2 machine guns and have two splendid subalterns. I find it hard making my promotions as I have known my men such a short time—but I study them under fire and those that smile and joke when half buried by earth from a shell or curse when their rifle is split by a bullet go up and the others get left. Also they know they always get the heaviest punishment I can give and that I am awake half the night, and if I catch a sentry asleep up he goes for a F.G.C.M. and a possible death sentence. I have some yarns to tell you some day. We can almost wave to the dushman sometimes and we officers see each other's every action through glasses. Am just off to church which I attend regularly though R.C. They are the most devout worshippers I have ever known.

I had such a nice fellow hit the other day. I had had him specially promoted for coolness in the field. He had a hole blown through his leg in a trench at 8.30 a.m. (we rise every morning at 4—very cold too !) and we could not move him. A puttie above saved him from bleeding to death and

he smiled and smoked a pipe with me but of course died that night. Another I chaffed for advancing as though he had cramp in the stomach. He died in my arms 5 mins later, but as long as I hold the crucifix to their lips at the last they are cheery. Rippers.

May I ask for a pair of warm gloves—if possible kid outside and wool inside—and *a* thick vest and drawers with long arms and legs. Don't send two as I should only have to chuck one and we carry everything, even a greatcoat by day for use at night and waterproof sheet. My kit weighs 60-70 lbs on my back—*no* exaggeration. It is tiring enough to stand in !! Could you send me a packet of milk chocolate per week.

Why is it all the best men get laid out ? Yet one must use them on every occasion.

Everyone seems to think I am a Pathan and expect me to stalk Germans by night. We call them the boers as we can't be bothered to remember all these d——d fellows' names. London should see us after 48 hours in a muddy trench. Also the peasant women tilling the fields half a mile back. We are being shelled by guns 6-8 miles off. The base of the shell " blows back " half a mile and weighs 10 lbs ! Cheer oh !

Love to all,
CHARLES.

Friday ? 9th October, 1914.

MY DEAR GRAHAM,

We have at last got blankets and badly we need them. You won't believe how cold it is or how heavy the dew. It is droll. There are officers here who were $2\frac{1}{2}$ years in S. Africa and 22 times under fire. Personally I have been 23 successive days under shrapnel and one's nerves get rather jagged " malgré soi-même " but I think we have all learnt its bark is worse than its bite and after a time it simply angers you.

Thank heavens I can carry on in French. Learn some. Wish I knew some German. I have many tales to tell you. Listening patrols at night is exciting work, 1 Officer and 2 men; practise it. Also can't you teach your men to work with loaded rifles and work the safety catch without shooting themselves. (I nearly met my fate at rifle inspection the other day.) Practise marching at night till you sleep on

your horse or on your feet. Do you know the " mansion mania." You get so sleepy you *swear* you see various things. The prevalent one is a country house—hence the name. In one bad quarter of an hour at 2 a.m. I have seen (1) A row of cottages (2) a mile of Indian frontier hills (3) a man running along the other side of the hedge (4) a mansion. We have one in three awake in the trenches at night. With only two officers in my Coy it comes rather hard. Try keeping awake after a long day in the cold rain from 7-12 midnight—digging 12-2 and then standing to arms 4-5 (and being shelled again 6.30 a.m. !) I don't know why I am so keen on your practising except that you *can* get accustomed to 3 hours' sleep in 24 snatched at intervals of $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE. *Sunday*, 18.10.14.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I write at once—3 hours after being hit. I am all right—really. Very lucky escape—a shrapnel bullet forced open my thumb and first finger slightly bruising both (I write now with the same hand). I had that moment swung round to talk to someone so saving one in the thigh.

" E'en though I walk through death's dark vale
Yet will I fear none ill."

Bye Bye. Good Luck.

CHARLES.

MY DEAR MRS. FOX, *18th October*, 1914.

MY DEAR AUNT JESSIE,

We got into more of it y'day all right. It is curious the different way men take it. I had a lucky escape from a shrapnel bullet in the thigh. As the beastly thing burst I swung half left to shout an order and the bullet opened my thumb and forefinger. I am getting quite expert at first aid and shriving people and have just slept through a funeral within 3 yds of my head. A droll life altogether. Had to execute a house to house search for Germans the other day—very tiring and rather nerve racking as the French would not enter their houses till I had. I have life-long friends among half the children in France.

Goodbye. Good luck.

Yours (dug into the ditch of a cemetery),

C. CAMPBELL.

THE TRENCHES. *22nd October*, 1914.

I feel alive again after a wash after 48 hours in a grave of liquid mud. We were under guns maxims and rifles last night but my lads never answered—good work—as the German didn't dare approach—he knew we had something to give him when close. I thought of a room in Mardam in 97 and Father working for promotion and explaining to me, with balls of paper thrown at the bearer approaching, the use of saving ammn: till close ! Rather busy and unable to give you details but believe me all is merry and bright. Hand quite all right. Indian Divisions quite close behind. Have written to Genl. Anderson.

Will give you my diary at length one day. Impossible now. (Interrupted by aeroplane.)

MY DEAR AUNT EDIE, THE TRENCHES. *23rd October*, 1914.

Cheer oh and think of me next time you warm your finger at a fire ! By the way there is absolutely nothing I want (barring 20 years leave pending retirement) so will you spend that money on comforts for some native Regiment (any number near 40-47th Sikhs if anyone is advertising for them).

My hand is all right—scarcely grazed at all. They have asked me if I should like accelerated promotion into any corps they choose to send me to. I say yes on condition I don't have to leave the I.A. Nothing to relate. The ladies of France are very charming and seem to have had rather a dusting at the hands of the " Allimanders." We got the guns—maxims and rifles playing on us the other night. I refused to let our lads fire so of course they started talking. When I cursed them one private said " If only everybody would stop talking the captain might be able to see who it was that *is* talking !" (I am always " the " Capt.—their own captains they still call Mr.)

Can you see me and two men going out at night to cut the German barbed wire. We got within 30 yds of a G. patrol whom we could have shot easily but lay *very* doggo for 5 mins till they started cursing at missing us and then crawled home.

You will be ashamed of me when I tell you what I have been doing this afternoon. During a lull in the firing I half undressed and caught 16 lice. It is all right—you soon get accustomed to them.

Love to all. Will you send this to India. CHARLES.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE. *24th October*, 1914.

Where we are now the Germans were lately—broken windows—glasses and other wanton damage speak for themselves. Stories told by the women who are still weeping tell of worse. The relief on the children's faces when they see us. Little Rippers—I love them and get on splendidly with them in spite of the beard. It is a standing joke with my brother officers to point me out at first as a German prisoner which I play up to. I am lucky to command 173 men. Am accustomed now to 5 hours sleep snatched at intervals in the 24—food anything at any time and wake when I want to. Two nights ago we spent in a swamp in the pouring rain with snipers trying to alarm us. But as Kipling says "once my ducky and only once." The soldier soon learns the enemy's tricks.

I must cease as I can give you no details but my diary will expand some day I hope. We were 4000 in the square of a certain town the other afternoon. A German aeroplane sailed over. The troops remained immobile but the inhabitants fled everywhere. Two bombs were dropped and a woman and baby killed 100 yards from me. Must get to sleep—now 8.30 a.m.

Orders to march off so that sleep is biffed! Thank May for her "beau ideal." I like Capt. Gardner awfully.

THE TRENCHES. *27th October*, 1914.

They have paid me a great compliment. Two Capts. joined us y'day but they have put them as 2nd Capts. in other Coys. and left me in command of mine (200 strong)! And my C.O. was heard to remark the other day "Yes I know Campbell is always the willing horse and I don't like to try him too high." Good enough for me! I hate bucking, but surely you may know this. The three pieces of luck I have had were (1) A little local Coy. counter attack, (2) Bringing my Coy. safely across a shell swept area which others did not like (the time I was grazed), (3) Going out with 2 good men at night to cut the German barbed wire and bumping into a patrol and lying doggo within 30 yds of them for 3 mins before we could get away! I know the men trust me *which is God's good blessing* and half the battle. Twice men have come up to me and said "Sure your honour was the brave man today." I have wanted to say,

" Lad, if you were half as nervous as me you wouldn't be there at all !" They take my cursings and punishments, when deserved, and are in fact White Pathans. I know the officers and men want me in the regt (like the Seaforths did). Isn't it ripping of them. Enough.

The amusing part about this show is the number of people one meets in the dark when we come out to scramble for food, scratch for lice etc. Everyone seems to know my beard but I have had several heart to heart talks with complete strangers who have faded away again. Ships that pass in the night and not a bad sea to meet on.

Pouring with rain again. Cheerho, so must close and stroll along the line for a chat with the sentries. They try to make me eat their rations as well as their own, the rascals.

A Drain. *4th November*, 1914.

The village curé tried to convert me but found me a hard nut. This because he sees the R.C. padre an absolute ripper, always keeps service until I can be found.

Bye bye, good luck, and warm your feet just for me once more.

Half in a Cement Sack. 7.11.14.

Did I tell you of a curious scene last time I was in the village. A dear old lady had fallen over our telephone wire —broken her milk jug and thought she had done for her knee caps. I collected a crowd by rendering first aid to what was left of her when in the middle of it there was a noise like a squib—a flash—(the light was failing) and a bullet dropped at the feet of a small girl in the crowd who immediately put half her hand in her mouth and looked at me as if she'd done some'at wrong. Imagine the Hoo-ha. The only man in the crowd, seizing the bullet yelled " Gendarme!—sauve qui peut "—and other war cries of his nation and fled to the police station. The little girl (now with both hands down her throat) and I were very soon the only two left.

It is droll why these French folk don't move away for the time. 10 shells come killing and wounding six of them we'll say and breaking every window for miles and all you see is ankles as people rush indoors and down into " les caves." Then for 3 hours heads keep bobbing out of coal

holes and cellar trap doors yelling blue murder while Tommy stands in the middle of the street smiling at the play. Next morning out they come out with brushes and pails and start to nettoyer everything including putting in fresh glass which is broken again by the next covey of shells.

This fog makes it perpetual night conditions. We could hear the dushman talking if only this infernal cannonade would stop. 2 nights ago I heard them reading out orders and regretted not knowing their lingo. Some wear kilts and our hats. One party approached some British regt the other night and called out "We are the Grenadier Guards." If he is still alive he must be wondering which word it was that he mispronounced.

Bye bye, good luck to all of you.

My subalterns can't eat raw onions soaked in cold fat at 4.a.m. What is the service coming to?

THE TRENCHES. 13.11.14. 8 a.m.

A little of my Diary.

I came over with the 1st reinforcements the day after the regt crossed on Sunday 23rd Aug. and did not join them till Saturday 5th Sept., the last day of the retreat, during which time I had been at Le Havre, Amiens, Rouen, Le Mans, finally detraining at Colommiers just east of Paris from where we did 40 miles on foot to join our corps in 24 hours. One hole I got in one heel on that march has not closed yet (but does not hurt now). On Sunday 6th at 2 a.m. we started advancing (my advent seemed to stem and turn the tide) and walked night and day till Sunday 13th when we entrenched at Bucy le Long—just N.E. of Soissons. Here we sat under daily shrapnel and occasional big shell and rifle fire till relieved by the French on Tuesday 6th Oct. Then we marched back S.W. till the 10th where we entrained for St. Omer. During the advance to Bucy le Long and withdrawal from there my brigade averaged 14½ miles a day. Not bad considering occasional scrapping and one day's man handling all our transport across a long railway bridge. On the 12th we were bombed in St. Omer and left that night in motor lorries and found it rather fresh thank you very much indeed. From the 13th-18th we advanced fighting our way here—just out of Armentieres—and if the censor blots that word out we are E of Ballieul and Mieppe. One night was spent in Belgium. Searching houses

evacuated by G's has been my worst job up to date but they say it is not a patch on street fighting. Their use of houses and lanes (there seems to be little else here, except rain and shells) is excellent. Their maxims are light—one man carries the gun and another the ammunition—so that it is not hard for 2 determined men in an upper storey window to hold up a brigade if one must advance by a certain street or over the only bridge. Also they have been told by their officers that we don't take prisoners so that men cut off in farms fight to the last—and unfortunately it seems to be their brave men and good shots who get left behind. Modern arms and barbed wire seem to make it *almost* impossible to take an entrenched position held by a brave enemy nowadays. With that "almost" goes a question of "stick" just 10 mins longer than the other fellow and numbers which we'll have soon.

Fingers too cold—best of love and luck.

If you write to Cousin Mina ask her to send me "Lokkeren." I have seven penny whistles now.

FROZEN IN STILL DEEPER. 21.11.14.

MY DEAR NONA,

No news and hands too cold to write. Y'day we made a hut of straw and found an old bucket and some coal, what ho! Well I was just in time to find it burning and my subaltern inside! I kicked him out and got my hand on my greatcoat and blanket when I remembered the rifle grenade (a new instrument of hell like a small shell). Groping my way like a drunken man I found it at last but it was too late then to save my kit and I lost everything except what I stand up in. Rather bad luck isn't it—thank heaven I make it a rule to wear my belt, field glasses and revolver night and day. I add a list of what I lost and mark with a cross those things I want you to replace as soon as poss: (if poss:).

ST. ANDREW'S NIGHT, 1914.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Byrne, young French's servant, who is always trying to get himself "up" before me for drink (one of the pluckiest hardworking soldiers I've ever met) has put Aunt Edie's cholera belt on his head, and Doyle, my man, whispers it's "jist foine." Doyle, by the way, watched me faint the other day, slowly shook his head and said "Ah weel the

shtrongist harse breaks down sometoimes," but when I came round never left me until he had crooned me to sleep. And so passes St. Andrew's night. I had to crawl along my trench to see the Highland regiment on my left today—puir divils—up to their ankles in water and heavily sniped but full of beans. It is curious how any temper displayed in the trenches is never against the German whose feats of individual pluck (we pulled one in last night shot within 20 paces of our trenches) are universally admired but against the loafer and footballer at home. Talking about the German as a whole they seem nervous now, throwing up lights all night long, shelling occasionally and sniping incessantly.

I must try and give you verbatim a " report " a blue eyed sergeant interrupted my hour's sleep with at midday. " Big pardon your honour but I am after inspicting the roifles of No. three Siction jist now and found thim all correct with the exciption of Pte Burrke. Now Pte Burrke hasn't got a roifle but Pte Murphy says to him he says ' Take moine Mick (meaning Pte Murphy your honour) it is a good roifle only the trigger spring is entoirely useless ' he says while he takes the other roifle the Special Reserve roifle your honour which is exactly the same as that one now it has had a charger guide fitted. So this way Pte Murphy and Pte Burke both has good rifles except that Pte Burke has a special reserve roifle and Pte Murphy has a roifle that is intoirely useless owing to the trigger spring which he says won't work. Is that all roight your honour ?" Now can you in fairness ask a man to try to repeat all that on one breath.

Madam having departed young French has come down to bed rock and is scratching something horrible but singing to the 30 pigeons which inhabit a huge cage in the corner. Poor devil he has got them proper not having had a change or a wash of any garment for 6 weeks ! His teeth have to suffer for it as he insists on washing them every day even under fire ! He is a ripper but does so hate the rats which share the straw of our funk pot by the farm.

It was great fun watching the work of our heavy Hows: today. As the G trenches are only 200-300 yards off we got front row stalls so to speak and a good deal of the orchestra. One shell lifted a tree—a whole tree—about 10 yards just like this.

Night night ! These boys all think me so old but I am young enough to sleep light when 400 men are waiting my word to turn out in support of pals " up there " or to avoid Jack Johnston " down here."

Dec. 1st, 8 a.m.

First up of course—find the pigs and the men still asleep so leave them.

Once more a word about our food—it is nothing short of wonderful and so much that we build parapets of tins of meat and stuff we simply *can't* eat. Every day I get a tin of meat (sometimes Maconochie, i.e. with vegetables and soup, tophole, *too* rich), bread, jam, sugar, tea, cheese and a tot of rum. Never a day short. Considering it has to be manhandled up to the trenches after dark and under fire and passing casualties being man handled back in the rain it's beyond words. By the way, do people at home realise what it *really* means helping to carry a man 1000 yards over muddy turnips under fire in the pitch dark and rain. Often when one considers onesself as one really is and thinks of the men who are much worse it all seems a dream. Providence must give one a sort of balancing cheerfulness and sense of humour. Regardez moi en civile un moment—I have a boil in one ear, a stye in one eye, broken teeth, chronic tummy ache and ankles swollen like young elephants, yet never have I felt fitter or happier. One of my Corporals with a heart like a young lion's twisted his knee one night. I found him the next evening *literally* unable to put foot to ground. " Why haven't you gone sick ?" " Oh, it's all right, Sorr, as long as we stay in these trenches I can stand on one leg and fire but if we advance I *doubt* if I shall be able to march." No doubt this man would have hopped to try and keep up. Sorry to lose him—his eyesight saved my life one night.

And so to orderly room where I show myself in my black cap. I always want to have habitual offenders shot and got rid of—they worry me worse than my shirt !

Ever Your " best of sons,"

TEARLACH.

MIDNIGHT 4/5th *December*, 1914.

MY DEAREST AUNT TROTTIE,

The sentries standing motionless looking out towards the foe remind one of the watch at sea and make one think

of the 100,000 men on land and sea we have at this moment straining their eyes into the night. The nights are so long a man often has to do sentry 5-7, 11-1, 5-7 as well as 2 spells by day and " fatigues " and other duties between 7-11 at night. I met one just now in full marching order plus blanket who had carried 80 lbs of beef for 2 miles. (The beef had had many rests in the mud and I won't have any fresh meat tomorrow thank you.) Have just been called on by the young officer of the Coy on my left, a very wild cheery young Irishman. He and a young corporal crawled within 20 yards of the Germans last night and put a patrol of 6 of them to flight. It takes you 2 hours to really crawl 300 yards and now he is depressed as his C.O. has forbidden him to go out again—however he says " If it gets any darker I ought to be able to crawl between our own sentries and no one will know that I'm out—by the way I've just had a man hit—through the parapet." (The G bullet sometimes goes through 5 feet of this clay.) Which reminds me 2 struck the bank while I was talking to sentries and went off with that droll pi-i-i-ing of disappointment that a ricochet makes and my sub had the tree beside him barked—all lucky mis-aimed shots. Both feet being now dumb with wet and cold I may get to sleep again. It sounds amusing but I have had no feeling in my big toes since the 2nd week in Sept. One day when I take off my boots (next Aug ?) I expect to take them off too.

Night night—or " good " morning rather.

9.30 a.m.

I slept fairly well off and on from 9-midnight last night—then 2 hours watch—thought we were going to be attacked at 2.30—wrote a report at 3—collected rum at 4 and issued it at 5, " stood to " at 6 and got down to it again at 7, in the pouring rain of course but that doesn't matter so long as the small of your back doesn't get wet. At 8 I was woken by 2 shells unhealthily close and my sub saying " Hear that Campbell—breakfast gong." He also has been suffering " big toes " for 6 weeks, sans rien dire; today he yelled " By jove feeling in my toes at last, and a horrid one." We have given up playing " trains " now when it rains, i.e. sitting round on biscuit boxes pretending we are strangers in a railway carriage, but have lapsed into a foolish game called " hens " i.e. standing crouched with your back to

the rain looking at your toes, well turned in, for hours at a time, perfectly silent.

Did I tell you of Doyle's last remark? I was crawling along a muddy road one night with a splitting head and he my only escort. He remained silent for one mile then suddenly sprung on me "They Belgum pigs is entoirely different from the Oirish breeds." I came down to earth. If you could only hear his slow slow drawl. I asked him why the Irish didn't wake up and cultivate the land and build windmills like the Belgians. "Whoi yer honour that would all change with Home Rule." "How so?" "Well you see sorr the money that is now going into Sir Edward Carson's pocket would then go into windmills—and pigs." He can't get his mind away from pigs for long. The other morning when I went into the piggery to wake them I found one lad walking about among the pigs *barefooted.* He probably doesn't mind if he does get the small of his back wet.

The boers are shelling our support trenches and putting a lot of small shot into our bank—did you not hear that p-i-i-ing?—so master must trek off through miles of small canals which were once communication trenches to see that all is well.

Goodbye, good luck to all of you. So glad Uncle Leveson is so much better, and forgive a foolish letter.

Haste.

CHARLES.

CHILDE COURT, STREATLEY. 16/12/14.

Not time for more than just a line to say I am home on short leave and that it has done me all the good in the world. Everyone will tell you about the beard.

An ex Col of Vols: in the train y'day said "Sir you are a great linguist." I said "Yes but how do you know?" "Well" he said "I've never heard anyone speak better English." He thought me a Pathan! Cheers.

Sat. 8.30 a.m. 19/12/14.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

I must begin my letter with what every other man has said as he saluted—"Welcome back." Those 10 days in England seem a dream. I am afraid my coy in my

absence has not been having the luck it used to in keeping clear of the casualty list (" aeroplane ") among them young French —I am so sorry to lose him and must write to him today. In the case of one of my sergts shot through the head the men swear the Germans shewed a white flag and that he got out of the trench to see what it was. He was engaged, if I remember right from censoring his letters.

We had a dreadful channel crossing, starting with a bottle of stout. I never noticed its absence or thought any more about it till it put in a sudden, but fleeting, re-appearance 5 mins before we disembarked. My acquaintance with the apple I stole from Craigelachie was rather of the " how-do-you-do-and-goodbye-again " sort too.

The motor bus took 9 hours and we all had to get out and push in places. What with parcels and overflow officers from a broken down " Cricklewood " we were a droll crew. Somebody found a candle and tied it into a tobacco tin and I amused myself counting the spoil. One pheasant, a turkey, 2 hares, a bomb, a cheese (invisible but strong circumstantial evidence) and 2 tiny French interpreters who crouched like honeymooning gargoyles in the corner.

There is a lot of activity now. Only the water is stationary. The " dushman " have started bombs and hand grenades on my trench—cheerho. And now to sort 5 parcels and 17 letters waiting for me. One good lady in Bedford is getting rather stuffy (" aeroplane ") as she says she has sent me 5 parcels this month.

Bye bye pro: tem: P must not scent her letters. My sergt major has been carrying one of hers about for a week and is quite light headed.

Later—Post off and a German bullet thro' our kettle—boohoo.

CHARLES.

FLOUNDERING IN FLANDERS.
THIS THE 10TH DAY OF THE GREATER FLOODS.
(*Mon. 21st Dec*), 1914.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Here we are again—alone this time for 4 days but plenty to amuse me. If all else fails one has only to cast one eye at the " roof " and it is sure to start leaking somewhere. Bless it. There is great activity now—I hope a general advance soon. Last night I and a corporal stalked the

German trenches to try and find a way through their wire. We got close enough to hear them talking and putting up wooden revetments but their lights defeated us. The whole place is like a firework show all night—proving they have the funks. We had to go out lightly clad and no bayonets. The first thing I did was to skid on the "stepney" seat of my breeches and lose an oath and about 3 buttons. When I squirmed to my feet again I could just see him away in front bucketing along like a young foal with a hand grenade fizzling on its tail. I have never known a man go so fast over mud, see so far at night, and lie so flat—also in the mud. This part of it was ripping. It is droll the thoughts that will intrude when every nerve is strung. I remember cursing my emergency chocolate for rattling, and wondering which pocket I had put my pipe in, as though this knowledge could have helped me.

I met Kingscote back with the guns y'day—a young gunner I knew most awfully well in Calcutta and whose name you must often have seen in the papers (tennis). He was always dodging in between me and my favourite partners at dances and here he has been throwing tons of lead over my head daily for 2 months, neither of us thinking the other closer than India.

I have just learnt Lokkeren from Cousin Mina's music on the whistle and now to memorise some Kipling. The introduction to Barrack Room Ballads is top hole.

"Beyond the path of the outmost sun through utter darkness hurled—
Further than ever comet flared a vagrant star-dust swirled—
Like such as fought and sailed and ruled and made and loved our world."

I don't know what I shall do if I get a man seriously wounded now. He will literally drown. I saw a shrapnelled cow y'day that had had its legs broken and fallen with its head in a ditch and so drowned. Very sad. Doyle keeps popping his head in and blinking his eyes at me. I suppose he is sorry for my loneliness. I was sorry to lose French—a little ripper. I wish he hadn't left his hat behind though it is covered with blood and mud. I've got it—empty the haversack into it—swish.

Forgive this forced " news ". Am going out again tonight with Corp. Cooke (whose Christian name is I feel sure Denis, he is so unlike ordinary men) and a rifle grenade so there may be something to make a song and dance out of tomorrow. This Silly Sitting in the Slime is not all Rum and Rounders.

ANOTHER INTERVAL BETWEEN TWO NIGHTS.
(*29th ? Dec*), 1914.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

No news—but here goes. We crawled up again " here " last night. I say crawled because the absurd but perfectly necessary kit we carry makes normal marching impossible. I spend hours wondering what it is I shall throw away when we advance. Something must go. The rain of course started again coincident with our arrival, and it rained and blew all night as though we'd had a drought for six months. The ——s on our left started fireworks early in the night. I paddled about armed with flares and grenades and an exceedingly damped temper thinking we were for it but so far our new regime of peace between the firing lines has lasted. They shelled us this morning (the gunners don't play our junior school games). I watched the left of my trench getting " hell " for 10 mins and not being able to stick watching it any longer waded off to find only —— wounded. While we were patching them up we got six more — twigs and mud in plenty thank you—and then we got them away. Jolly good of the German—he never even put a shot across our bows to let us know we weren't quite playing the game—for after all on an ordinary day those poor devils would have had to lie where they were hit till nightfall. Then our guns started looking for theirs and I wandered off to the Artillery Observing Station past dead cows and rotting pigs (the night has its advantages) thankful to stretch my legs by day. Here I heard the cold scientific brutality of modern war. Simply a quiet voice at the telephone " 4-9—4-8 " (4,900 yards and 4,800) and well—you know the rest of the story.

Hullo ! As I write they've started a trench mortar on us. What should A do ? It is not rifle fire but it's in the firing line. Bye bye pro: tem:

Later:

I did nothing but smile. They were pitching them into dummy trenches !

Did I tell you I caught a sergeant going out forward during a frightful burst of rain last night. On enquiry it appeared " he was after getting the sentry's *umbrella* which had blowed away intoirely but Glory be to God had been stoppit by the barbed wire." I thought they wouldn't be long arming themselves with these. If only I could draw or were allowed to photograph. We all have fur coats now—white and black and grey.

McKenzie my cook is ill so Doyle's eyes are getting redder over a fire. He serves me up something hot every 3 hours which he blinks at if I don't eat. Now he says the " tea is wet ". So are most things except the men's spirits.

God bless you all,

CHARLES.

CHAPTER IV

1915

THE GREAT WAR: FRANCE AND BELGIUM

(1) AFLOAT. 1/1/15.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Greetings too to the dear folks at home. May 1915 bring them Victory and all their desires.

Our Colonel is an absolute ripper. I have never known a man with such an infectious laugh or such a fund of good humour. He is worth 3 machine guns.

(2) 6/1/15, 4 a.m.

I write to you at this uncanny hour—not because I have any news but because I am ashamed to go to sleep. The men are still working. They have been since we arrived somewhere before six last night after marching since 2.30. They are wonderful. Think of it, marching in the rain and filthy roads, 70 lbs of kit, 2.30-5.30 and then digging 6-sunrise. Six of them dug me a new funkpit and roofed it working solidly from 7 till now and when I said "Thank you" they said "You're very welcome your honour." We found we were completely flooded out of our old trenches so we just spat on our hands and dug new ones. It is wonderful how fast the time goes. I remember 2 hours solid rain somewhere, a bit of something hot somewhere else (by command of Doyle). I also found a piece of toffy and lost half a tooth.

Don't you hate new surroundings? A new round of calls and horrid loneliness for a few days. I struck my first worm here (with my entrenching tool) building a power station for the lighting apparatus. Oh a horrible looking dago he was—I believe he's a spy.

Just been to see how work is progressing. My new Sergt Major (my last was bowled over with French) had sat down for 2 mins and fallen fast asleep. Sergt Lawlor, with whom I am to drink tea in Dublin after the war looked at me in the pale moonlight out of an eye he might have hired for a

funeral but was full of go in his speech. C—— of course is fast asleep but then of course nothing keeps him awake short of a slap on the stomach with a cold spade.

I went into a large town the other day to get my teeth stopped. It was 9 miles (in the rain *of course*) on a beast which didn't know its left rein from its right. I spoke French to a native soldier on the way until he nearly gave me in charge and then I cantered on to find myself 10 mins too late for madame la dentiste. I then tried to get Clegg's watch mended. I failed chiefly because French people don't understand Hindustani. When I did find an intelligent corporal of the R.A.M.C. who *did* know his own language he put me on to the only remaining watchmaker. Unfortunately the street he directed me to didn't contain a single shop not even a public bar so I sought consolation and 40 winks in a barber's chair and told him to trim my beard. When I woke up he had passed the clippers all over my face except the extreme point of the chin where he had left a tuft 3 inches long. I chucked it and trotted back to find I was a captain. Good egg isn't it? French has got a step too by special selection and two of my N.C.O.'s mentioned.

Sleep is biffing me—I suppose it is worth getting down to it till six when Doyle will appear with a dish of tea water and a rasher of bacon which have got to see me through till sunset.

10 a.m. Good morning. I had a splendid sleep thanks 5-6 and feel as fresh as a fairy. Even if I didn't our gunners would make sleep impossible for me—though the men have all got down to it—I can't make out what is on. The man who counts our shell must have lockjaw today if he has kept pace with it Doyle amused me at sunrise—he reminded me of a cheap juggler or a girl producing a programme or a h-chief or something at a dance. Seeing me about to set off for my pit for the day he suddenly dived into where his waistcoat ought to be and produced one hard boiled egg. They are $3\frac{1}{2}$d each now.

Hullo—the dutchman has woken up and the enemy—shell—counter got a job again. He seems to be trying to enfilade my trench so I shall probably have to give up sitting on this plank soon and dive into the river Niffey which is in great form today after y'days rain. The sentry by me seems to be sickening for whooping-cough. A

voice from Kaffir Kraal No. 3 calls out "Hey hey hey what's that new [~~word missing~~] you've got hold of out there?"

I have to thank you *all* for your loving letters.

CHARLES.

(3) *7th or 8th Jan.*, 1915. 9 p.m.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Work is at a standstill just now awaiting the arrival of more sandbags, so here goes.

I have letters of yours and from all the kind folk at home to return thanks for—I am expecting more in at any minute now.

But first to describe where I write from. My new "crawl" is 6 ft by 4 ft and it seems quite roomy just now in comparison with the last 24 hours when it had to accommodate a burly Highlander as well—learning his job. We have the —— in our brigade now. They are the 7th Ten: Battn of the regt Graham Campbell is with. The room I describe is simply set out with mud and sandbags, roofed convenient to the scratching of the scalp, carpeted with filthy wet straw, entered by a manhole admitting one man (minus pack) and giving a view on to a sentry's restless feet. Round me I have all my 70 lbs of "portable" baggage, except my revolver, glasses and bayonet which pull at me night and day like restless children. Looking round the eaves from right to left I see a cap, a penny whistle, candles, a book, raisins, cheese, a book, 2 rifle grenades, a hand grenade, a piece of wet bread, a flare pistol, a chanter, more raisins, a knife and some jam. I ought to have said plum jam as "some jam" rather sounds as though the A.S.C. had at last discovered that the fellow in the trenches likes apricot, strawberry and marmalade just as much as they do—and perhaps deserve it more. I forgot to mention an entrenching tool rammed into the mud wall and supporting one candle, 2 boxes of matches (drying) and some 20 used matches. These do quite well for lighting pipes while the candle is burning and annoy the local Albert with, who has been suspected of spying.

I gave the braw laddie frae Falkirk 4 pages of notes for which he seemed only too thankful. I wish now I had taken a carbon copy to send to keen learners at home. Little Willie has been biffing me rather badly lately and did not fail me today. We had front row stalls all right (soldiers

in uniform free seats) as he only missed us by 10 yards and another time entered a dug-out via the roof which I had luckily cleared of 6 men. We are getting to know his times and nasty habits pretty well now and at 9.45 a.m. and 2.15 p.m. I pipe all hands below decks. (Rain again in buckets.) But it always takes us 2-3 hours at night to obliterate his ugly traces and his consumption of stuffed sandbags seems insatiable.

One of the kilted N.C.O.'s who took it all in between his sucks at a wet and wheedling pipe put it quite succinctly. It struck him that if " you were furrit you were furrit."

By the way my last note to Jock must have been wasted on him though both of us were too serious to notice the humour of it. It ran " Keep your matches in your trouser pockets." (I have been unable to read letters taken out of other pockets —mere sticky pulps).

Douglas' letter to the Scottish Gazette is a treat. His account of this war will some day be a classic. The advice " Keep your bodies clean, keep your billets clean, cock your bonnets—and for God's sake smile " puts it in a nutshell.

I love studying the psychology of the novice at this game—the way maxims and shrapnel act on different brains or nerve centres or whatever it is. Personally I am sure it is *all* a question of the state of your liver. Today Little Willie stimulated my imagination into thinking now is the time to pick 20 men and have a dive for the German trenches and for 2 pins, if on my own, I would have done it. Y'day at the same hour I felt as though the Warden had sent for me and, but for the sentry, would have grovelled in the mud. I always know when this particular sentry finds it getting a bit too near the knuckle—he slowly closes his umbrella, clears his throat and spits emphatically into the Liffey. He is on duty now—I know the shuffle of his feet. They are awfully good to me, partly an uncanny respect as no one has ever found me asleep yet, and make me little presents of bits of red hot shell—one piece blew back 250 yards from one of our own bursts in the German trenches today !—and best of all always come to me for confirmation or refuting of all " Transport Tales " (rumours). Today I heard it being whispered down the line that " the Captain says it's intoirely impossible this revolution like in Russia " (and him knowing the language).

Doyle has just pushed his head in and blinked, having walked ¾ mile in knee deep mud in the pouring rain to know if I am comfortable. The knowledge that I am entirely so will I hope ease his wet skin. Faithful soul. The C.O. asked a man in —— Coy tonight what he was doing back in the trenches as he saw him parading sick 1½ miles back some time before. "Sure, your honour, Oi'm never gwoin sick any more." "Why so?" "Glory be—they gave me a pill to ate and a 9 foot plank to carry back to the trenches" !!

Another Highlander has just blown in ! so the tale begins afresh. He is just changing his putties for gumboots (droll incongruity of dress has ceased to amuse) then off we go for a mudlark.

So night night and good luck. Am horribly fit—that 10 days at home was my salvation. Love to all you dear good people.

CHARLES.

(7) 16/1/15.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

I must just give you a line to show you how life rolls on. You remember the long letter I wrote y'day. Well about 4.30 after 2 hours peace, comparative, I thought I'd stroll down to regtal H.G. to post it. I suggested to the young Highland Officer with me to get on his pack and accompany. He got ready and just as we were putting foot on the bank behind he remembered he had left his wee bit bonnet (he was wearing a "bally-clava") in my kraal. Common politeness made me step back into the trench with him so, as it happened, saving my life, for without any warning, 2 shells burst on the very edge of the bank behind. Two men were wounded—the one on my left, a Dublin, fell on top of me badly biffed in the shoulder blade (broken I think from the pain to his arm when I moved it), the other a Jock with an awfy like dunt to his cheek bone. He bled profusely but on my suggesting he should open his mouth to see how many teeth he had lost he smiled and said "Ut's a good job A've nane left anyway." The man at my feet had his eye bunged up by something, and I escaped as usual, but this time my left thumb got a cut an inch long. which is annoying me today as every straw and stick seems to catch in it. However we wash tomorrow.

Elsie might add this to her collection. It is so droll to think in peace time the events of the last two days would have left one well—thinking a bit at any rate—here they will pass with the posting of this letter. Last night at " dinner " I shewed Doyle my thumb with the remark that someone in Ireland must be praying for me. He slapped his dirty trousers twice with the soup ladle and said " Sure O'im prayin' for you Sorr ", so now I'm all right. He won't let me send any money that I owe him home and doesn't want it here but keeps on repeating if he gets left out here could his Princess Mary Xmas present get home somehow. Sure it will.

I am glad the West of Scotland has done so well recruiting —top with 208 per 1000 then I believe Ulster 196 then the Home Counties and big manufacturing towns.

CHARLES.

(8) CHEZ DU VIN ROUGE ORDINAIRE (TRÈS PAUVRE).
Jan. 18, 1915.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

I begin another letter. With my usual contrariness I am down in my luck as everyone else is whistling and smiling. There is some rot on foot " Divisional Follies " and all the officers are going on a char-a-banc to see it. When I first heard about it I went round to the Colonel to suggest my being left here on duty but he wouldn't hear of it. I respectfully pointed out that this is WAR, the greatest thing that ever was, but he said ROT and now I've got to go and sulk through 2 hours of Tipperary in French.

It is a good thing I kept my beard on. I am the only man in this division who is allowed one, though other divisions have a nice little crop of them Last night I was playing with a piece of soap and a stolen sponge in a bucket when the adjutant burst his way thro' my ring of pink subs: and said " You have to join the Indian Corps—ek dum." The C.O. here wants to keep me, and of course I want to stay, but the authorities seem to think it is only a matter of a week or two before I must go. If I have to go in the end it would be really better to go now and get to know my men while they are resting. What will likely happen is I go just as my brigade comes out for a long rest and as " the Indians " (one must use local parlance) step into the trenches again. However I back my luck every time on

"Whatever is is best." I only hope I am not missing a good job with Gen Anderson or Gen Wilcocks by saying I want to stay here.

I suppose the sparks from daily shrapnel must in time galvanise the dullest intellect into seeming smartness. I proceed to try a quip on you that I pulled a padre's leg with the other day. When I was introduced to him as the Russian Artillery expert, we hurled bad French at each other. In the course of the conversation I said in broken Eng and French "I notice you are a prêtre, while I am interprètre" (I was sitting between him and our padre). Later I sprung at him "Monsieur here (pointing at our padre) is an évéque but you are not so vide avake as he is." This kept him off the subject of artillery. I trust we never meet again.

Jan: 19th. Midnight.

Definite orders at last—up goes the pack and off by the next train. Doyle is "distrait". Very sad saying goodbye to all. The Coy raised a cheer which nearly made me weep—stepping back gracefully into a pig's trough saved the situation. Glegg takes this to England tomorrow. He reminds me of a night in October last when the officers of A & B Coy met after a night attack and arranged a dinner in town 21st Oct 1915. He will be the only one left of the eight tomorrow! Such is this life. However it is no use wrapping oneself up in the drapery of depression, sick as I am at leaving.

"My Mistress still the open Road, and the Bright Eyes of Danger.'"

CHARLES.

[It is uncertain whether the following is by way of a p.s. to the foregoing letter, or whether it is the finish of a letter of which the first page has not been traced.—F. C.]

It was ripping in the trenches not having to wash. Here you feel you have to—at any rate in the morning, and your sponge and towel are always frozen. I always wake at the first streak of dawn. Joking aside it will be ripping changing into a really clean shirt someday—not one that has merely been "rested" *and* getting your nails clean again. I had a

row with the lady whose house we mess in last night. I have always made a point of 5 minutes conversation in the kitchen, so she pitched on to me about paying damage for her carpets etc. Silly old ass. I floundered about in French—how I am willing to give my life, how I am ordered to wear hobnailed boots, how she must prefer our society to the Germans, and how officers get the pay of a French miner and have to pay all sorts of expenses out of it—but she stuck to her point (la nouvelle France) avec un flegme Britannique and I feel a sort of housebreaker today. People are droll about war. I said " Shall I sleep in the road tonight ?" " Why not ? vous êtes soldat, c'est votre métier—c'est pas nécessaire de vivre en luxe." You should have seen the " en luxe "!

Bye bye—Good luck to all of you and don't expect to get a cheery letter till I get back to the dear old trenches.

CHARLES.

(9) BACK IN FRANCE. 22/1/15.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Back again in the Gay Country, but it is very like Belgium judging by the trenches we dug this morning. I am with a top-hole lot—the 129th Baluchis in the Ferozepore Brigade (Gen Egerton). It makes one think how time goes that he should be a General and me a Captain when it seems not so long ago that I remember him a sub: in Mardan. The 57th Rifles are with us—a *splendid* regiment. Maj Buist of the Guides commands my D-C but is at home on short leave. I am expecting daily to have to take off one star and become a subaltern again. Rome whom I knew up the Khyber and in Streatley was killed while serving with this regiment.

It is curious hearing Pushtoo again and in these surroundings. My lot of Pathans are Mahsuds—all caught 3 years ago while I was at Jandola. One feels very much like a new boy at school to start with, but it is quite amusing to get outside oneself and see how new faces and new arrangements soon settle down into the humdrum of established fact. My bearer, who talks to himself, and Madame, who is stone deaf, are holding a lively conversation. I am continually talking Pushtoo to Mademoiselle who is to be 21 tomorrow and therefore deserves attention. Besides she

washed my kit today, brave girl. By the way I shall be going sick soon—I have slept in a bed two nights running. Also a hot wash all over today. That makes the 3rd since leave home.

I have had the most extraordinary questions slung at me.

(1) Who are these Jermun people? We have heard of the French and knew of the power of the King Emperor and the Russ—but these Jermuns have sprung from where? *We* do not know them.

(2) Why do we sit in trenches subjected to bombs?

(3) Would it not be sound to trim my beard? (Noted.)

(4) Why do more Cannons speak in Belgum than in France?

(5) How long would it take to go to Hindustan in an air boat?

One Afridi came up to me today when he heard I could speak Pushtoo and coolly remarked " If the Germuns allied themselves with us Afridis we could lick the World." I drew him out and incidentally drew a crowd round and then granting him the Germuns had marched an army of 200,000 into Tirah just to help the Afridis I asked him how he was going to feed them or give them the new boots they would want by then. " Assuredly this point had not struck him though doubtless the Amir Sahib would assist." " Good egg—less food still for the Germun " and so on. I was sorry to leave the Dublins. I don't think I shall ever know another Coy so well, or be so amused as I was over our last German lesson. Good Luck to them. I have left rum and its attendant troubles behind; also censoring letters and little odd worries of that sort. Here I am my own babu—all except one has been biffed— and you can readily believe what a babe the Native soldier is in this country and how everything has to be done for him. Remember also that my lot are lately caught savages to whom " Rait Turn " is pain but to whom the new " Plait-une " drill learnt on board ship is an offshoot of the 4th Dimension. Not one of my I.Os even can sign his own name! The French think them " très convenables " though somewhat " sal " but their officers are " très très gentils " so we start square.

Bye Bye,

CHARLES.

(12) *1st February*, 1915.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

I begin a letter while I have time and any feeling left in my right hand. It is cold. We marched here y'day in a snowstorm. "Here" is any old village—very dirty and half underwater—but we are under a roof. I share a huge room with the Major (why are all majors "the" major?) and a Captain who has raised a D.S.O. and a wound, and two entirely new machine gun teams. The Major shares the bed with our remarks on incipient senile decay, but if he gives as many satisfied grunts on getting into it again tonight as last night there is every chance of a local mutiny. The people of the house, being poor, are real kind. An aged couple and a young daughter with two ripping kiddies. The daughter was widowed by the war "Il fût tué sur la Marne—vous sovez—oh il y a déjà un bon moment mais c'est fort terrible tout de même." Bryant and May are going to be a handful but they are nothing to the lads fraternising with the hens outside the window (It's wonderful how you can induce a hen to lay if you fraternise long enough). I have an I.O. called Dodon or Gotten by Faith. I tell him his name should be Dadqusoor or Given in Error. Nothing takes him out of a walking day dream. He has a fair smiling face with blue eyes and the tired look of the average poet and is probably a stout fellow, but he can't see why he should hurry the day when he will prove his worth. We were warned for "instant readiness" the other day—you have read by now of the fight at Givenchy—and he looked on the moment as a sound one for a hot bath. Since then I have been more or less running his company for him—trying to eliminate discussion of orders on parade before execution etc. and he has developed a frown. I often wonder what he thinks of me and what he'll say—poetically—when he gets back to Jandola.

We did a route march this morning. I am fast being infected with the Sepoys "je ne sais pas où ni pourquoi." I spoke to one old bird with 6 sons at the war. "Malheureusement un a été tué"—as yet. The "as yet" struck me as a sound note.

Douglas is somewhere round about but no one ever knows where anyone else is. What Brigade and Division is he with?

I invested in a large rabbit this morning—bought by the

kilo: Bryant had to be hustled round the corner with the banner of Scotland, which I carry in my puggri, while the transaction took place.

Another parade is waiting for " the Presence " so " the Presence " must cease fire pro: tem:

Later : This will scarcely be in time for your birthday and May's but may just reach you for Father's. I hope next year I shall have a choice of something else to send you besides barbed wire, bullets, or balaclavas.

To those who have been in India and know how difficult it is to induce another native to touch anything a sweeper has handled the foll: incident may be an example of the topsy-turveydom of our present life. A regtal sweeper was swabbing the floor of our mess this morning and making a poor show at wringing out jarons. Madame promptly snatched them from him, did the necessary vigorously and with an engaging smile, handed them back and said " Voilà Monsieur." Monsieur took them much the same as he'd take a proffered cheroot or the lid of the grand piano but gave no sign of life or interest. You will scarcely believe it but I heard a Pathan ask a Sikh who was crawling along the road today " keskersay." The Sikh smiling said " Pied, Mal." I suppose if we are in France long enough young officers joining the Indian Army will have to pass in Obligatory French. Why have they never been keen on English in India ? Is it the mixing with the French and having no one to buck their own little language to outside their " Plate-oon " or " Patloon "?

Tues: 2nd.

It is raining à la monsoon again and I can do nothing but sit and look out of the window and think of the poor devils in the trenches. It is rather like watching another regt fighting a rear guard action—much worse than being in it yourself.

All leave for fighting officers has been shut down till one has done another 3 months war. This seems only reasonable, but why penalise the trench man ? I know for a fact all staff officers have had 2 whacks at it and some three. Besides this " rest " seems made for leave—there may be too much doing later to slip away.

Bye bye. Good luck to all of you and ever so many thanks for your letters.

CHARLES.

(16) *11th February*, 1915.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

I went to such a ripping service last night in the old church opposite. They have held it every night since the war started and everyone pours in after the day's work is over to pray for the lads in the trenches. Ripping chants and things—all quite wrong to my own way of thinking but very beautiful. The old church has been going since 900 and is in various stages of patching. How is it all curés speak such beautiful French? You know that if I ever get leave in France I have promised to spend it with the curé at Houplines* (Armentières) in whose cemetery I was scratched the day of our arrival and in one of whose fields I spent 32 nights in the same trench. He was built for an international forward but does well as a priest and has most excellent red wine.

The dentist got me down again the other day and worked away happily somewhere behind my left eye. After about 15 minutes of the best he stopped and said "Am I hurting at all?" I said "If it were peace time I should say 'yes.'" Says he "You silly fool I was only going on till I made certain I was hurting you." I nearly put him under arrest—he was only a second lieut—but I suppose he was carrying out some para: in his training manual.

The Mahsuds are being fumigated by a sort of travelling steam engine. Meanwhile they are standing about in the mud, mostly on one leg, with blankets round them just like red Indians. The children and young ladies of the district have made a sort of fête day of it.

The C.O. and I play chess while Madame sits up for us. I always apologise in the morning for keeping her up and all she says is "Mon Dieu quel jeu serieux!" Her eldest daughter has unfortunately mal à l'estomac today and will talk about it.

A D-C of the Guides marched thro' y'day to join the ——. How is it feeling sticks to a name? I had the sort of idea "there goes my very first regt." And very well they went too.

* According to a telegram from Hazebrouck to Paris Houplines has again been bombarded. The curé of the Church Sainte Anastie was killed by a shell splinter.

Friday 12th.

Just returned from another court of enquiry where 4 butchers failed to turn up the 2nd day running. I am thankful for those days at Robin Hood's Bay when May and I spoke French or not at all. I make most awful howlers in their verbs and things but paddle along with all and every now. They always congratulate me on my accent (as a Frenchman much travelled in Russia did on my Russian accent the other day), but that is because they have only their own vile patois to judge by. Does one never meet a gentle Frenchman? Looking for some milk for some Sikhs the other day I struck an old lady (with 13 children) who shouted at me "Mie qua va." This meant "Moi qui a seulement une vache." They drop their h's even from the middle of words. Chats et chiens they call cats et ciens, but with a little more intimacy they turn them into minu and tutu. The twins here are Marie and Maria —Seraphia and Seraphin and another pair, but I have christened them Gin & Bitters and In & Out. They are quite civilised except for the washing parade during breakfast.

CHARLES.

(18) *12th February*, 1915.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Les jeunes filles about here are entirely without shame. I was route marching my two double Coys the other day when one stepped out of a shop and fell in and did 2 solid miles quickstep with me. The remarks from the crowd were only beaten by her retorts. I had to keep a face like a gargoyle the whole time or the Mahsud element behind might have forgotten it was on parade.

Off for another route march and rather hoping to meet the same girl again.

CHARLES.

(19) *19th February*, 1915.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

I dined out last night—one of the drollest shows I've seen. Foulis O.G. was my host, myself, a French Territorial Capt aged 60 who would have earned £1000 a year simply walking on the comic stage at home, his wife, dead spit of Mrs. —— but for her right eye being in a sling, the daughter of the house, quite pretty but sticky and flabby,

Griffin our adjutant who early in the proceedings established telephonic communication with the above through his gum boots, a French Terr: Lieut aged 45 suffering from melancholia and a motor smash (as he put it himself—" What right had he to break his face "), and Madame, very cheery, but rather too given to smiling at you through stewed pears. The whole show went well enough at dinner. Mademoiselle asked Griffin if he knew French. He said " Mademoiselle je sais toutes les langues quand je suis essis près d'une jolie fille comme vous." I created enormous amusement by swallowing a stopping in the middle of my set piece " Meeting the Germans on Xmas Day." The reincarnation of the Chocolate Soldier, the lad of 60, was priceless in some of the unmentionable remarks he hurled across the table at Madame. After dinner the house was in an uproar for 3 hours. The Sergeant Major and his wife came in. He looked as though he had hired his uniform for the occasion and she had red hair and a young devil in her. She sang, played the piano, danced, drank grog, ragged the soul out of Foulis and finally drove the melancholy Lieut off to bed for wanting to talk shop with me in a corner. He had no sooner gone than she suggested pulling him out of bed. And so on—a great show. I am learning to twang on the right notes now and fall over my R's correctly but verbs like " I should not have thought so " still biff me. Also Urdu words will intrude. Last night I told the Murderess " There is a knife barking in the street." (Kutta.)

20th: Nothing but rumours today as the mail has failed. Parades and route marches go on much as usual. We have a native doctor, a Brahmin, a very nice man with plenty of amusing stories about the native. He is picking up French very quickly—none of us are shy with Gin & Bitters popping in and out. Why do they never go out these French folk? I have just made a small boy one of those running tin lids on a long piece of string and the whole village has turned out, but some idiot remarking " qu'il fait froid " has driven them all in again.

No news—I dreamt that I had shaved last night and felt half naked and very cold I had kicked my great coat off. I must off to church as they sing the Chanson de St Jeanne d'Arc tonight.

Good bye. Good luck (Bitters says she's coming too.)

CHARLES.

MY DARLING MOTHER, (20) 24*th February* 1915.

I took my Coy shooting the other day and beat most of them at a rapid practice in spite of firing from the left shoulder. But I didn't " come on " so to speak till I practised with the revolver. I let a Frenchman have a smack at 3 bricks I'd put up. He missed by 6 ft and burst his collar. I then knocked all 3 over in 3 shots and got each one lying down with the next 3 ! Luck. He then put a brick on the top of a spade handle; down it came; he rushed forward to replace it. " Cela ne vaut pas la peine " says I, splitting the handle of the spade with the next shot. Then I stopped. He produced a large family who all took front seats and wanted me to start again but K said I wasn't so drunk as all that or words to that effect. I

You heard the yarn of the German advancing the other day shouting " Got mit uns." " Righto " shouts a Tommy firing rapid " I've got mittens and socks too. Take some."

Work is being spelt in front of me by bacon and eggs so I must close. I do hope your foot is all right now and that you are getting a little rest from visitors. Young French, my wounded Dublin sub, writes about getting into the I.A. He would do splendidly in the 40th.

Ever Your Affectionate
CHARLES.

MY DARLING MOTHER, (22) 129TH BALUCHIS. 27/2/15.

Wonders in this village never cease. The French interpreter came into tea the other day and said " Mon Lieutenant, il y a une jeune fille la bas, la fille d'instituteur dans l'école des garçons, qui est amoureuse de vous et veux vous voir tout de suite "! I took him in support and went to pay a call. The head policeman was there obviously fiancé de mademoiselle but that doesn't prevent her amusing herself en attendant. The party wasn't very exciting. The interpreter pulled Madame's leg, who sat looking at her husband, who looked at his daughter, who sucked the end of her pinafore and looked at me who looked an ass and thanked my lucky star I wasn't the policeman who looked at the cat but spat in the coal scuttle. His muzzle velocity was something terrific. I hope she cures him of his emphasis in this direction some day.

Meanwhile Good Luck to Pobble and Val again.

CHARLES.

(23) 129TH BALUCHIS.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

By the time you get this letter the 40th ought to be in the country.

A dreadful thing happened y'day. I went into —— to have a tooth stopped and, quite by mistake, left my beard in a shop! Then the dentist stopped my moustache and the wrong tooth but had the decency not to charge me. Writing sense has now become impossible as the Major has sat down next door and is ragging Madame Blanche. "Il est soixaute" refers to a girl down the village who is 16!

I have been defending the murderer all the morning. He sat on the floor and looked at himself in the glass and watched the customers buying bread (we were in a baker's shop) and took about as much interest in the whole show as he would in the binomial theorem. Every now and then he turned his big brown eyes on to me like a dog and grunted "Sah wayay?" "What does he say?"

I went to —— also y'day and met all your pals, Maj Tomkins, Col Peck, Gen Cobbe, Khaja Mahd (Guides) and Mumtaz. They all asked after you and Mumtaz after May.

A ripping pair of mittens from Mrs Fox today. I immediately handed them to the man across the table. He looked as though he had a bad smell under his nose and never spoke again.

We are looking forward to the arrival of the football. There are a lot of red flannel shorts in the quartermaster's store that evidently never fetched up at some Nursing Institution and all the local fluff assure us they wear flannel round their necks, as it is so the football field is the only place to air them.

The interpreter who completely lost his nerve as a passenger in the Mess Cart y'day with me driving, is sufficiently recovered to learn more English from me. Madame the schoolmistress gives him a hot brick to put his feet on. She thinks me un Écossais sauvage for refusing one. Meanwhile with my naked chin I feel like a girl at her first evening dress dance.

CHARLES.

(24) *4th March*, 1915.

Great news—my murderer got off Scot free. What do you think of that for a defence! You should have heard

my final summing up. Of course Pathan like in his own defence he clean forgot the one sentence I had stuffed him up with the night before, and which he had repeated 5 mins before the trial began. I got leave to take him aside during the trial and said "Haven't you forgotten what I said?" "Of a certainty I forgot." "Well go in and say it now." He went in and never said it, and hasn't said it yet. It is no use trying children by printed phrases out of law books.

There was a large commotion in church last night. On a given signal from the curé they all turned round and turned their chairs to sit down. I thought, naturally, they were all turning to look at my naked chin but MacMahon's whispered "Be British" pulled me together.

CHARLES.

(27) 13*th March*, 1915.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

It seems ages since I wrote last tho' I believe it was only the day before y'day. I try and write now at a filthy table in a filthy little room and with very filthy hands in case the memory of what we have lived thro' in the last 48 hours gets washed out by greater events shortly. But 4-5 hours sleep only since the night of the 10th-11th doesn't leave one a very clear head. And the censor spoils every good yarn.

I think I wrote last "ready to move." We moved at 5 p.m. that evening. I was stuck for Galloper to the General and have found out that a 60 lbs pack on horseback is much worse than humping it. We shoved along in Brigade in the dark until we got an urgent message from the Division to get off the road we were on (the one they had ordered us to use). This meant JOY for me dashing up and down with messages. I have a permanent crick in my neck trying to avoid being blinded by fixed bayonets. We got in at midnight after halting and checking continually. I was asleep within 5 mins (another shell) of the last man being in but the major who had not slept at all the night before never got to sleep this night either. At 3 a.m. we got orders to move immediately. I heard the major gently murmuring "Why didn't I go into the Church?" and on we went. At 6 a.m. we were in this village under shell fire and I slept from 6.10 to 6.20 sat up and ate an egg and went to sleep again 6.25. This lucky habit of mine annoys

others who aren't so highly trained. But we were soon on the move again. Reaching the village of ——— we were ordered to halt for the day. Here I met some Guides who knew me as a boy. The German shell were quite insistent here but nothing to the British. We counted 53 B. shell in one minute. I found a house where one German shell had just laid out an officer and 6 men and would have been very happy in it but for the poor fellow hit thro' the stomach. Another had 5 shrapnel bullets in the arms and legs. I met an officer y'day with 2 shots thro' the pugri and one through his coat collar.

All the German prisoners seemed absolutely dazed by our bombardment and no wonder. I shall never forget that road. I won't describe some of the scenes we passed—the saddest was a blinded man being led in. The fighting y'day was severe but very successful. The Garhwals have done top hole all through. They say every white officer in one regt was killed. Well we deployed for attack at 7 p.m. on a wood. I was transferred at the last minute to a new double Coy. All I could do was to enquire the names of the I.Os—I did not even know them by sight—tighten my belt and go to sleep. I think the last time you'd choose to join a new crowd is at 7 p.m. in the dark and rain preparatory to being firing line in an attack on an unknown wood. At 8 p.m. I was awakened to dig myself in where I was. Certain it is if the first idea had matured I should not be writing this now. I was told to collect 100 men and go —— for tools. I went and presented my credentials to a strange general who asked me in a cloud of blue flame if I thought he was a burning STORE ! I settled him by taking a seat and asking for a drink of water. I then trekked round in the dark waking everyone and smiling at them and " finding " tools. When I had found them I got new orders that the regt was coming back here—join them. I did. So did every one else from every quarter of the globe. It was now midnight, very muddy, and the pack felt like a bar of red hot steel. Everyone apt to be peevish which is the time I brighten up and enjoy life. The cheeriest lad I met was a H.L.I. hit through the stomach at 7 a.m. poor lad. We lifted him some mile or two—his own lads were done in—but I thought of the added weight my lads were carrying. Shell holes on a dark muddy road are agony to a man in a stretcher. It was quite an amusing march midnight to 4 a.m. Imagine a narrow lane,

a stream of transport either way and troops all mixed up and ventilating their souls and other peoples pretty freely. I found, with my little lot, walking knee deep in mud in the ditch was the fastest mode of progression. Finding myself a composite part of a halted mountain battery had taught me this in 15 minutes. About 3 a.m. I knew I was getting near home as I heard my major exchanging the temperature with a very very irate gunner. A German shell did curtain to their little entreacte tho', as *the* major took cover behind the gunner's horse and the gunner fell off on the major's back. We got in to find our billets snaffled by two other corps so slept on top of them. The last thing I saw through Sepoy A's muddy boot (he didn't seem happy until he had it in my mouth) was a very tired landlady getting out of bed to make coffee and the major immediately getting into bed beside the husband. I awoke at 6 with O'Neill's head in my stomach and here I am. We go up to the trenches again soon—tonight I believe. The only thing that worries is my only h-chief is doing duty round a slice of cake in my haversack. Shall get down to it again. Goodnight so to speak.

CHARLES.

THE TRENCHES. 16*th March*, 1915.

Back again at the old game. Water not so wet. Shells just as snappy. Father wants to know if we carry a rifle. It seems left to fellows own liking. Some Divns order officers to be exactly like their men. Other Divns won't allow officers to carry rifles and bayonets. Personally I *always* carry bayonet and entrenching tool and pick up a rifle in the trenches or in attack.

Received 200 letters y'day in answer to my advert in the *Times*. Some rippers. One little schoolgirl of 14.

(28) THE TRENCHES. 19.3.15.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

My hands are nearly frozen so forgive the writing. The only thing I can do for them is to tell them they are not half so cold as my feet.

Since writing to you last Major M and I had a lucky escape. We and our Coy had a day's " rest " behind here in a farm by Battn H.Q. The G.I.G. Staff seem to have

got wind of this for they set their heavy guns on to us to shell us out and succeeded. After the first two shell the Major and I who were breakfasting with the C.O. and Adjt. decided " it wasn't good enough " and went off down the road to turn the Coy out into shelter trenches. On our way we got 2 simultaneous, one 10 yds to the right of the road and one touching the ditch on the left ! Thank heaven it was ploughed on each side. The air was simply black with earth all round and it snowed turnips for about ½ min. These are 4.2 shell and they settle down with a special " wumph " of their own. Nothing seems to stop them and trees they simply pick up and play with. How we escaped a splinter beats us.

We took over new trenches, my Coy y'day early—it seems last month. There is a house in the middle of the trench and everyone said to us before departure " you lucky folk " etc. Seemed quite surprised when the Major and I refused to look in to it. It got it. Absolutely blown to smithereens. We all escaped in spite of 6 clean through our parapet. Rather bad luck that I should have done a sponge down before going up to the trench and the very first shell should sift about a cup full of earth down my spine. I didn't walk about looking for snowdrops or military crosses but played at cross-channel passengers (very low and very green) until I got a shell splinter in my finger when I got cold angry and went off and sniped at 4 Germans who had got their heads up watching the fun. Our telephone wire was cut in 12 places ! We were not surprised at being relieved that night as we had been told only that morning that we were in for 6 days. I had to take the new regts picquet out to our picquet. It was a black black night and old trenches with 4 foot of water-wire etc. make it imperative to stick to one path. Any soldiers among my readers know that you can't move a crowd even an orderly one at night as fast as you can move yourself—you are always bumping up and opening out like a long goods train. Well our path is bang in front of a white wall and when the German throws up a light he can have some fancy shooting free. He made me and my little lot lie down and cling to the earth 15 times in 150 yds last night. After relief (midnight) we dug new trenches somewhere behind. At 3 a.m. after being up and at it for 24 hours I lay down to sleep. At 3.30 I awoke with my feet blocks of ice. We were drowned in

snow and ice in the puddles. Either I must be very fit or very tired to sleep so sound. It has been snowing off and on ever since. They say we've caught a spy, a fellow I hated the sight of, but being a padre I had Dublin-like saluted !

CHARLES.

(30) c/o COCKS BIDDULPH & CO.,
43, CHARING CROSS.
Easter Day.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Nothing much to say but feel I must give you a line to say I've arrived at school safely again. I did enjoy my holidays—Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Fox ought to have little chapelles erected to them where lonely subalterns from India could vow eternal happiness.

I lunched with old Mr. Bennett and caught the boat train and so on to the boat which is always pretty beastly. I went downstairs to sleep but they had a practice submarine scare and sealed us into our watertight compartment. If I had not been in the midst of Douglas Grant's notes in the Scottish Gazette I might have forgotten our trench training of smile on and joined those who tried to get out.

We had the ordinary staff muddle at Boulonge—tramped two miles out into the country in the rain—always in the rain—to be told to return again in 5 hours. Dined in a swell hotel full of caricatures of French officers and anxious relations of wounded British officers. One old boy with his wife and girl had just been to their son's funeral and got it into their heads that I had commanded the firing party. He was so plucky about it.

In this hotel they sell Scotch whisky at 8 francs la bouteille and 0.75 la dose. I took both to make certain.

I fought my way into the train that night—the carriages were pitch dark. The atmosphere felt homely and non-staff from the very beginning; in fact I was so struck by the welcome in the air that I determined to find out who my vis a vis was. After much buck on both sides (we couldn't see one another) I found out that it was Sparkes, London Scottish, whom I last met detraining my Dublin lot in Oct. He has had a bullet thro' the leg since then. Since then I must have met 20 I know all up the road. (Interruption while a baby goat falls out of a basket close to the fire and

asks for mother.) Also a rather touching little graveyard with 3 rough wooden crosses.

(1) In memory of 2 German soldiers.
(2) In loving memory of a British soldier.
(3) In memory of a French civilian.

They are all together now. God rest their souls. Close to them some Tommy had put up in a newly sown field, Please don't tread on Madame's corns. " Thus do joy and sorrow walk hand in hand on the battle field."

I called on the 129th Baluchis, got my kit and my orders and came along here to the 59th Rifles but I hear the 40th are at Marseilles so I take it it won't be for long. Note the address I give above. I am in a billet I had some time ago. Madame is delighted to see me—I do dislike this goat though.

Goodbye. I think this is letter 30. I felt you at Communion this morning. Bless you.

CHARLES.

(31) *5th April*, 1915.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

I begin another letter as we are " ready to move " and you never know what that may let you in for. So having just unpacked all my kit and done a shave I have to pack it all up again and wish I hadn't. I find I am carrying the following things about as mascots.

(1) One crucifix.
(2) A broken heart.
(3) A Dublin button.
(4) A letter.
(5) A prayer within for me by a Dublin Sergt.
(6) A 4-leaf shamrock almanack.
(7) A Soixante quinze model.
(8) A knife.
(9) A lucky farthing.
(10) A medal blessed by the pope.
(11) The Gospel according to St. John.
(12) One cholera belt which I never wear.

I enclose two letters from the Dublins.

6.4.15: Judging by 2 days acquaintanceship I like this lot of men much better than the 129th. You remember I

spotted MacMahon there the day I arrived. Here I choose the French interpreter—wonder if I am wrong. The 40th are in Marseilles. I can't get into touch with Stuart or Macpherson and Campbell.

We go up to the trenches tomorrow night and I am just off as a DCC and M. Gun officer to see the line by day. I am afraid there is not much of my D-C left but then this lot were thro' Neuve Chapelle. Do people realise that we lost more there than we did at Mons?

Had a rotten night last night—was in a new billet in the centre room of the house. People rush through all day and night. The traffic became a perfect uproar about 4 a.m. when the male element left to clean the roads—the females shrieked their way thro' about 5 leaving a young rearguard to inform me of the hour—was I cold—had I slept well—would I like coffee—in fact to see that I was properly woken. Long after I discovered a straggler a horrible woman baby, like a beef steak built with lungs like gumboots. We yelled at each other till its next of kin appeared heavily clad in old curtains when I stopped yelling and pretended to be asleep. I was given a basin of tepid water—half the 3rd chapter of Exodus in Flemish—and the door left open to see that I did get up this time. I did.

Bye bye. Love to all,

CHARLES.

(33) *11th April*, 1915.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Nothing much to say but I snatch half an hour's sunlight and try and forget a beastly sick headache—only indigestion and ennui. (Aunt Edie—soda mint please.)

Some officers and men of the 40th came up last night to learn their job—it was ripping seeing them again. They seemed to think there was a battle raging and amused us some, but it is hard to remember one's first impressions. I don't expect ever to rejoin them on this show though they are in the same Brigade—why? Because I have a letter in my pocket from H.Q. saying I am to, directly we get over this tour of the trenches. So there doesn't seem much chance. I gave them a ripping German rifle, bayonet, clip and entrenching tool I collected in these trenches. More of them come up tonight.

There has been such a ripping fellow commanding the

Coy on my right until this morning. It was his first time in the fire trenches and he was full of blood and iron and novel ideas. Today immediately after brekker he dashed off to snipe thro' a steel loophole he had rigged up last night. He came back 5 mins later holding his wrist and saying "Damn I've got it." A German bullet had smashed two of his fingers—very painful. Such a contrast to a Hindu ¼ hour before with a soft wound through the flesh of his arm who had himself carried away in a stretcher. "East is East and West is West!" It is a nuisance as I now have another double Coy chucked at my head—the bombing squad and probably the Q.M's job. It was only y'day when he suggested sniping that I said "Don't." "Why not?" "Because you'll probably last longer if you let the German try to snipe you."

Long interruption while my orderly who looks more of a fool than a juggler brings me a bucket of boiling water. I strip as far as a High March Wind—the occasional bullet and Hindu prejudice will allow me and have a dive. It was worth it for the pleasure of dressing again.

And now to put in some sleep as I only got three hours—broken—last night and expect less tonight. That wash is sure to mean that I am for some particularly muddy patrol.

Turner (the one who was wounded) and I were bombing from the —— trenches last night where they are only 90 yds. off the enemy when a Tommy who was asleep got one through the parapet and thro' his coat tails. You should have heard his language "and him wot 'ad been out right thro'." Turner dressed him and Tommy's "Ere, orficer, 'taint much but take this as a souvenir" (a German clip from Neuve Chapelle) was quite nice. They are rippers.

Over my socks, but under my boots and putties and right up above the knee I have greasy paper waders—a new idea this morning—but we feel now we were born in them. They seem sound but I haven't fallen into any real water yet to test them.

The Suffering Miners are a splendid Corps. A Coy of them goes out every night to dig us a new trench where we shall only be 100 yds. off the enemy. The German throws up lights and turns the maxim on them. They think nothing of bringing back seven casualties. Perkins in the 40th made a very true remark last night "One has, and can have, absolutely no conception of this life until you get

here." This is peace compared to Nov & Dec, and the trenches hotels compared to what they were.

Later : Instead of sleeping I got a post from the U.S.A. 12 letters in answer to my lonely advert—roused to such a pitch of enthusiasm for the cause of humanity that I went straight off and experimented with a new rest and so managed to get two rifle grenades slap into the enemy trench. A grenade is another thing you can have no conception of until you've been through it or vice versa. Message just come along that the enemy is calling out to the B. regt on our right " We attack you in less than 48 hours " and pulling down their sandbags preparatory to attack. Certain it is they have received reinforcements.

One damsel from the States writes quite a good letter. She has a hunch that I am a Canadian—wants me to answer P.D.Q. and wants to know my faults and tastes and how I like my eggs.

Hullo a battle is starting—I wonder if there is anything in the Hun bravado.

Good Luck and Lots of Love,

CHARLES.

Next Day

Busy till one last night rifle grenading. Joined up with the Bomb officer of the Terrier regt on our left today and our little battery did great work. Don't think the 40th officers liked rising at 4 after only getting down to it at 1. They have got it into their heads I like this life so I suppose I have got to now. If I get back to them am to have what I like—expect Adjtcy. Just slept 9 a.m. to 2 p.m. Feel better—off to grenade and make up for a little more of last Sept. " They have asked for our steel, they shall have it now."

(34) *14th April*, 1915.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

We are doing a bit of a rest now. I found a bed but a poor old man of 36 rolled up last night and I thought it up to my young years to sleep on the floor. He told me this morning that he had a ripping night—never a thought to the brave man who made it what it was. Now I am looking for a bath—haven't had one since London—as I am suffering from 3 skin diseases and our interpreter tells me I have scurfs in my hair. He also confided he once met

an American girl whom he liked so much that he told her "I luf you so much you make me sick." She advised him not to put it like that to the next one.

The 40th are next door and I believe I am to go back shortly as Adjutant so don't be surprised if you only get one letter a week after this. It is topping meeting them all again. The men simply won't stay in the ranks when I pass but all fall out to shake hands. And though I have only been with this lot a fortnight the men say "Transfer us to the 40th with you or else stay here Sahib."

I had a lot to tell you but events crowd on each other so fast they get stifled and memory dies young. Poor Dill was killed the other day—he went on leave with me and leaves a young widow and baby boy—and Browning. They had both been wounded. Bad luck. Immediately on top of things Madame comes in with a long long wail about a pear tree ruined and it is hard to switch off and come down to her level. She tells me "Pour nous—nous ne sommes pas heureux d'avoir la guerre—vous savez." I like the sly distinction she draws in the "pour nous." I suppose she thinks "pour vous" (the brutal and licentious soldiery) it is eternal Rum and Rounders. What makes me stop sucking my pipe and join the shouting is to be told that after all it is my métier.

I draw a good deal of trouble on myself I am afraid as I always go and ask if mes hommes sont convenables. Also I feel so fit when I awake that I sing loudly till the household come in to watch me shaving. There are no children here unfortunately—then perhaps it would not matter if one pear tree were ruined.

Will close down as my diary for our last day in the trenches only reads "Bombed. Shelled. Washed. Relieved midnight" and it is hard to make a fairy tale out of that.

The best tune on my mouth organ is "Now the day is over." Do you remember at R. H. Bay and everywhere—of course you do. "Your best of sons."

CHARLES.

(35) 16*th April*, 1915.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

I begin another letter, not that there is much to say only it is such a ripping day I can't help writing—besides

my " lingerie intime " is being tried in the cauldron and not found wanting.

You should have been at a curious little scene at the roadside as the sun set y'day. We ran into an Indian stretcher bearer in trouble with a French officer. Although ably assisted by one of our Indian officers he was plunging further in. Came on the scene Reis, our interpreter, and one of our I.A. reserve officers and self. Panic. All the stretcher bearer was in need of was wood but as the French officer put it " Je n'ai pas du bois dans mes poches vous savez." Only afterwards did the drollness of the whole show strike us. A Kahar talking Urdu (to him a foreign language) to an Advocate of the Palace of Justice (pro tem a Capt. in the French Army) assisted by an Indian Officer in gumboots—ye shades of Lahore in June !—and speaking excellent English, Reis our interpreter, and when not " interrupting " French Consul at Aden, dressed as an English Officer, The Reserve Officer dressed as an Indian and thinking of his comfortable seat in the Pioneer office at Simla. Modern War.

The Advocate of the Palace of Justice came to hear the 40th Band practice and was very struck. I showed him my bearded photo and the Reserve Officer looking over my shoulder said " By Jove I last saw that in a drawing room at Kohat—of course you're Gen. Campbell's son that I was told to look out for—how do etc." Am acting Adjt to the 59th and we are being inspected today so must break off.

17.4.15.

Inspection passed off well. One of our I.Os a Dogra got the Military Cross for bringing the regt out of action after all the B.Os had been killed or wounded. Now we are just off to shake hands with Gen. French.

I played round the machine guns for 2 hours this morning. Find one has been struck by a bullet our last tour in the trenches. The regt that relieved us has been having a bit of a dusty time. Seems I tickled them some with my rifle grenades and they are sprinkling our line with bomb, grenades, catapults and every old thing. The only thing to do is to tickle back a bit harder.

Took my advocate to another band practice last night. Seemed surprised that every other man came up with a smile and shook hands. The long distance running team have started to train again directly they spotted me !

Don't feel very bright today. Too clean and well fed. Will give your love to French. Hope he wasn't yet another to be the very first to hold me in his arms. Wish he'd take it on for a bit now.

CHARLES.

19th: Am now Adjt of 40th—very fierce and terribly busy.

(38) BACK IN BELGIUM.
Sunday, 25th April, 1915.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

My brain feels more like a time-expired sponge than a sparklet so forgive literary lapses. We have moved some since I last wrote "straining at the leash." We were loosed shortly after my envelope was stuck down and put in over 20 miles heavily laden. Not a bad move in Brigade considering none of us have marched since Oct. The 40th only dropped 25 men—fewer than any other regt—which considering we are far stronger than others, have been a month on a boat and had 300 chronic malaria cases in Calcutta just a year ago, is something to be proud of. We got in at midnight in the rain and up and on again at 5 a.m. in the rain. We have just done another ten miles—over 30 in 20 hours—are doing a "rest" and are waiting for food, which by the way we haven't seen since y'day's brekker, and are then going on to support the Dublins Seaforths and other old pals in action. According to 40th custom I have done every step of the way on foot with my pack but it is not fair on my brain if I have to write orders for Rennick. The last few miles I tried to analyse my feelings. All I am certain of is that every time I put my foot to the ground I get an electric shock from the heel to the ear tips (hypnotic suggestion of the dancing muscles I expect) and now I step gingerly like a schoolgirl on her first skates or a hen on a hot girdle. All the roads round here are pavé. They say that in Japan they prepare fish so that the application of salt to its spine makes it shiver and fall to pieces. Since applying pave to really tired feet my spine is all out for laws on behalf of those fish.

The new hands all envy me being able to lie down anywhere at any time and sleep. I have just put in 2 hours on a board while they fussed round like a bargain sale. As I said before it is hard to realise one's first feelings. Having

put in all the sleep I feel inclined for and smoked my last cigarette I see no need to retie my putties (one of the symptoms of nerves) and propose taking the mouth organ off to the 59th who will have put in their sleep too. They have ripping men—always pleased to see one even on skates —and if I weren't with my own lot I'd ask to be with them.

The pack seems infected with Spring. It has blossomed a book and a canteen lately and is getting a bit thick. I passed a ripping little Flemish girl this morning with hair like stolen sunshine and huge blue quiet eyes. She was toddling off to Mass (it's Sunday—the extra gunning makes certain of that point) and I'd have given a year's pay to have been able to exchange her for the house I carry about on my shoulder. She answered my S.O.S. marconi by folding her arms and rocking her body and we went on our ways forever.

Goodbye—sorry there is nothing of interest.

CHARLES.

(39) *Tuesday, 27th April,* 1915.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

By the time you get this you will have seen the casualties in the papers, so I may as well tell you all about y'day and ask the censor to remember that one's regiment is one's home and when it is broken up you feel, well, like I do now though outwardly I carry on with the mouth organ and make the men tie their headgear straight. Kipling says in " IF " " to see the things you gave your life for broken." All those years of parade, manœuvres, sports, exams and the other things that go to the making and keeping up of a regt washed out by 3 machine guns in 10 mins. We went into action y'day at 2 p.m. 12 British and 16 Indian Officers and 650 other ranks. At ten past two we numbered what we do now 4 British and 3 Indian officers and 170 men. It was magnificent what we did but it wasn't war. We charged a German position over 1000 yds. of open. Everyone saw it was death, everyone let one Pathan yell and went the pace. The 40th led the whole way (one young officer got within 40 yds. of the German trench before being wounded and having to sham death for 6 hours) out of 6 or 8 regts until caught up by a magnificent British regt. After being literally mown down

by machine guns we had asphyxiating fumes poured at us and then shelled in the open for 6 hours. To give you an idea of the size and power of the modern shell I saw 2 soldiers lifted 75 feet into the air and tossed 400 yds. Col. Rennick was wounded in the stomach half way across and luckily fell into a tiny ditch—full of water of course—and I managed to staunch the bleeding but 6 hours on his back in cold water gave him the most awful cramp and agony. Poor little Christopher was killed, also little Dalmahoy, Major Perkins, Capt. Waters and Adams severely wounded—Cochran and Thornton wounded. Of the I.Os the Sub Maj wounded, poor old Malapa ditto severely, Jehandad killed, Golodu wounded, Jehan Khan ditto, Kaku killed, 3 others you don't know wounded and 2 missing. All the best men seem to have gone; that comes of knowing them so well—Indru, brave as a lion, whose every movement was greased lightning; and going round the field that night made my heart bleed. They all recognised my voice and called for hamara bahadur sahib and their childish way of explaining how it all happened to them, each one, was too pitiful. " Could I not walk beside them to hospital," " Could I not sit beside them until the next stretcher came," " Was I not hit myself etc. etc." An empty stomach and six hours sitting in water huddled up with a maxim parting your hair is not good preparation for visiting a modern battlefield. It is HELL and your imagination must be amputated ek dum if you are to carry on at all. Col. Hill got one through his clothes even his vest. God was very good to me too—I got one through the pack.

What remains of the Dublins are here too. Poor little French has gone out " in simpleness and gentleness and honour and clean mirth." We are in reserve today being heavily shelled as I write. My clothes aren't dry yet and we are filthy but we are still the 40th and hamara nam mashur hogaya. What wouldn't we give for a wash a meal and " the sound of a voice and the touch of a hand that is still." Never mind. Whatever is is best.

I can't remember all I had to tell you. Munn of the 46th with us did top hole with his machine guns—one gun and team of four washed clean out. Rather curious y'day morning Munn wanted to run one of his gunners in for a C.M. offence. I said give him his chance to-day—he got it and I hope a bahaduri medal.

3 of my pals in the 59th wounded.

Bye bye. Urgent message from doctor. Shelled out of aid post.

Cheer oh,
CHARLES.

(49) DEAD HORSE DITCH. 28.4.15.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

We are still in action. I am commanding the 40th now as Col. Hill cut his hand badly and had to go back. I have to assist me Munn of the 46th, a good lad; he is M. Gun officer, and a young reserve officer who can't talk Hindustani. So I can honestly say for the moment I am the only 40th officer left. Such a lot to do—endless reports and returns—digging digging digging and burying men and horses all night—war diary instruction of young officers etc. I have started a tooth, a little pet, and am walking about with a pigeon's egg in my cheek. We are filthy, very filthy. I am covered with blood—wounded Indians are such children. If I could write of what we are doing by day. We are lying extremely low, and what is happening—why shell—shell—shell as fast as that for hours at a time. I wish a little bit of one would crack the pigeon's egg. I've had 2 4.7s today just 2-3 yards in front.

I have just sent in a list of recommendations of those I am personally aware of. They most of them read "until killed." Listen to this—"Capt. —— 40th Pathans. Conspicuous Gallantry in the field in continuing to lead his men although 4 times wounded and after being twice wounded again rising to lead the assault when he was riddled to death." He had 14 bullets in him. According to the rules of this great war I may not give you the name* in case you write to congratulate his widow and he gets nothing in the end.

This must do—I am so tired. Who thought I would be commanding the 40th in action in France at 28.

Bye Bye,
CHARLES.

* This gallant officer was Captain J. F. C. Dalmahoy. The author of the Regtl. history records: "It is generally agreed that his behaviour was worthy of the Victoria Cross (posthumous)." [He was awarded a Mention in Despatches.—F. C.]

(41) No. 7 Stationary Hosp: Boulogne.
May 1st, even.

My Darling Mother,

Don't be alarmed—only doing a loaf. My easter egg got bad and gave me fever and as the regt has been hauled out to refit I take no shame in doing my rest back here. Our show so far has been rather like the L-Scottish—weeks of waiting then more than we wanted to start with. I only hope we keep their standard in weeks to come.

We measured a German 17 inch shell hole in Wipers—it was 25 yards across and over 20 foot deep. Would some energetic body measure this out and you realise how small you feel when the Aerial Bus starts chasing you.

The 40th have become just like A Coy of the Dublins now that they have got used to trenches. You can't keep them in them. They light fires, walk about, discuss rations etc. until they are shelled, then they lie on their backs and yell for me! Mercifully a Native Officer got half the road spread over him which kept them down for a bit.

I had a curious journey down here. They seemed to think my weeks beard, dead sepoys coat and balaclava and general filth meant I was a Hindu of sorts so the driver of my ambulance hurled me out in the middle of the night into a sepoy's hospital saying my comrades would look after me. As I had fever on me at the time I didn't care much where I landed and was lucky enough to find Shand I.M.S. of my own regt who turned out of his feather bed for me and saw me into the train for here next day.

A military hosp: is a droll place. What I remember of a civil one ten years ago they took your temperature, felt your pulse, timed your breathing, tapped the soles of your feet and generally impeded your recovery about 4 times a day. Here they take a more sanguine view of your chances and let you diagnose yourself. At the same time they amuse you by asking you searching questions about your age, years of service, time in France etc. etc. Four separate people have all taken it down in a book and I am only waiting for one of them to come back and say "Think of the number you first thought of."

I came in here suffering from fever, dental abscess, pains in the back, ringworm and frozen toes. I told a doctor this today in the course of a casual conversation. He dashed out and armed himself with a hospital stethoscope

(?) double barrelled, rubber attachments, ear pieces, ivory, complete (you know the thing I mean) but applied it to the wrong patient. He seems a ripper—so do the sisters. If I stay here much longer I shall be suffering from a surfeit of soap and champagne.

Waters is in the room below with a bullet clean through the brain but going strong. That shows what a long range he was hit at—at anything under 600 a German bullet key-holes.

Night night,
CHARLES.

CRAIGELACHIE. 1.7.15.

I am still here. I passed my board last Friday with flying colours. I dropped rather a bomb amongst the dear old doctors apparently by saying " I'd like to get out again."

I met Thornton (one of our wounded reserve officers) y'day. He said to me " You are a droll bird—everyone I meet says ' Hullo are you in the 40th? then you know Campbell.' I met Tomes of the Warwicks the other day who said ' Hullo are you with the 40th? How is Campbell? —he bound me up the day I got my first wound.' " Segar wrote the same from H.K. " We thought we had left India but here it is the same old story wherever one goes—in every mess and club you meet somebody who was at school or Sandhurst or somewhere in India with Charles Campbell."

Aunt Edie took me to see Aunt Ada and the cousins the other day. Cousins Hilda and Violet were looking so pretty. Pobble and Val are staying here. You know I am to be best man and have never been to a wedding.

(19) 21.8.15.

Another two busy days have flown past. The chief item of interest to myself has been a bath. It took place 10 miles away from this catacomb and took about 6 hours in all and a lot of laying out daks. The first mile or so I had to walk —there is a large house at one spot which needs two sentries to prevent your walking in front of it and so getting shot— then a push bike for 3 miles and then on to a motor bike which of course punctured in the rain. But I took the whole back wheel off and sorted it properly. I nearly fell off when I saw the first girl I've seen for a fortnight—she gave me a

crick in the neck as a souvenir—then I ran into Riez (interpreter when I was with the 59th) looking resplendent in some H.Q. Staff and so through the 2nd Black Watch listening to their four remaining pipers playing retreat into the baths. I had scarcely got to work before I thought I recognised the voice next door and looking round the screen sure enough it was Cunningham of the Glenalmond Pipe Band. He introduced me, as I was, to another O.G. as he was, whom I don't remember though he says he was there for a bit of my last year. Cooper. I had only that morning met the M. Gun officer of the " South Peoples " and found he too was from Coll.

Our M.G. officer is a splendid fellow, I.A. Reserve. He simply leaps at a job of work without waiting to take off. He is at this moment strafing a Hun aeroplane.

Did I tell you I met O'Grady, one of 9 brothers serving before the war. I saw a strange Tommy in our trench and noticing his second button was black said " Have you lost a brother ?" " No " he said " I am trying to get some flour off your niggers." " Yes but who are you in mourning for ?" " My Mither Sorr." " What's your name ?" " O'Grady of Kilkenny Sorr with 8 brithers serving sine iver before this war." Do you remember the old couple's photo in the papers. I love to hear the Oirish again. Wardell with us is always saying " Usually always " or some equally absurd coupling.

I have at last marked down the field we got into the last day of Neuve Chapelle. I knew it was somewhere about here but never been able to trace it as we were marching north that night when we thought we were going East. It is perhaps as well we did not attack that night.

I struck rather a pathetic little notice in a communication trench this morning " Do not Dig—body buried here."

Somebody asked me what the high explosive T.N.T. is. I have found out. It is Trinitrotoluol or trotyl also known as Trinitroluene, Trinitromethylbenzene, Tolite trilite, Trinot, Tritone or Trotol. So now you know. Perhaps it is best to stick to T.N.T.

I have a long letter from my Coy Sergt Major in the Dublins saying he has been left out of all honours list—couldn't I put in a word. If he had been a stretcher bearer he would have got a D.C.M. but others are not allowed to fall out during an advance to tend wounded. What he

did on the 18th Oct: when we were held up by heavy shell fire was to leave my Coy and go forward to the one in front and pull in a badly wounded man. Good work and I should love to see him rewarded. We'll see.

Later : Col Stuart called and I had to take him up to the fire trenches to call on Tyndall and Lee. He is a ripper and we look forward to his visit much as a boy at school does to his uncle's. We wonder what sort of cakes he'll bring next time. We got shrapnelled and had 2 men hit in the firing trench—one a leg badly broken. We were sitting in the mess and naturally thought nothing more about it but the doctor rushing in and saying " Brandy—quick—it's a matter of minutes " might have been arranged for their visit.

Cruddas called in again. He is amusing. He says the temp: officer is a ripper—brave and keen but no idea of routine in spite of being mostly business men. We met the M.P. for —— again. He struck me as a very ordinary subaltern with far too much " Where's my Sergt Major ?" about him. Cruddas is very keen, if the Indian Army get pulled out, to catch some of us. As it is next time we are in trenches and Cruddas is Sub. Sect. Comdr. again I am to be his Adjutant. JOY.

I must chuck this—it is useless trying to write. Four times interrupted, i.e. made to answer intelligently and one to count bombs, in the last page.

The great thing is I am fit as anything—worth 3 of what I was when I went home.

A great rumour has blown in this minute. When we go out next Tuesday we go to Amiens or Egypt, so if my next letter bears a Canadian stamp don't be surprised.

CHARLES.

Shows how you want to know trenches. Harley St. has just returned. Said he wanted to keep the wounded man where he was hit. Douglas said " Impossible, they start bombing you here about this time." They hadn't moved him 50 yds. when they bombed !

(20) *Sunday*, 22.8.15.

I snatched a quiet hour as tomorrow and Tuesday threaten to be busy days. They say we go straight to Amiens or Egypt—others say no, they have seen notice

boards in camps at Tidworth labelled LAHORE DIVISION. The same boards have been seen at Chester, York and Colchester—in fact the Mons angels aren't in this competition.

I haven't recovered from the bath yet—the next post brought some lingerie in time from Mrs. Grant which put the finishing touches to the fairy tale. It is pretty certain we go out on Tuesday which is responsible for—

I know a glass of ale, brewing for me;
I scent an apple pie, stewing for me;
I know a dear old bonne
With neat hair and apron on
Smiling and anxious to make me up un lit.

I know a table with papers for me;
I see an office stool grinning at me;
I know a general
Telephone and staff and all
In fact the entire show seems to hinge on me.

You didn't know I was a poet before did you? Don't let Father say he's not very certain of it now.

Another good rumour is re promotion in the I.A. Capt. after 7½ years, Major at 15 and Col. at 22, to be antedated with 2 years pay. This last has spoilt a good rumour.

I hear where we took over from the French we collared a German after 10 days. They didn't seem to know then that they had the British opp: them. Out this way one of our patrols was stopped the other night by a shot across their bows and a voice calling out "That's far enough Tommy, go back."

There must be new batteries in opp: us today. They have been registering on various points. The Col: and I had to lie very flat in one comm: trench. I think that was when the poem was born.

Munn really must chronicle his escapes one day. I've never heard anything like them.

Do you remember old Argan Das our Sub Assist: Surgeon. He is a top whole fellow though terribly fat. He ran as hard as he could when that fellow was badly biffed y'day and arrived all of a tremble. The C.O. told him he was never to run again. "Sir I am now 45." "So am I." "Sir, there is a great difference." I hope he gets the

Indian Order of Merit. Segar was in the Mess when a bomb landed on the roof the other day—everyone else crouched up against the wall waiting for the ghastly explosion. Segar said " Hum " and looked up at the roof and smiled, whereupon the bomb slowly rolled off into the ditch.

Tableau vivant: 2 new officers being introduced to the general. The first bright, and smart salute—yes Sir I heard you lecturing last year—good impression; the second—all feet and hands and painfully shy, obviously never giving himself a chance through life. I nearly yelled at him Generals are like Fortune—and " Face always to Fortune with a smile, for she is a Woman and likes a cheerful Wooer."

She needs a Harry Tate on this show.

CHARLES.

(21) AN ORCHARD. 25.8.15.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

You see by the address that we are neither at Chester nor in Amiens but marched straight out of those trenches into others. But I don't think they'll keep us in long. We relieved the 129th—only 2 officers with them now that I knew in March. They have run thro' 50 all together.

The other day in Neuve Chapelle I saw the house from which the German officer with his one machine gun held up a Brigade of British troops, which eventually caused the falling back of the Indian troops after they had gained the Bois de Biez. This German officer was bayoneted at his gun and it makes one think he deserved a better fate after doing so much for his country. Yet I suppose if your bit has been to down a 1000 of the enemy it doesn't really matter how sticky your own end is. Tourists of 1935 might think deeper thoughts by coming and standing in that room than by crowding up some filthy little stairs in Holyrood Palace to see the spot Rizzio was murdered because he loved Queen Mary or she didn't love him.

Coming back to this show after a long rest in England is like returning to the scenes of one's childhood. Everything seems to have dwarfed. Your regiment holds 300 yds. of front now where we used to hold a mile, casualties *seem* less, and best of all the German shell is not the colossal thing it was. We were watching some the other day and Col —— said casually " Those must be 5·9 they are too big for 4·7." I

really thought them the 3 inch and as for the Pip Squeak it seems to have shrunk away almost to nothing. I don't know how long this illusion will last—it will probably evaporate with the tinned sausages and pears. Lee must have done himself well last night. He is 600 yds. from the German line yet he swears that during a young bombardment of ours last night bits of German barbed wire fell into his trench !

I enclose a letter from de Blegier and a bit of a note from Munn. He has started piling up his escape record his first night " in." De Blegier will probably come and call on you one day in Peshawur and start walking up to Kabul on his own.

We saw two British aeroplanes brought down in one day —one this side one like a stone the other. Bad luck. The whole country is swarming with very neat little model aeroplanes set up as weathercocks.

The limit ! They have set us a scheme to do the day we get out of the trenches.

Extraordinary hot weather. I often think how little French would have loved it. Lehna Singh is buried quite close here. I don't think you ever knew him—he was white, pure white within. I asked him at Ypres what he thought of it all. He said " Sahib we eat your salt in India—we are fulfilling our share of the contract now." Kesri Singh my orderly in Calcutta was killed by the same shell.

I close with a quotation I think I gave you the other day. " It is the voices that are hushed that call most distinctly; the footsteps that stop that are most carefully traced. It is the men who have gone that stand and beckon."

CHARLES.

(24) THE TRENCHES. 7.9.15.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

I am very full of life these days in more senses than one and apparently we have to stick it till the 17th before we can get all our clothes boiled. I've tried everything—it's no good and desultory shikar scarcely keeps pace with them.

Enough tonight and B. C. whose best man I am some day to be has just rolled up with rations. He is about the 6th fellow who has been willing to risk me as a best man and it has somehow never come off. I want to see my first wedding with me piloting the trembling idiot boy about. I heard a

description of myself the other day through 3 people, 2 of whom have never seen me as being " perfectly mad with eyebrows that meet in the centre." Perhaps that's why I'm not on the staff—I mean the last half.

I will close this down and send it off with " Balam Kanta "* sahib—it may catch an early post. Night night.

CHARLES.

(36) THE TRENCHES. 23.9.15.

Today has been like yesterday only more so and tomorrow threatens to be worst. Personally I feel as though they had been trying some new steam roller and vacuum cleaner combined on me and, having reverted to a beard and a balaclava, they tell me I look like Crippen pushed through a prickly pear hedge.

We have only had 5 of our own shell slap in to us—as yet. Dennys and I were fuzing bombs (I wonder why ?) when the first arrived. Trained as I unwillingly am by now to every emergency I fell on my face in one movement while I covered the back of my head with my hands. D., the newcomer, stood by like a man to render first aid and seemed quite cut up to see me rise and carry on with the fuzing.

The C.Os orderly who was making tea got one slap between the shoulder blades where he luckily carries his entrenching tool. He went on making tea while Samar Gul picked the bullet out of the leather case. We collected various souvenirs shaped like nothing on earth to present to the battery behind sometime when who should roll up but 2 gunner officers. The C.O. advanced out of his kennel on them much as prehistoric man must have attacked his unsuspecting prey. Usually when you speak to a gunner about a little matter of this kind he denies his battery being within 10 miles (though what he is doing there seems hard to explain) but this fellow was full of smiles and sympathy and apologies so scowls and bared teeth were wasted on him. He added useful news that each gun was plugging 500 shells on to every 100 yards of enemy front ! To us the enemy frontage, from the noise, appears to be 50 miles long—to the Germans it must seem interminable. Without exaggeration as I write our shells are going over faster than I can write—whish, whish, whish, whish—and this is nothing to the roar

* Bonham-Carter.

down south. Also without rot I want Aunt Edie to send me Artillery Ear Protectors—I *really* shall go deaf.

Probably shant have time to write tomorrow—will try if I can—no news now. I think I shall try what Father always advised i.e. cutting off my head and sewing on a button.

Lots of Love to all.

Dennys after deep thought has come to the conclusion that if the ones that don't hit us hit the Germans they must be having a rotten time.

Read the 1st Hundred Thousand by Ian Hay in Blackwood. He is serving in Graham Campbell's regt.

(36¼) THE TRENCHES. 24.9.15.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Just a line—the regiment is moving into the Garden City I told you of—it has artificial lakes now after last night's rain—and taking Oyama as my model when a great move is on I forget it all in curry puffs and scribbling rot to you.

We had bad luck last night Atkinson was coming up to join us from behind where for 2 months he has been training as an expert in machine guns and bombs. Actually as he stepped into the communication trench he got a bullet through the leg—quite a mile from the nearest enemy. I saw him before he went cursing like a cabby. He has always been frightfully keen and it is bad luck to be knocked before his training has had any use.

Segar is too wonderful for words. I saw him off just now after finding his bombs and signallers for him. He was sloping along quite happy. His complete Hun-strafing outfit consisted of a pair of gum boots, an orderly who refused to open or rather shut his mouth and whose arms were full of hay, and two jig saw puzzles ! He wouldn't be without these for anything.

After 3 long interruptions and 2 of our own shells I think I'll try a little philosophic apathy. I've never known before what it was to have your ears literally sore with noise. It's maddening.

Cheeroh,

CHARLES.

Later: Just been crumped—Segar dropped out of the sky with one of them—smiling—had forgotten his haversack.

Isn't Jean's letter just too splendid. No need for her to have the old Seton motto—Set On—she'll win through all right.

(37) On the Edge of an Artificial Lake.
24.9.15.

My Darling Mother,

Just a night-night line as I don't think I can write to-morrow. I am sharing this new dug-out with 2 frogs (green), a strong double Coy of mosquitoes, an overwhelming desire to sleep and a talkative C.O.

Curious that Mitchell and I should now be in a field not ¼ mile from the one we were in with the 129th the night of the 11th March—(you remember the genial General who wanted to know if I thought he was a burning STORE).

I started life up here by reeling off yards of secret orders to Munn when the doctor rolled up and said " I wouldn't do that if I were you—it's bad form." " What ?" " Leaning against dead men." I looked round and found a foot in the middle of my back. Such is life, this life, and you get so used to everything you are surprised at nothing. Meanwhile my name has gone in for a temp: Captcy. to be ante-dated 18th April.

Best of Love,
Charles.

(38) The Trenches. 28.9.15.

My Darling Mother,

It never rains but it shrapnels in this part of the world. We have had buckets and buckets of rain and a proportionate amount of the hard pill with it. Lucky to have escaped with the few casualties we did. You can guess there has been a battle. The big fellow down south who is about a fortnight old now is still growing and promising well. Ours, as holding attacks always are, was rather a still-born affair. Sickening, but it has got to come somewhere but it is bad luck on the Indian Corps to seem doomed to failure. The other division did it while we watched or rather listened. One gallant Highland regiment (you should have *watched* them) got into the German trenches with only two casualties. Then the inevitable happened. They and the rest of the Brigade rushed on, were not supported, and came back—but not a Brigade.

If that first page catches the Censor's eye and he doesn't like it will he please let the following allegory pass and greatly oblige Maj. Gen. F. Campbell, C.B., D.S.O., Comdg. 1st Peshawur Division. You remember an old man called Desi Fauj I was always telling you about. He was troubled with a dream the other day—he's always having the same dream—he had it last March. It is going through a wood all alone and expecting someone to follow him which no one ever does so he comes back again and wakes up very peevish as people say he's a purposeless useless old man, whereas he is really very plucky. Poor old gentleman, he's very childish really and it is hard to explain to him that perhaps the third time his dream will come true. He prays to God most fervently before taking this lonely ramble of his and even collects money for funds to help to lick the devil in the wood, but all seemingly to no purpose.

So here we are presumably till all time as this is our 50th night in not counting those 3 out. One soon bobs up again. We have found out now that if you only dig deep enough you get below clay and strike nice mouldy sand which absorbs about 30 per cent. of the rain. Talking of percentages I dreamt the other night that the Indian Army was transferred to the right of the French line and that we were the leftmost regt. of the I.A. so were next a French regt. Just before taking over the trenches the Staff wired " Up to date there has only been 75 per cent. of entente. This must be improved," which was so realistic that I woke up to find frogs green all over me. They are great pals of Harley Street's.

Segar has left us pro: tem: so now we are only the C.O., Tyndall, Dennys and Hart and myself. And Tyndall's orderly, Bunker by name who lives in a hole in the wall and, when queried, says he's very well !

The Doctor has just blown in with a miniature model stretcher for getting round corners. The Doc never talks wounds like so many youngsters so I often go and call on him. Last time I went it rained for 2 hours solid while he boiled cocoa in a cup over a candle but our penny whistles wouldn't tune (he has just reported Napier's death from wounds—such a nice fellow in the 47th Sikhs) and—oh I can't go on writing rot after that—he was such a nice fellow.

This is the first tour of trenches I haven't brought up all my fighting kit, such as a flask of rum, balaclava etc. I was

very nearly caught and if the war lasts ten years and my pack weighs 100 lbs I shall have everything in future.

We haven't washed or shaved for a week now and feet are permanently wet and cold like last winter. All I can say is if we are here much longer and Desi Fauj's dream comes true a third time anyone we meet in the wood is for it.

CHARLES.

(40) THE TRENCHES. 2.10.15.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

No news but here goes. Having just built ourselves a tophole mess we flit once more—this time into the front line and a very unhealthy part of it. We knew it would mean a move as we built—but if you stick to building messes they are bound in time to move you back into a trench where you have one or move you out altogether. To aid this idea of getting out I today had the clippers passed all over my head—a ripping feeling—they say the result with a 10 days' beard is terrific. Funny how we all go through this phase—pretty good having stuck it so long. I know I shall be in London in 10 days now and shall have to have all my meals in bed.

I told you about Walton wanting another Orakzai officer and how we *eventually* put the case up for him explaining at great length that we knew we had our fair proportion of N.Os but that we only had one with 83 Orakzais. The answer that came back from the Division was what was expected all along—The G.O.C. regrets imposs:—or words to that effect with a reference to past orders that one would be so likely to have in your hat, but the jest was the signature was Walton's !

You'll be glad to hear that our machine gunners have been reported on as the best in the Brigade and the B.M.G.O. (Brig. Machine Gun Officer) who is from a Brit: regt. swears they are the best he's ever struck and is always showing their targets to the General. Good egg. Atkinson has left his traces behind him and sound ones.

I heard the C.O. chuckling to himself after turning in last night. On investigation I found it was a letter from his mother " hoping he was now in a German trench infinitely better furnished than our own." We ought to write the communiqués not a fellow at St. Omer. Which reminds me last time I was in an estaminet there was an old soldier

getting drinks out of a lot of young K's in exchange for the words of wisdom which fell from his thirsty lips. After lots of turns one young K said " You jest wite till we git intah thim wit the baynit." A very bemused old soldier in the H.L.I. leant heavily across the table and focussing the smallest K with difficulty said " Look ye here laddie—jist ye wait till Fritz gets a secht of you—tha'll be quite sufficient." It was.

Post off and freezing cold.

Good Night,
CHARLES.

(42) THE TRENCHES. 5.10.15.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

We had a beastly night last night. The enemy apparently attacked or pretended to on our right and left and we came in for all the encores and back chat which meant standing to, shivering, and abusing everything for some 2 hours. It all started quite amicably with one of our idiot guns chucking in an occasional round. They got stuffy and returned the compliment—then our guns thought for a bit and then hurled in one-two, one-two—just like that. Immediately the answer came ein-zwei ein-zwei. Another pause then our guns made the fatal mistake of pitching in four at a time which of course roused the hornets nest. They threw everything they had at us for half an hour and then suddenly shut down. So we wished them Goodnight (2.30 a.m.) and turned in. For a bit of it I had just got the Observer up to my chin (a newspaper is worth a blanket these nights) when a young earthquake tumbled us out again. A mine—and then hell's own inferno. I don't remember much of it I was so numbed with the cold and noise, when suddenly there was a blinding flash apparently at the tip of my nose and a noise like nothing on earth (only a shrapnel bang overhead) and I shut up or rather down like a jack in the box. The C.O. asked anxiously but in a dull monotone whether I had collected the bits—I said I wasn't sure but wanted to sleep (terribly sleepy I don't know why) so turned in and dreamt I saw an R.E. officer cursing Mahsud coolies. This because I saw in the papers that day that some Sapper had earned the Military Cross for raising and working a Labour Corps at Bethune. The remarkable thing was his kit—a London Scottish golfing jacket,

white shorts with the H.L.I. tartan badge on one leg and the Russian flag on the other. This made me chuckle so that the next thing I remember was the C.O. saying " What the hades are you laughing at—this may be something serious." I awoke to find the battle still progressing healthily. Modern war. I didn't care. All my returns of the day before were in, correct and up to time, and as long as you succeed with returns it really doesn't matter if you take or lose trenches.

We had a couple of Afridis who deserted 2 nights ago—pretty sickening. Still they've gone now and it is no use crying over it. I hope they were shot—one was wounded at Ypres and had only been back a week, the other was the biggest fool in the Coy and a blighter I had got off heavy punishment 10 days ago. I think their names rather suited them—the Red Falcon and Independence.

One of our Coys is having a rotten time from bombs—15 today, only one did damage but that killed 3 and wounded 8. I wish I were a Coy Comdr again instead of sitting in a hole chained to a telephone.

Combes of the 47th has just come in from England. He was wounded—for the 3rd time—by the shell which killed Lehna Singh. A former C.O. of his who is comdg. a Brigade at home applied for him as Bde. Major but they said it must be a territorial or K's army. Seems odd.

No news—forgive a rotten letter. We are trying to beat the record now. Last winter one Highland regt was in the trenches 45 days on end. We have done 35 now on end and, but for those 3 nights out, 57.

Love to all,
CHARLES.

(43) BILLETS. 7.10.15.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Billets and with it about 8 hours a day in office so letter writing is off pro tem. We were hauled out unexpectedly and are now under 2 Brigade officers and the C.R.E. Work trebled.

Isn't it terrible Graham Campbell being killed—also Moran. Life will never quite be the same again now there is not the joy of meeting him to look forward to.

CHARLES.

MY DARLING MOTHER, (45) BILLETS. 10.10.15.

Just a note before turning in. Been very busy lately but this afternoon I got in a two hours ride round our old billets at Croix Marmeuse and feel much better for it. I also called on all the patrons and patronnes where we have coys lodged now and heard some good yarns. The anniversary of the arrival of German troops in these parts is today and the anniversary of their departure is tomorrow. One cheerful soul told me she stuck it with the children and hurled the rifle they had into the midden which they have in the central courtyard of every Flemish farmyard but it wouldn't sink and the Germans found it. The looks they gave her reminded her she had 2 loaded pistols in her bedroom. She went in, slipped the pistols into her drawers, dashed off to the cabinet and there disposed of them for ever. Pretty good presence of mind, wasn't it—probably saved her life and her farm. Segar is now asleep in the room British bullets cut up.

Another old couple hid under potatoes for 24 hours and are still going strong as an advertisement for " Cheer ho !"

Great discussion at dinner as to what we would do with the fellow who writes comic cuts (the communiqués) if we could get him in the trenches. I say I'd be quite happy to get him up there after we had been in a month and make him change his shirt and boots for mine. Others think endless patrol would be a less painful death. A Field officer suggests that every time he wanted to sleep he might be made to write an amusing communiqué. And then transmit it over the wire they give us fighting units thro' the medium of half training native soldiers.

Monday morning:

We had an enemy aeroplane over last night and again this morning. No one even troubles to come out of their houses to look nowadays. A dear old lady has been spluttering her teeth at me in the vilest patois for 20 minutes. She used to live in one of the farms which is now a well known trench. Her husband and 2 sisters (all over 65) lie buried or burnt in the ruins. One farmer y'day told me last year they sold their apples for 1000 francs, this year for 125. Another this time last year had 30 fowls, this month (since the arrival of the English) they have none, yet have never sold or eaten one. I tell them they should all go to England and recruit, or join the comic stage. I have never

quite struck the bottom of the number in this family—3 married sisters, 3 children, one old mother, one reformé, a fat girl, 2 dogs, and Lamar Gul all live in one room 8 by 8. When I am asked in some one is automatically bulged out into the night air, but the heat is grand.

Have had a regular field day in office over regtal. concerns, and settled clerks pay (pending since June) and promotions. One thing is I have a jewel of a clerk now—a Sikh. He is reading " Truth " beside me.

Love to all,
CHARLES.

MY DARLING MOTHER, (47) 20.10.15.

We are right back now and in a château—a top " whole " château. It is simply splendid getting to sleep all night without the tock tock tock of musketry and the occasional rattle rattle of machine guns. Fancy putting your boots outside the door once more at night and washing in a china basin ! And wallpaper ! and sheets (though these aren't very popular at first). I really think if I do another winter in the trenches I shall apply for the staff the next winter so as to enjoy a house again. The châteleine has 3 children and a husband at the war and his old father " who is something in the (nearest) City " here. You remember the old château in Plug Street wood that I wrote from on Christmas Eve ? It belongs to their cousins and they were naturally interested in all I could tell them about it. We have a garden and a moat and drawbridge, in short all sorts of playthings. Everything so luxurious compared with anything we have ever met that I am betting on not being here 3 days.

Dennys has gone sick now, low fever, so we are very short handed. Hart is away on a detachment and Segar has started hibernating. Leave has been opened. I am top of the list but after my long time home it is only fair to let everyone else have a dive first. Callum dined with me our last night in our old billets. His regt is doing well, they only came out in June and have 4 or 5 I.O.Ms etc. Surely somebody 'way up knows that rewards buck Indian soldiers up even more than Britishers and that " bis dat qui cis dat." I never could see the point of not rewarding a man for [word missing—F. C.].

As an example of how the native mind works. In our

last billets I had an absolutely bare room except for one bedstead. So I made Samar Gul raid the ration stand and bring back a lot of wooden boxes for shelves and tables. The C.Os orderly copied the idea. When we came here the C.O. was given a room you'd pay a sovereign a day for at home. His orderly ignored the lavish display of marble covered washing stands, glass fronted almirahs etc., tore off to the ration stand and has literally filled the room with huge wooden cases.

Madame, her father in law, and a priest with a face like an indiarubber baby are dining with us tonight. If the realisation proves as amusing as the preparation we are in for a lively time. The C.O. was deputed at tiffin y'day to make the invitation. I give you verbatim what I can remember of his rehearsal of the speech. Recited very slowly and with the confidence born of despair.

" Madame-nous-serez - no-serong - très-bonne-aise-si-vous-votre-belle-père-le curé dinerong avec nous-dinerez chez nous-sur dimonche à sept oors-voulez vous ? voudrez vous-verrez vous ? What the devil is ' will ' someone ?" No wonder he says oui oui if he doesn't understand her—she told me in great confidence the other day that she often said " oui oui oui, mais oui " not understanding him in the least !

Curious scene last night—midnight. Bonham woke me to say he heard the fairy foot of an orderly on the stair. It sounded to me like recruits goose stepping so I groaned and rolled over into sleep again. Apparently it was an orderly from the Brigade with two chits. He stumbled about the landing for a bit and presently the C.O. who couldn't stick it any longer came out to find a hairy Pathan striking matches in Madame's room who had hidden herself and 3 children and the belle père under the clothes. The C.O. bit his right ear off and tore the chits out of his hand but finding they were for another regt. bit his left ear off and couldn't sleep for 3 hours.

Munn is on leave—Tyndall hopes to go soon—Segar is off on detached duty tomorrow so that leaves us a very small party.

Letters and parcels to thank everyone for.

There is a noise overhead like a miniature Zep raid on a crowded Indian railway station. I expect it is Samar Gul with my " tup."

Love to all,

CHARLES.

(53) 29.10.15.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

A line to enclose two sad letters. One from Col. Seton about G.D's death and the other from poor Miss French. Curious that she should have been thinking of me the night I was thinking of her and little French so hard that I had to sit up and write to her.

An overwhelming pile of official correspondence from India.

CHARLES.

(54) 2.11.15.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

It seems a long time since I wrote and barring possibly two more letters after this you must not be surprised if you don't hear from me for some time. All I hope is it is open fighting among mountains again. Funny—two years ago everyone would have been saying "Hope we don't arrive too late." Now, if ever a remark is passed it is "How long do you think they'll give us in ——?" (sorry Censor old man) or "No chance of Ipswich I suppose."

On Saturday I called on the Seaforths though there are few men left I know and officers only two. One their Colonel commanding was a Captain at the gathering at Agra last year—you remember Thompson the other Brodie, junior to me at Sandhurst, is now 2nd in comd, while a man I knew as Sergt. is now a Captain.

Brodie dined with me the next night at the Officers pub in ——. We talked bombs and trenches for 3 solid hours when he said "How interested our people would be to hear us." I think not—you would not have gathered half we conveyed to each other and probably thought us cold blooded murderers. I know for a fact I ragged all round the room with a stranger's dog while B told the stranger how his brother was killed in that submarine we lost to the Turks and the stranger told B how his only brother went under in Hohenzollern Redoubt the other day. An amusing touch was B sending the waitress—whose husband has been missing for a year—for a box of matches. On her return she saw he had already lit his cigarette from mine so she said "Je vois monsieur que vous êtes déjà en servi." "Qui vous a dit ça" said Brodie "moi, j'ai pas parlé de Service."

I got home at 2 a.m. to find the C.O. sitting up for me in a tidal wave of telegrams. Joy. He decided we were all to be up at 6 a.m. So like a good soldier I woke and rose at 5.55 and by 6 a.m. I was making myself as unpopular as only a good soldier can by waking everyone else. 6.15 we were all in office with the C.O. presiding in front of a guttering candle for all the world like an owl trying to hatch something. He did and very successfully and he is now on leave in England.

The Post just in—the baby upstairs nearly through with an urgent indent for teeth, eyes, one and old Hathi at the piano trying to remember a tune his mother paid 3 guineas for 4 lessons for 4 years to teach him, 17 years ago.

Love to all, and if anyone remembers in the months to come an occasional tin of sausages would make the post doubly welcome.

CHARLES.

(1) 13.11.15.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Back again, after a most delightful week's leave. We are still further back than when I left and at the present rate of progress, if any, we ought to arrive at our eventual destination on the eve of peace—but as we have beds and gas ! ! here we are not exactly clamouring for peace.

Knowing what like things happen in war time I was not in the least surprised to find Major Tyndall who left England 24 hours after me arrived before me. I seemed to know half the boat coming over and the other half quickly got to know me as I sat next Douglas. Thank heaven he was on board. He brought us into Bllun on the top of a wave so avoiding a mine which strafed the next boat—that is why Tyndall went via Calais. At Bllun (4 hours late) they collared all subalterns for duty so I hid my stars and frowned at the Disembarkation Officer who slipped me past with " Sleep in any hotel tonight and be at the station 9.30 a.m. tomorrow." We all rolled up to time but took 12 hours reaching our destination—some 60 miles. Thank goodness I can sleep when there is nothing else doing. There were 3 Guardee officers in the carriage—good fellows. We rolled out at 9 p.m. and again were told to sleep any old where. Being in a part of the world I knew I quickly found dinner and a bed and expected to find a supply lorry

at 9 a.m. to hurl me off to my regt which was 10 miles back down the line (they had refused to let me detrain at the station instinct prompted me was my right one). However at 8.30 a.m. " Marie Louise " (a name to conjure with at ——) informed me the lorries had pushed off at 7 a.m. In desperation I sought out Col. Stuart and made him give me a staff car and at the same time asked him what about protective colouring in the shape of red round the hat. He is beginning to see that if all the originals leave the regt. how can it carry on. As it is I have come back to 2 CMs—a thing we haven't had for years. And the C.O. who was at home just before me is off on another week ! After digesting 18 letters and the best part of 6 parcels I wandered off to band practice. You don't know what a real joy it is to be back. I talked company scandal with half a dozen I.Os until my " Summer Girl " told me a hot bath was waiting. His joy at having me back was not detracted from by escaping guard duties again. Night night—many letters to answer—such a ripping valedictory one from Barnes Adjt. of the 4th Suffolks (we are leaving Teniers behind) and better known as a tennis champion. I enclose his letter (excuse his soldier language) and two nice ones from Col. Seton and Col. Campbell.

CHARLES.

(2) 15.11.15.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Just a note before turning in. A busy but uneventful day. A hard frost this morning, a 3 hours walk, usual office routine and a mad prisoner who won't eat anything. I went in and had a long crack with him and was just coaxing him into sense when enter a strange general spoiling the whole show. I enjoyed the band practice today—a strange officer rolled up who had once been a drummer in the Seaforths so he took a drum and I a set of pipes and we quite deserved the " encore " we got yelled at us.

Douglas' At the Sea-side was much enjoyed by the mess. He had a pal on board the boat who we found out on disembarking he had mistaken for a pal of mine. Both of us were heartily sick of the fellow and both had been overpolite to him thinking him a pal of the others. I wonder what *he* thought of us.

We seem to have struck the only gentle folk in the village

for the mess (where I live). Most uninteresting. They all go to bed, and presumably sleep, with all their doors wide open and lights on. They turn off the gas at the meter without a word at 8.30 p.m. The notary's wife caught me last night and wanted to know why I got all official correspondence between midnight and 3 a.m. I pointed to heaven (what is fate?) and shrugged all my shoulders and half my back. Ah oui but couldn't I persuade the orderlies to take off their boots so as not to wake her. Can't you see a placard to that effect hung up in the dark porch and can't you see a strange orderly reading (?) it? Silly old cuckoo—the more I explained the more she made it impossible for the rest of the house to sleep.

No news yet and very sleepy.

Cheer ho,
CHARLES.

(3) *Thursday*, 18.11.15.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Nothing to report. We have a new officer I.A.R. I mistrust people who call you "old thing" before they know you—don't you?

We changed our billets today—scarcely worth while such a short distance. Y'day I spent 4 miserable hours in the rain allotting billets. I could not have been worse received had I been a criminal trying to hide myself. Apparently the last regt—British Cavalry—did not play fair. The usual scene was (forgive the spelling) "Bon jour madame vous êtes la patronne." "Woy." (This always annoys me to start off with.) "Eh bien je suis un officier venu pour faire allocation de logement des soldats vous savez et si vous en avez place—un grenier, un hangar, des étables, des granges, je vous prie de me les montrer."

"Eh bien que voulez vous—Marie Louise sois tu rage—Adolph taisse toi."

"Combien de soldats pouvez vous logez madame—trente? quarante?

Mais c'est comme ça vous savoy—j'ai qu'une va (vache) est on a déjà pris mes deux chevause et mon mari un homme de quarante deux qui était deux fois reformé fut appelé la semaine passée.

And so on—yards of it on every subject but the matter on hand. Then had we horses—no—lately returned from the

trenches—no—how long would we stop—are we docile and convenable—yes very—would we never break the pump—never in our lives. Finally in one farm where the old lady (6o round the chest) and her equally stout daughters literally barred the gate I said " Look here old thing do you like my appearance ?" Suppressed girlish giggles from the ranks and eh bien que voulez vous c'est la guerre from Stromboli. " Well " I said " I will lodge 30 soldiers on you every one of whom is better looking and more polished than me. Is it a bargain. Shrug shrug shrug. This morning I went on with the best looking Afridi and said " Here you are madame a sample of the men you will home in your farm. Have I played fair with you." " In truth you have not lied—he is considerably better looking than you." The Major wondered later why they expected him to be facetious when he went in.

Half a hound has attached herself to me. I call her Whisky to make certain. In former days she must have dragged a cart as I brought her on a string today and she pulled me the whole way.

Funny folk the French are—like " Indians " you never get to the bottom of them. This family seem to be gentle folk—as gentle as you ever find. Three stalwart daughters, very reserved, almost frightening, with eyes like time expired haddocks and a son back from the war with rheumatism in the knees. This seems to be the local patois for cold feet.

Our doctor being on leave I have just prescribed cough mixture four times a day for a child of 10 months with a cough and no temperature. The mother with 10 children had never seen a thermometer and thought it was a charm—and hot soup and fresh air for a woman languishing in bed with 1° of fever and a sick headache. She wanted me to translate one degree into her centigrade vernacular so I had a dive and made it $\frac{1}{4}$ degree. This didn't seem to alarm her. Now who can tell me how to translate Fahrenheit into Centigrade.

Daisy sends me back a letter addressed to me on leave by a sepoy who wants a watch—doesn't matter what it costs or looks like so long as it shows where Mecca is. I had him up and regretted I never got the letter while in England. Now he says he'll be happy with a lance stripe.

CHARLES.

(4) 20.11.15.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Just a line before turning in to thank you for long letters. Nothing happening except one C.M. "Whisky" going strong (she is a ripping dog) and the young ladies of the house thawing a bit—their eyes almost show the light of human intelligence again.

We just failed to catch a spy today—answered the description exactly—turned out to be the doctor of the B. Cav: regt. lately billeted here.

Father always asks how the Afridis and Orakzais are doing. They are the men who let us down—at the same time they are our best men, rippers most of them, always ready for a job and always cheery.

Col. Campbell is commanding the Brigade now and seems averse to a second dose of leave.

Too sleepy to write. Work as usual yet I never seem to get to know the men as well as I would in cantonments. Would really rather have a D.C. than adjutancy.

Night night,
CHARLES.

(4½) 22.11.15.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Being somehow very busy since I last wrote. Rather amusing this afternoon—5 cars all rolled up one after the other bringing back the C.O. and Hodge from leave, Dennys from sick leave and Thompson and Carter V.C. to join us.

Better still I have just been chosen to conduct the next party of Indian officers on a week's leave to England—what ho! Expect to start tomorrow.

Night night,
CHARLES.

(5) 4.12.15.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

It seems ages since I wrote and so it is but really I was terribly rushed, that week at home with Indian officers. I left early on Thursday the 25th and arrived at the Royal Palace Hotel, Kensington, that evening. Samar Gul was one of the party. They were done top-hole by the hotel—3 meals of chicken, fish, vegetables and fruits, and they shewed their appreciation by sleeping on the tops of the beds

or under them, and by standing on the bathroom floor and splashing the water all over them. At a Boy Scouts' parade the first night S.G. distinguished himself. They presented knots they had tied in string for his inspection so he took a handful and put them in his pocket.

Friday we had a slack day, St. James Palace, Buckingham Palace, Guard mounting, Royal Mews, a prayer meeting and Madame Tussauds. This last was a fairy tale though all through the day and every day they gave you something to think about and laugh at. They asked me when they saw the chimneys revolving whether they were grinding corn in those houses and were certain when they saw the state coach that K himself had painted it !

Saturday we did Windsor, Hampton Court and the Royal Farm and Maskelyne and Devant in the evening. Sunday the Zoo and tea in a country house. That night Mrs. Grant very kindly allowed me to take Ghulam Ali and S. G. out to Putney. Monday, the Tower, where they were disappointed I wouldn't 'phone up the King and have the German spy shot, and St. Paul's.

Tuesday the House of Parliament and 3 of them were decorated by the King who was very gracious and put them at their ease immediately. In the evening the Victoria Palace. Wednesday, shopping at Selfridges and in the afternoon the Coliseum. Thursday we came back—Callum was on the boat. We had to spend the night in Bllun and he went straight down to Marseilles. The next day we had the usual journey up i.e. entrained at 12 noon, puffed out of the station at 2.30, drew up at a level crossing 400 yds. away for an hour, and so on, arriving at our station at 10 p.m. Motor bus till midnight and then walked out into the night, eventually fetching up in this old Shatoo at 3 a.m. Couldn't get in for a long time—eventually just as I got into my room a door opened somewhere down the corridor and a voice said " Qu'est ce qu'il y a Monsieur." So I explained all about myself, demanded 1000 apologies, was forgiven, wished goodnight. Slept well and found out this morning I had been talking to the doctor ! We don't quite know whether we ought to congratulate each other or not.

The time in London was awfully rushed—odd moments I was telephoning and wiring for their friends to come and see them. I managed to see the Ridgways, Aunt Edie and Phyllis Dick Lauder, and generally had a most interesting

and instructive time though no rest. Couldn't even write to half the folk I wanted to. Mr. & Mrs Fox came up to see me—they are moving up to town you know. I was sorry to see the last of that party of I.Os. Can't you see us every day and the old Beefeater at the Tower (good thing they weren't Hindus or I should have had to call them Mutton-wallahs) saying " and here we have the Royal Coat of Arms with inscribed below ' Dewhet mon droyit.' "

The King told me we were all going to M——A so personally I am betting on E——A.

Douglas and Thornton have both rejoined us making us 15 B.Os and a whole lot of 46th and 87th. The men are bucking up a lot and we threaten to be a very happy family once again. I saw D. Grant at Bllun and hoped to see him again soon as I am top of the leave roster, but that is all off.

Very sleepy.

Love to all,
CHARLES.

(7) H.M. TRANSPORT ——,
——— SEA. 15.12.15.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

I haven't written for over a week but as I am getting closer to you it doesn't matter. I expect we have overtaken my last letter.

The last week has been like a dream and a not particularly pleasant one. We marched from billets 2 a.m. on Friday—pitch dark and pouring with rain—and 12 miles to the station through most confusing country lanes. Arrived there with only one man lost, and only lost one more on the way down—pretty good—and they've both caught us up. The train journey was one long sleep only broken by (occasionally) chicken sandwich. We were 60 hours in the train, quite like Indian travelling again. Loading the ship from 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. was a new form of night amusement. Two other regts. on board—one the only *Highland* regt. that doesn't wear the kilt and the other my old friends of last spring. Griffen is Ship's Adjutant and our Bonham Carter (who has come back from 3 days leave married) Ship's Q.M. They are the only two with any work to do. I can't tell you what a breather it is to be free from Staff wires. She is a topping ship this—a bit crowded for the men. I don't know where this line (the R.M.S.P.) usually

runs but this is a Norway Pleasure Trip Ship—infinitely better than P. & O. I sort of felt it would be all right as I got on board as the fellow who embarked us was a L. Scottish officer Macfarlane. He got his commission the day I called on Douglas last February—I remember his coming into the mess for his first meal. The Scottish will have to put up UBIQUE soon.

Marseilles is a droll place. The " Mistral " was blowing and delayed us a day. I got 3 hours leave ashore but felt and am certain I looked like a boiled owl as I hadn't had any sleep for 40 hours. The crows were worth keeping awake for, Sepoys, Highlanders, Red Hats, Sipahis, Chasseurs, Cochin Chinamen, Marines, Sowars, Senegalese—you never saw such a mixture.

The three regts on board all have pipes and all have Blue Bonnets as their March Past. Curious, but talking of coincidences you'll find the foll: hard to beat.

Griffen went into a café at M——s and sat at a table 3 French had just left. They had left an empty packet of cigarettes behind and as he was fingering this absent-mindedly a photo fell out called " Officiers d'un regiment Hindou prenant le déjeuner." It was a photo of their officers mess at the beginning of the war.

Later: Most are doing an afternoon nap. We are within sight of land and such a ripping country it looks, after Flanders. White villages all along the coast, and the hills rushing up behind to the eternal snows.

I am drawn between chess with an old Indian officer and a tune on the pipes with the H.L.I. They like my slow sad tune which apparently I must have made up some time or other as no piper ever seems to know it.

We looked into Toulon on our way. It seemed a good enough place but then our standard for a year has been Neuve Chapelle.

CHARLES.

(8) *Monday*, 20.12.15.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Thank heaven the first part of the voyage is nearly over—we are supposed to reach Alexandria tomorrow though from the course we have been steering no one would be the least surprised if we woke up in Salonika. Our funny little escort with her one pop gun and three hulls

paddles along about 12 knots and we play the fool behind her, never keeping on the same tack for 10 mins.

Board ship is a bad place at any time and living on top of a lot of native soldiers makes it worse. You know what blighters they are for spitting, yelling at the tops of their voices, washing teapots and their boots in the face basins etc. etc. I am writing in the smoking room and within 10 foot of my table is a stairway which is crowded from morning to night. Apparently as soon as a fellow gets down he is overcome with a violent desire to get up again and vice versa. Frequently he changes his mind on the stair—or worse, *very nearly* changes his mind. The British sentry who controls the traffic bulges all over his collar every now and again. Every man carries a lifebelt with him wherever he goes and always meets 3 friends and a cousin on the stair—just provocation for the first verse of the Abyssinian national anthem.

I am reading Maud Diver's Judgment of the Sword—a good yarn about Cabul '39-41. It is terribly hard to read or write or play chess or anything. I swear I'd like to be back in those filthy, sodden, freezing trenches. I thought it would be so directly we got clear away. We passed 2 empty boats y'day and a bit of a bridge. I walked in my sleep for the first time for years—I think that is all the news.

I have just threatened a sepoy with penal servitude for life. He had come the whole way upstairs making a noise like a seasick camel, reached the door by degrees, raised his right foot to step out over the splash board and then ceased action. I suppose he had started to think of something, something pretty difficult too, such as " what Coy. am I in " or " how many brothers have I got " because he stood like this for 20 seconds. The way they go downstairs always biffs me.

They always step 5 times as high going down as coming up. We had 2 ripping cook-houses. They burnt them both down then came along and said please arrange. We arranged the bricks and iron rescued from the debris and left them for 3 hours. They pulled the bricks out, lit roaring fires on the iron and were quite surprised to find they had set the deck alight. The Chief Officer's a ripper —he gave a tired smile when he saw it and said quite quietly " a new deck," but I expect he writes to his wife to

say he'd rather carry cattle than Indians. What it must be like on a civilian boat, say a Pilgrims' jaunt to Mecca, beats the imagination. However all good things come to an end and I hope to get off tomorrow for a bit.

I think this war has done us all a lot of good in this way, that you don't fret over useless things any longer. We've all learnt to live on a change of socks and a toothbrush—minus 5 servants—and if your C.O. says (and means it) " You're a damned fool Sir " well you forgive him as you know he may lose his head again, only in reality tomorrow. But if it goes on interminably we'll lose all interest in life. I mean here we are nearing Egypt with the chance of getting out there—the possibility of pushing straight on for Mesopotamia or B.E.A yet we never discuss the future, simply live from day to day. I am sure it will be bad for the individual in the long run. You'll cease to look ahead and make plans for yourself. Can't you see me taking my 3 months' leave at Jandola because I've forgotten to book a passage to Java in time. Making this trip 2 years ago I should have got to know half the saloon by name and spoken to most of them. So far I know the fellows on either side of me at meals (though only one by name) and there I stick unless you count sharing a hymn book with a doctor y'day. Dennys of the Rangers son of the I.G. Police Punjab is one table companion. He got hit through the stomach that day at Ypres but luckily hadn't eaten or drunk anything for 10 hours and so pulled through.

We had two splendid services by Macpherson that Scotch padre. We all sang like schoolboys and so roped in half the crew. They are a splendid lot of men the H.L.I.

Fancy being under punkahs again and drinking iced drinks—ten days ago it would have killed us.

Much Love—you'll probably never get this letter as we have lost our censor stamp.

Some one has just said only 5 days to Xmas. I say only a month to 19th Jan. when I shall be a captain for the third time and no one can stop me ! Great.

(9) PORT SAID. *Wednesday*, 22.12.15.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Just a short line. As this is the tenth time I've been here I volunteered to stay on board and let the others all off to buy topies and nougat. We hear we are for East

Africa. You can bet on that until you hear otherwise. I posted you two letters from Alexandria Nos. 7 & 8. I suppose we were lucky to get in as they got a Jap boat just after us. We have just seen the survivors landed. We had a great night of piping and dancing on Monday. I made up the first half of a tune and Pipe Cpl. Smith of the H.L.I. put a second part to it. I call it the H.L.Is Farewell to France and he calls it Lieut. Campbell's Farewell to France so if ever you hear a real sad tune you'll know it.

Col. Grey of the Jangli Sahib's Bandugs has just called on us—he is a topping man and C.O. His lot are staying here on the bank of the mallah.

Our Tem: Adjt came to us the other day and talked to me about the " Bandar ki tarof ki deck " which means the deck nearest the harbour. Of course I was biffed as either deck might have been nearest the last harbour or the next. After a time it came to me—Bandar is the word for Port as well as Harbour.

Samar Gul defeated Bonham Carter y'day. He complained that they " had not yet seen the house in which the Major said there was a blind man living." I guessed it immediately—Major Perkins probably pointed them out Lesseps Statue on the way through. Wouldn't he smile if he knew he was remembered in the regt by such trivial incidents.

23.12.15.

" When you've heard the east a-calling you won't heed nothing else." Tosh—I heard it again last night—coaling, porthole closed, deck covered with half naked sticky soldiery. The heat is something awful—iced drinks and electric fans seem useless. It is curious to think of dear old London, clammy and shivering.

You will have heard by this time of the two Jap boats that were torpedoed. I suppose we were lucky really as they were only just behind us. Mrs. Carter (Major Carter V.C. is attached to us) was on board one of them. She was changing in her cabin at 3 p.m. when they were torpedoed without warning. She just had time to put on an overcoat and tear up stairs. They were then 19 hours in an open boat (5 were drowned) and she landed here having lost everything except what she stood up in.

There is a most awful noise of unloading going on and

people keep on dashing up with imbecile questions. Every odd idiot being shipped back to India seems to have been put under my especial charge and forthwith to have become more idiotic still. Perhaps they have odd ideas about me.

I must off and hurl myself into the fray—and aroma.

Love to all of you,

CHARLES.

(10) SUEZ. *Christmas Day*, 1915.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Here we are—very hot, and inclined to be peevish. Not a bit like Xmas. We entrained at Port Said y'day at 2 p.m. and arrived here midnight expecting to find a chuprassi with a note saying " Herewith your tents, pitch them, and if you want water dig for it." Not a bit—a very obliging staff officer, roomy huts and water laid on. The 14th Sikhs gave us a meal—Hector is with them but we missed seeing each other.

We are at present strafing hot kit and French comforts and trying to make cool—expect to sail in 2 days. Met Hamesh Gul of the 58th this morning—the one who said " Bon Soir Madame " to Mrs. Grant. I ragged him about the advantages of Suez over London. How you could with luck see 3 trains in the day and could always at any time make sure of buying a farthing orange for 2d. He now says to " see " London you want 3 months' leave and 300 rupees a day. Not a bad estimate.

The Indian is fast thawing under this sun. Everyone seems to start a new life by asking damfool questions. Honestly the sort of problem I had to solve this morning was " Shall we now carry our socks in our left hand or wear them both on the right foot ?" You should have seen an old Punjabi Havildar y'day squatting in an open railway truck in the middle of the desert. Nothing doing except the sand and the sun. Slowly he spotted a camel, smiled quietly, spat emphatically, waved his arm over in it's direction and started singing " Home Sweet Home " in his vernacular, quite happy.

CHARLES.

CHAPTER V

1916

THE GREAT WAR: EAST AFRICA

(1) British India Steam Navigation Co. Ld.
2.1.16.

My darling Mother,

A happy new year—may we be together for the next. Do you ever get an absolute horror of letter writing? I have the fit on me now, partly caused by a most disagreeable pitch—half the crew and 99 per cent. of the regiment are absolutely "lamba parra." I went along forward just now and found a couple of our sentries, drowning, like Romans at their posts. They were immensely pleased to see me and find themselves relieved and delighted when a huge wave broke over me soaking me through and through.

I can't get G. D. Campbell and little French out of my head. It is a fact Providence won't allow you to grieve in the trenches. The last 5 voyages I have done I have always had G. D. in my cabin.

Tomorrow we get to Aden—the reason of my trying to write today. The band are to play the Barren Rocks. Do you know of the officers who came up the Red Sea with the regt only Munn and Harley Street are here now. Indian Officers also only two.

There is a poor devil on board who was slung out of a native regiment in Egypt for drink and is now going out to enlist in East Africa. I had a long talk with him last night. —has travelled some—twice round the world before the mast in a sailing ship—he chucked planting in India at the beginning of the war and enlisted in the Rough Riders and was billeted for a short time in Keswick Road until he went into camp at Streatley! A small world.

We had a great night on the 31st. Those who had gone to bed were hauled out. We played trenches of course. I was sandbagged in under a table with pillows and then crumped and mined much to the amusement of the ship's officers. I started the new year well by winning the sweep.

The regt are doing well these days—orderly and *quiet*. We are lucky to be alone. I took some I.Os down the engine room—we think it hot on deck here but down there it is awful. We looked at the thermometer 113° same like D.I.K. in June, but wouldn't the lads in the trenches have loved it for an hour or so.

The enclosed menu will have to serve as a Xmas Card, only must not be shown to anyone from the trenches.

CHARLES.

BRITISH INDIA STEAM NAVIGATION CO. LD.
8.1.6.

MY DEAREST MAY,

Getting near Mombasa and they never leave yours truly alone for 5 mins ! So forgive haste. I hope you can follow the rough sketch enclosed—it promises to be a wonderful country. SWAHILI, their language, is the Italian of the East. Remember V. Nyanza is nearly 4000 ft. above sea level. All the names of stations probably mean something like " The Spotted Deer," " The Rhinoceros " etc. I'll let you know as I learn them.

You spot that if we win through (my word how we'll have to walk) we shall have a red line from Cape to Cairo and the railway, which at present finishes at Broken Hill in Rhodesia and Khartoum in the Sudan, can be completed (at a cost of probably 3-4 days war) on all British Territory.

Has it struck you we, as a contemptible little army, have been fighting in 12 different places on the globe, viz:—France, Servia, Gallipoli, Egypt, Persia, India, Tsingtoo, New Guinea, E. Africa, S. W. Africa, Kameruns, Togoland—this does not include Aden and the Turkish Fort opposite Perim where Callum was wounded.

Remind me some day to tell you a yarn about Warneford and this very ship the Arankola.

CHARLES.

(2) MOMBASA. *Tuesday*, 11.1.16.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

I have such a lot to tell you and no time. We are " in instant readiness " again. The last three days have been rather a nightmare though quite an amusing one.

We arrived midday Saturday 8th and were promptly boarded by a cheery lot of pirates in all sorts of rigs who on

closer inspection turned out to be Naval and Military Staff Officers. They said "You will disembark tomorrow and go straight up country and fight—the whole show is waiting for your regiment." We cheered till we were hoarse and two more collapsed with frost bite.

The next day we were told to be in two trains—the first 3 p.m., the second 6 p.m. About midday we were told to be in both about 1 p.m. We were. At 1.10 we were told to get one D.C. out again and march it 28 miles (Remember this climate—that you have to cut your way through the bush, and that we have been sitting on a deck for a month). They got out. At 1.30 just as the guard was waving his miniature kilt to start us we were warned to get another D.C. out but the kilt trick worked in time and off we shot into darkest Africa.

The country folk are without exception the most hideous folk I've ever seen. The father wears half a sandbag and the mother the other half and the children very expensive grins. They are cheery birds though and willing workers. My book on Swahili has not had much of a chance yet but I tried "Holi Jumbo" when I wanted to say "What a life!" (Major Walton's great expression) and the answer was "Jumbo Bunjiwunji." The key will be enclosed in my next. When we got about 100 miles up the line the engine about turned and pushed us down again. We got back here at 1 a.m. and tumbled out all ready to fight anyone and everyone and were told to get into the train and go to sleep. The mosquitoes had the time of their lives. The next morning Monday bright and early we got up and pitched a camp and no sooner had we done so than we had to send another D.C. off into the bush. (By the way all the tents we drew at Marseilles we had to hand in here along with a lot of other useful things like bicycles. We were told to get new tents and pay for them! We refused the kind offer with dignity so were told we should have to pay in any case. So we took them.) Just as the train started a wire came "Change all the tents round again" (but you can sometimes forget to open a wire for an hour).

In case I have to shut down any second I want to say here that this may be the last time I shall write for a long time as we are going to a place where posts are few and far between. You can think of me in a stockade taming kapiti and monkeys. I wish you could see us now—a most awful

looking gang of ruffians with red arms and legs. Theoretically a B.O. is allowed 80 lbs. of kit and 40 lbs of tentage. In reality he has one untrustworthy porter who carries 40 lbs. I saw Bonham in hospital y'day. He will be all right.

A yarn. We stopped at a station on Sunday and I wanted a coconut. The book says Dafu. Hookoo means " there " and Hookoooo means " right over there." So I got hold of a boy and said Dafu. He smiled. I pretended to swarm up a tree, cut a cocoanut, watched it drop, came down, cut it open and drink the milk. He jumped at it. Smiling all over he queried " Dafoo ?" " Yes," I said " if you like it that way Dafoooo." The answer was " Hookoo-oo-oo Nah," so I took it there wasn't one within 30 miles.

At the station where we turned back I met MacCaskill late of the Guides. He sent his love. He had a cheery orderly who kept on handing him telegrams. He had two white eyes and 170 very white teeth and a piece of string round him (to tie his Sunday trousers on to ?) and a pencil, not over his ear but stuck through the lobe of it ! There was an amusing Tommy too who after mistaking the C.O. for a mechanical transport driver came and told me the Germans kept him on the quee vie but that they were nothing to the beetles and Germans in the water. As we came down I was woken at one station by " Wo ist dah ?" " Haben Sie ein Wasserbottle." I leapt up hoping to see prisoners and found a lot of South Africans mostly Boers speaking not a word of English. The men were *sleeping* on the roof of the train. They are very proud of being a " Rag Time Army forming fours to the Tango." Good lean men. When they saw us going down the line they queried " Bombay trek ? Fransooschen Trek ?" They have a camp alongside us here—have most of them been through German West and are frightfully keen on fighting. I saw an instructor in blue trousers, a vest and a tweed cap, instructing a tired gentleman in rifle exercises who smoked a heavy pipe the whole time.

Talking of kit—the —— and their white officers here wear blue putties, a black sheet or kilt, a khaki coat and a blue pagri.

Must stop now and then remember all I wanted to say. Sorry I could not write more slowly.

Best of Love,
CHARLES.

P.S.—No English paper since Dec 10th.

Met a nice boy y'day who had not been in Mombasa for 3 years and had been marching since 23rd Dec !

(3) *Sunday*, 16.1.16.

My darling Mother,

A quiet Sunday morning and we are in the " firing line " again. We have a party out looking for Germans and doubtless they are returning the compliment. It seems droll doesn't it after France having to look for them—all I hope is we don't find them for a day or two until our feet and heads are set. The sun is terribly strong. Of course out first 3 marches, soft as we were, rather biffed us. We have one officer down with high fever. I don't want to boast, but I carried all a man carries barring the rifle and did last the march without touching my water bottle—so don't fret about me, I am horribly fit.

We are in a stockade now. The country round is just what you read and imagine about Africa. You trek along a one foot track in absolute silence with grass 6 ft high on either side, then you plunge into forest so thick you have to literally hack your way through and the foliage so thick you won't see the sun for perhaps half a mile, and the *silence* ! You can just hear the breeze moving in the tops of the trees though there is no hope of feeling it. Then you suddenly come out of the bush on to a hill side whence you can see 10-15 miles. Wonderful scenery and wonderful country to fight in if you know it.

You should hear the babel of voices in this post. Pushtoo, Punjabi, Hindustani and Tamil, English, Arabic, Nubian and Swahili. The Nubian is as black as a top hat and his profile is—

I have never seen such lips.

Swahili is quite amusing and very pretty—more of it when I have picked up a little.

Princess Mary's Gift for Xmas 1914 arrived boxing day 1915—they loved them, but there doesn't seem much hope of this letter ever reaching.

You should have seen the water we drank our first march out. We came to a palm tree oasis with three small pools of almost thick black slime. Kipling has it in Gunga Din " It was crawling and it stank, but of all the drinks I drank."

The cocoanuts when you strike them are top whole, each has about 3 large glasses of cool sweet water. I had three straight off—that cost me 1½d ! A pineapple costs 3d.

Did I tell you of the bush fires—they are rather frightening at first because they spread in the breeze as fast as you can walk. The long grass is so dry and the sun so hot that they start spontaneously and always seem to follow you or come straight at you. That is the time too you have to keep your eyes skinned for snakes. But the most curious thing I have ever seen so far is thousands of millions of ants crossing the track in a solid bar as thick as your wrist. If you step over them, all right, if you break their line, woe is you. In this line I saw there were 1000s of little red fellows holding the sides of their road against invasion and in the middle the ordinary large black ant of India going about 20 miles an hour and walking on their backs and doing police work were a few hundred warriors quite this size —

What a life !

We have a telephone again and all that that means and we stand to at all sorts of ghastly hours. You should see me now—more than half naked except for a pugri and a black beard. The C.O. looks more and more like a Mechanical Transport Driver, and when hot and hungry a bit apt to talk like one.

I am afraid our crowd are a bit knocked out over what I told you on the first page, but it is no use fretting once it is done. Personally I am sleeping on the exact spot—on a sheet of corrugated iron !

Cheerho—would you send a pair of socks (thick) and a h'chief now and again.

CHARLES.

MY DARLING MOTHER, (4) PORT. 26.1.16.

Back again and such a lot to tell you as it is 10 days since I wrote. We haven't taken long in getting under fire again and my experience of it, which was at night in thick bush and at 5 yards range—well, I'd rather go to a concert at the Albert Hall any night.

We soon found our feet out here and are gradually learning what to do and what not to do, though it would take you years to become proficient and about 3 generations to pretend you like it.

I can't think of anything to make a yarn of so I'll just go through my diary and give you scraps.

You often live in grass huts out here, very cool and comfortable, but for one pest the " borer." He eats through the wooden props all day and all night and everything is covered always with thick sawdust. So jolly for the cheese and your hair and the soap. Also the tse-tse fly—the first time he got me through a thick flannel shirt in the small of the back I really thought I had been shot.

Do you remember Mehrab Din (the Arch of the Faith)—silly old fool, he refuses to be struck with the wonders of other lands and Pathan like always has one better at home. Out on safari (daur in India) the other day I asked him what the Coy would think and do if suddenly charged by a rhino. " Nothing " he said " we have them at home." " Go on, I know quite well and so do you that there are no rhino in Tirah." " Well perhaps not in Tirah, but in Cashmere." " Don't be a fool, how can an animal accustomed to these swamps and heat exist on rocks and snow ?" " Sahib do you not find leopards in Bengal and again spotted leopards in Kashmir. God alone knows if there are not spotted Rhino also. Think of the jungle in our country where the flowers are so beautiful and their smell so sweet that a man goes mad." " Have you been through that jungle lately ?" (He never saw it !) " No but to bring a man back to his senses we have to cut an onion and hold it to his nose."

And so on ad lib about snakes that swallow sentries, and their rifles, but all in Tirah, and never a word of France except the occasional " compris " and " no bon."

(There is a man standing outside with 2 safety pins through the tops of his ears.) They say how the idea started was generations ago a woman had 6 children all of whom died. When the 7th was born she went to a holy man who said " make two holes in each ear—sure thing—one and eleven pence halfpenny." She did and unfortunately the child lived, for now everyone does it. They think nothing of wearing a bobbin or a napkin ring in the lobe of their ear.

The heat is pretty bad. I went to get a cigarette just now and opened what were acid drops—you could literally pour them out. We never get any news here. I got our 2nd post since we've been here y'day, including a card from Doyle, which I enclose—it is a good photo of Col. Loveband.

Reuter's telegrams arrive so mangled they are not worth reading except as puzzle problems.

One night out at our fort the local natives gave us a show. One played the mouth organ including English tunes top whole and they all sang Tipperary in English marching round in a circle. They then danced the Kuchi Kuchi—which is exactly what our knuts and noisettes dance in fashionable ballrooms. The orchestra was the mouth organ and a pal who stood on one leg and played the empty kerosene oil tin thus—

The K.A.R. are rippers. I went out with one to pick up a few wrinkles. They can move and their silence is uncanny. We sat down to some brekker we had carried out and lit a fire and talked and then walked home. Within the hour a large force of the enemy (for this part of the world) went over the same ground. Never again a fire—never again talking. That was the day before they attacked the fort. We knew they were coming so we sent out an ambush on to the spot they would likely choose. I was lucky enough to get it as I knew the ground. It is a weird feeling lying up 2-3 yards off a track. With my usual luck I chose an ant heap so I had no difficulty about keeping awake. In the midst of the overpowering silence there is a very multitude of sound. Then a bird shrieks like a bell falling down stairs—silence—a cricket opens fire 3 inches from your left ear like a sawmill breaking a record—silence—a slight breeze and a catty smell and swish swish through the trees. Then the psychic moment when you can literally feel a human being approaching long before you can see him. Then flash flash—whizz bang—crash—yell—flash flash—silence all over and you feel like a rotten egg wanting to burst and your first thought is " Why did I leave my little trench in France ?" On this occasion though no harm seems to have been done on either side (apparently you have to shoot a yard in front of your own feet if you wish to hit anything in the bush) we seem to have put them off their first objective but what about their ambushing me now? So at 2.30 a.m. having set my direction by the stars I started cutting through to the next path 2 miles off. (We had been out since 8 p.m.) We won through just on 6 a.m.—2 miles in 4 hours, and we should never have won through at all but for pangas—a cross between a kukri and a scimitar.

As I got on the path still 2-3 miles from the fort the fort was attacked and all was over in 5 mins. Of course we couldn't tell if it had fallen or caught the enemy properly. So we pushed along hoping to catch somebody in reverse when suddenly we swung over a hill and saw the old flag still flying—and so into brekker. The dushman forgets we have been used to keeping quiet in trenches until the right time to fire. He shut down pretty quickly and walked off. Their first maxim was trained on Munn who was standing in the open outside. He had one of his usual miraculous escapes.

The only way in which this place at all resembles France is (no one's for it) the orders, counter orders, and the moving here and back again.

One day 2 of our D.C. marched to ——. After they had started "send another." Halted first two but before the other could go "As you were." Back they come—fight—push off again and now comes the order make it three.

We came in 28 miles in one day with a 6 hours halt in the middle. Not a man fell out. Pretty good in the bush with porter transport, only a track and sometimes only a 9″ path.

Why is it whenever you have to fight, decipher code messages, or march, it is always between midnight and 2 a.m. When you have done this 3 nights running as I have you begin to lose all faith in the Voluntary System.

The natives here are streets above the Indian in intelligence. I stopped 3 in the bush the other day whereupon the eldest stepped out, pointed to his eye and then looked about the bush acting "I am an intelligence scout" as plain as anything. Then he turned to his two companions and solemnly shook hands with them "These men I vouch for." Now can you imagine a jungli Punjabi thinking of that! Their lips being so thick and heavy to move they put an M or an N before most words to give them time to get going again. You throw in just the soupçon of an "u" before the M and an "i" before the N. I think the names of places are so pretty—Ngurungani, Msambweni, Mwele Mdogo (the little sick man), Kilindini, Viziani, Kipingoni Mashindeni, Kibandaongo, Voi, Mrima, Mchongo.

Well I must close down, with many thanks for long letters. Am about 3 weeks behind in the office and we may be off again tomorrow and new draft in including Googoo Eyes (Gul Zaman).

CHARLES.

MY DARLING MOTHER, (5) 1.2.16.

Sorry but I simply can't write these days. Comes of not having enough to do. Do you find that—that the more you have to do the more bright and lively you are and the more you want to buck. Here I have so far at any rate far more time to write yet the inclination is not.

We have come up the line to Voi since I last wrote and are waiting patiently to know our ultimate destination.

I saw Col. Graham on the way up—do you remember him in the Guides. In fact I am always running into people I know or whose brothers I knew killed in France.

We dined out the other day and danced ! with some sisters to a gramophone. Nice women but I don't think they'll ever rise above sister in the affection line.

2.2.16.

I am sorry I did not write in time for your birthday and May's but this may just get to you in time for Father's. Thanks awfully for your letters. They come pretty regularly from India but only now and again from England.

The African strikes me as a finer man than the Indian. I should like to get to know them well. We have machine gun porters and they drill each other all day long because they *like* being smart—it is not because they have to. Also they will always make themselves understood and will try to understand you. None of that standing on one leg thinking of father that drives you into an early grave in India.

The only alarms lately have been an enormous tortoise and a swarm of bees. Samar Gul walked into the middle of the latter to point me out what he called the " Subedar Major " but got bitten on the finger so took to darning my socks by sewing on pieces of flannel shirt.

It is no use trying to describe the bush to you till you've seen it. Two people could be holding hands and yet see absolutely nothing of each other. You often get caught up with 2 creepers round one leg—the other in a hole—both arms caught in thorns, your pugri pulled off by another, your rifle stuck fast in the fork of a branch, your bayonet hooked up the other side and always a fly on your nose.

Forgive haste—I want to get up to Nairobi and see Zebra, Giraffe, Haartebeests, Wildebeeste etc. etc. in thousands at the side of the line.

CHARLES.

(6) Voi. 8.2.16.

My darling Mother,

I wonder if you and May felt much older y'day and the day before. I did. It is partly the African climate which makes you peeve on the slightest prov: and partly because I am now a " staff officer "—only pro tem. Don't go writing home that I am now on the staff. I am not, and long before you get this I hope things will be normal again. All it is is that my C.O. has taken over a section of the Railway Defence—only a hundred odd miles (Nieuport to Arras—nothing) and I spend my spare time rationing 10 different nationalities in 50 different places and writing two War Diaries instead of one. Also when tired of inaction we have a dog box placed at our disposal by the railway and can be in a free accident any night by sleeping in it in a siding.

The regiment is at present split up in 7 different detachments—pretty sickening, but I think and hope we'll all be together soon and moving in the right direction. A frantic wire comes in for " posho " (rations) for a man whose command is very mixed and in 5 different places. (A hundred miles is nothing in this country. Old Segar is quite that distance from here and certainly sound asleep.) By the time his posho has arrived another wire will come to say " For Porters, African 192 and donkeys 10 read P.A.182 and donkeys 8. AAA. Latter have eaten former and former latter." I find it is a sound thing to get up 5 mins before anyone else, borrow a mirror and practise smiling. It pays in the end. Especially when you have been asking " how far to the next water " for 2½ hours and you still get " Hookoo-oo-oo " as an answer. You can be thankful when you keep pace with it.

Harley Street has left us now pro tem. He is a great shikari and generally takes " Willie Murray " (Ali Amir—mess orderly) with him 15-18 miles starting at 3 a.m. They came back the other day with Willie Murray as near nervous prostration as he'll ever get. By dint of persistent enquiry I found W. M. had seen his first giraffe—looking at him over a 10 foot bush. He naturally thought it was the devil.

The K.A.R. are rippers—they are lucky having 4 white officers to 100 men. What a move we'd get on if we had. Their yarns about last year and 10 years before are worth printing. I think it was a splendid effort of the British Govt: 20 years ago liberating slaves on the coast. One

Saturday afternoon every slave got 2s. 6d. and a new suit, and was told he was free. So he proceeded to get blotto and on Monday morning he came back and said " I'm sorry—please make me a slave again." It is now called conscription. An officer of the K.A.R. was in here y'day when one dak orderly who is extraordinarily fair came in for the post. The K.A.R. stood up and said " Good evening Sir " and will not believe yet that he is not a white man. I must say their lads are black. Exactly the colour of top hats. Our men are quite pleased with the salutation " Jombo." They have remarked how droll it is in France you say " Bomjo " and here you say " Jombo ".

Bonham is in hospital here waiting to get fit enough to have his appendix out. Golodu is down with bad fever. It is good having Googoo eyes back. He sends his salaams and is very thankful to Father for giving his old Dad the news.

Munn is on an armoured train now—I suppose it won't be long before he has another marvellous escape.

I don't think I am giving away secrets when I tell you we have a railway running out west from Voi quite close to the German border.

It is sickening never seeing an English paper. The last I saw was in France. The local rag has no casualty list in it. You would not honestly know there was a war on.

Two Africans did jolly fine work the other day. Instead of giving them the D.C.M. they got into orders for 2 Rupees reward each ! We are a wonderful nation.

Cherroh,
CHARLES.

(7) VOI. 16.2.16.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

It must be quite a week since I wrote but there has been nothing doing or else such a lot that there has been no time to write.

It must have been the afternoon that I last wrote that I went out to kick a football about and got a biff on the ankle which drove me into hospital the next morning. There I had the most glorious loaf for 2 days, and foolishly returned to " light " duty. That night unfortunately a K.A.R. ran amok and I had a good deal of running about to do and here I am in hospital again with some leg. About the

K.A.R. show, we were lying alongside them, and at 2 a.m.—pitch black—firing started in their camp and the cries of wounded men. Our men were tophole I must say—they fell in without a sound, fixed bayonets and lay down. Then it poured with rain for an hour—cheerful ! When it cleared we had another fusilade—very awkward as we couldn't approach their camp not knowing the language, and their officers felt the same about us. However about 4 a.m. Hart and I took a lantern and swung in and found out what we did not know till then that one of their own men was amok. So we went on with the lantern to warn our pickets as the K.A.R. were sending out 40 men to shoot him down. The blighter had got between their camp and ours in the hopes I suppose of embroiling us both in civil war. The lantern, and being unarmed, presumably saved our lives, as we passed the spot he was lying at and whence he shortly afterwards killed one of our men—I suppose he thought we were mad or camp followers. In all he killed 3 and wounded 3 before he was shot down and took 4 hours doing it. Bad luck in the case of our man—he got him with his *last* shot and then took his bandolier off him.

This hospital is a great change from the London one—two doctors and 4 nurses (one a Mrs. Charles Campbell) to 200 patients. How they work from sunrise to midnight. There has been a fight way forward and they never seem to stop operating just next door. And how well everyone takes it and all the "slights" wait on the "bads" night and day. They are mostly S. Africans—tophole fellows, very refreshing, no Eton or Oxford about them, but such men and *keen* !

I spend my time reading and learning Swahili. I wish we could get an English mail soon—fancy over two months. The 40th have not done so badly out of French's despatches with Stuart and Macpherson and Munn. I only saw the Scotsman which had no room for British and English Inf: regts, but without them there were 23 Campbells—none of whom were A.S.C. or R.A.M.C. and only 3 were staff and they generals, so they couldn't help it very well. I wonder if there will ever be a known instance in history of a sporting staff officer writing in and saying "Please don't mention me next time." What a proper "'ow de do" there'd be about it. In the I.M.S. List I can't spot a single regtal doctor and can spot 4 Boulognites—rather bad luck

on fellows like Harley Street who live (and die) for " the regiment." Hodge you know at Ypres rendered 1st aid for 2 days almost continuously and was shelled out of 3 aid posts while at it.

The regt is still in 7 different places.

Best love,
CHARLES.

P.S.—Did I tell you of the swarm of locusts one day which literally darkened the heavens, and the swarm of bees the next which killed all the hospital chickens. Horrible.

(8) VOI. 21.2.16.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Still in hospital—no good fighting fever. I dashed up to 103 the other day and it is still hanging about. They have discovered rings in my blood—better than having them on your toes though. Hart is next door with fever and Tum Singh (Thompson) in the infectious ward with measles, so that leaves the " Old man " alone for a bit. The temperature threatened to break the test tube last night as I got 51 letters and 10 newspapers from England. As a piece of Military Cross ribbon fell out of the first I opened (Mr. Grant) I guessed the good news and foolishly told my orderly. He of course smiled weakly and reminded me he had told me the same 3 days ago—one of those extraordinary bazaar rumours that you can't explain. However he dashed off to tell the camp, and there has been a constant stream of hairy savages pouring in ever since. Just like the stairs at the blunt end of the Arcadian. A strong and steaming posse of nursing sisters headed them off about 11 p.m. but they only slunk round to the back and growled as they started again at sparrow crack this morning. I am rejoiced to see Munn has one too and Douglas Grant. I am simply appalled at the 50 " thank you's " I have before me before I write to congratulate others. And I must get them done 'fore leaving Hosp: as there will be *some* work waiting for me. I had to chuck Swahili when I got fever—I think what possibly finished me off was:—

Kukata to cut, Kukatakata to cut up, Kutafuta to seek, Kutafutatafuta to seek all about, Kuchafuka to be in a mess, Kuchafukchafuka to be in " some " mess—and so on, very pretty to look at but rather reminiscent of the first

officer in the current Scottish Gazette who used to say "Tsczchslett." I am glad the Editor wants more of it—it was good reading—just like Douglas at his best. Douglas would have plenty of scope out here. One of the ward orderlies, quite sane, wears a small coffee cup in the lobe of one ear and a napkin ring in the other. I know no one will believe this. When he gets off duty he roams about in literally nothing but his coat.

I got a whole lot of letters from you dated up to the 30th Jan a few days ago and now with the English mail come in a lot more dated up to 20th Dec !

Head simply buzzing with quinine—I am taking 30 grains a day. Shall think of a dozen things I wanted to say as soon as I close this down. Thanks for Egyptian cigarettes—don't send any more, I don't smoke them. Fancy Father in an aeroplane—sporting effort. The beetles, bugs and beasties are worse here than in India. You get tick fever by being bitten by ticks unless you sleep with a light and you get "jiggers" under your toenails that need an operation to remove. Horrible. Last thought at night—Shall I be stung by a snake, a jigger, or a hippo.

Cheeroh,
CHARLES.

Smuts has arrived so we don't expect to be in Voi much longer. There is a rail out from here due W. almost into G.E. now.

(9) I.E.F. "B." 26.2.16.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

I don't suppose you will get (8) at all as I wrote it in hospital in Voi and gave it to my idiot boy to take over to the C.O. to get his dhobi-mark on the envelope. The C.O. never got it and the boy idiot has forgotten who he gave it to. Very annoying as there were 11 others with it. I am in Nairobi now—was glad to leave Voi. Hart is up here with me and we go on to a Convalescent Home at Kijabe today. It is 40 miles up the line and 8000 ft. so a week ought to pull us through. The game was perfectly wonderful on the way up.

Such a funny old thing with a face like the latter half of a preliminary bombardment blew in yesterday. "Are you a Captain ?" he said to me. "Yes Sir" I said wondering

what the rest of the ward had done wrong. " I want you to make a round sea trip taking a draft from here to Busrah, from there to Bombay and then back here." Visions arose of a couple of days with you at the Taj in Bombay, but then I saw my Colonel biting pieces out of my ear on my return so I refused it. I was probably a fool as they might have chucked in a Persian medal years later for landing at Busrah ! If they do give a separate medal for different countries the 2 Campbells in the 89th have done well. (1) Turkish mainland opp: Perim where Callum got biffed (2) The Suez ditch (3) Gally Polly (4) Flanders (5) Persia.

A hospital is a wonderful place for hearing yarns. Last night it was Lions and of course the Staff. You saw Punch's remark about Bread being the Staff of Life and the Life of the Staff—one long Loaf.

I suppose if you were born in B.E.A. Nairobi would strike you as some town. Personally the only thing I care for so far is the climate.

No news. I write today as this may catch a mail. Let me know if you ever get (8). Love to all of you.

CHARLES.

(10) 28.2.16.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Here we are up in the Convalescent Home. A topping house—a hotel in peace kept by a German—it would take years to describe the place and the country round. One side we look down on to Lake Mavaistra with waters as blue as they are painted on the map and on the other over a vast plain rolling away to G.E. Rider Haggard finishes one of his yarns by the hero throwing himself or his bride or his braces or something into a lake—Lake Mavaistra is the one. I don't wonder at the hero or at Rider Haggard any more—this country just " makes you think " that's the only way I can describe it. I just love the melancholy silence of hills. We go out and sit on the hillside and loaf all day long and are feeling different men already. The game round are so tame—yet there is every chance any day of being snapped in half by a rhino or hustled by a buffalo. Capt. Douglas is up here and some others I know. We are 10 officers and 30 men all nursed, fed, and kept in very good order by one nurse—a very cheery Oirish (and proud of it too) girl of 25. And she

grouses at not having enough to do and wants to get back to the front where she would have anything from 60-80 bad cases. She knew little French in Dublin.

These Germans left a ripping gramophone behind with real music. Top hole in the evenings—we all sit round a huge wood fire.

! ! ! I think I must have a temperature again—a topping flapper has blown in—there is only one house within a day's march. I am trying to go on writing quietly. If I look up again I know she'll evaporate or turn into a ward orderly with quinine. At present she appears to be talking to Capt. Douglas. Hush.

We came up with a lot of Belgium officers pushing through to the Congo. Their last attack failed as their men stopped to eat two of their ammunition porters. In hospital in Nairobi I met a good lad Hineson of the N. Lancs—military cross and a year of France yet still a second lieut. with temps out here getting their captaincies in his regt. So that promotion does not always run smoothly even in B. regts.

You should see our stage coach—it is exactly like the coaches you see swaying across Mexico in cinemas in time to stop the express from committing suicide off a bridge. Only ours is drawn by six oxen and our every-other-day express does 40 miles in 4 hours if it is more than 12 hours late. The day we arrived we were scheduled to arrive 7.30 p.m. We arrived 3.45 a.m. No one seemed surprised.

Hart has gone to investigate the flapper. He is looking quite scared and has loosened his tie. Silly ass—he has dispersed her—she has evanesced into the bush where she will whistle up a zebra and push off 50 miles home to tiffin. Pause while they electrocute my leg. I have developed slight "periscopotis" after all. Shall post in hopes of catching a mail. Another English mail expected soon then nothing for a month. Love to all,

CHARLES.

MY DARLING MOTHER, (11) 4.3.16.

I write another letter—not that I have any news or any letters to thank you for but it is my last day up in this tophole place and once I get back there will be a constant rush of returns and forms. You saw they gave Subahdar Jehandad Khan Bahadur a 2nd class I.O.M. and Havildar Shiraz (Afridi) an Indian Distinguished Service medal.

I am fit again now but would have liked another week. However I have been sent for.

We have just been up the hill on a horrible errand—to shoot a badger in a trap. 3 Sheep were killed yesterday by some animal and the natives set three traps one of which caught this wretched badger last night, and the other the padre this morning—luckily he had thick boots on. The padre is a bit of a Swahili scholar, and of course knows everything about the people. He gave me a long lesson yesterday and is waiting to give me another today. I wish I could have 30 more.

The Govt have sent out a liquidator—enormous pay—to settle up German concerns out here. This used to be a German concern. He had quite a happy time up here—ate his cheese off the point of his knife—and walked out with me. I often wonder if strangers get as much interest and internal amusement out of me as I manage to get out of them. On the other hand one must always remember "I was a stranger and he took me in." Perhaps it is their efforts to talk down to my level that fascinate.

Sister Fitz Simon is an absolute ripper. Irish all over. Seeing Samar Gul waiting outside with his rifle she dashes in and says "Capt Campbell are you waiting for your orderly anyway?" She gets most awfully ragged and makes topping scones.

I wrote to some people Ellis who live on the island, Lake Naivaxsha, and asked if I could go down Sunday night and shoot a hippo, but fate is hauling me off tomorrow morning. I wish I had kept all the congratulatory letters I got from officers and men of the regiment. It was they who gained it for me.

CHARLES.

Trains out here are like India. We depart at 4 a.m. and arrive 3 a.m.

(12) VOI. 7/3/16.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Only a short line to let you know I am back again—we were shot out 7-10 days before our time, as we found out afterwards—very annoying, but we can't complain as we had a ripping time. I never told you of the crater there—it really must have been 6-8 miles round. They say unexplored. I wonder if elephants have chosen it for a

dying place. It is curious isn't it that one never finds a dying elephant.

Leaving Kijabi was quite an outing. Long before dawn, fortified by a last English egg and the view of my idiot boy setting out in a pair of socks as he had had his boots stolen, we were mounted on mules and left to our fate. Mine was particularly humiliating. The kachar went like smoke for 30 yds. and then stopped. After the usual preliminary skirmish in which I broke my parade stick and forgot it was Sunday morning the beast just backed quietly into a thick wood. Stupid wasn't it. When I had left my hat, great-coat and one sock on a " wait-a-bit " thorn bush I dismounted and carried him out on to the road and launched him in the right direction. He let me mount, looked at me out of a pink eye under his ear, and reversed again. It was a terrible strain on my manly dignity—reins weren't built to prevent a mule backing. Finally we found he was all right when racing anything so we galloped the 3-4 miles down hill to the station. You should have seen the finish ! Hart fell off at the feet of a décolleté demoiselle with 17 pink earrings and twins in a sack of potatoes on her back. At least we calculate they were plural from the shower of potatoes and language. The mule never moved again—I expect it is there now unless it is backing into the booking office refreshment room.

At Nairobi we spent one night in an hotel. I of course rowed with the proprietor en entrant as he wanted Samar Gul to take his boots off like a servant. It was Hart who thought of telling him that Samar Gul had climbed the stairs of Buckingham Palace in those boots. The manager smiled and gave us rooms 21 and 23. I know why now. The mosquitoes were so awful I had to wake Hart at 3 a.m. to tell him he was being bitten. He hasn't forgiven me yet.

We came down in the train with 2 German officers prisoner next door. Curious dining beside them with an armed sergeant sitting beside them. They raised their glasses in a silent " hoch " which rather annoyed me after showing common politeness to them—so the next time I drank I cut an imaginary Kaiser's throat with mine.

I heard from our last chateau in France enclosing some photos which I am sending the round at home and Rock will forward to you.

Must cease fire. Notice the date. CHARLES.

MY DARLING MOTHER, (13) VOI. 11.3.16.

Nothing much doing since my last letter. I told you Tyndall had rejoined us. Things have been moving well forward and we hope to escape from this poisonous railway work soon and get together again as a regiment and into a Brigade. Dennys of the 31st was sorry to lose the Coy. he brought us out last August—they have gone back to their own regiment up the Gulf. He himself has got A.D.C. to a general out here. I am glad for his sake but very very sorry for us. Such a ripping conscientious willing worker—and a Sahib.

Tyndall and Berkeley were out for a stroll just as it got dark last night and were fired on. They came back to camp quite peevish and breathing audibly. We spent a sleepless night but can find nothing. Poor old Hart has gone into hospital again showing that he was hauled away from Kijabe before his time.

The enclosed is worthy of our Mess book—Words of Wisdom. But for incidents like this the life of an R.T.O. would be slow suicide out here.

This morning I saw a scene which would have amused one at home, but which no one gave a glance to here. It was Mrs. Layzelles—the only white woman here in peace time, going down to help in the hospital. (It was 11 o'clock and she had probably put in 3 hours at her husband's estate before coming down—he is on service.) Dressed from topie to stockings in khaki she was preceded by a tame monkey and carried a couple of baby wild cats under one arm and their bottle under the other. Followed a wild man of the woods with a loaded rifle and a dado of nasty looking bullets. Arrived at her " banda " or wigwam, she threw off her topie, fed the kittens, strafed the monkey, and then sat on the bed and shared a bottle of beer with us. And so to work till near midnight. Her escort strolling in and unloading set me thinking of drawing rooms (without camp beds) at home.

The daily dust storm has started so I close. CHARLES.

MY DARLING MOTHER, (14) VOI. 16.3.16.

I should not write to you today as I am most awfully fed up but I see a mail may go out shortly. Not that that means you are getting any of my letters. The sister on the

hospital train told me that although she wrote regularly her people had received no letter since last June. Quite in keeping with the babu ridden Indian system things are run on out here.

This part of B.E.A. is so different to the ripping air and "feeling" up country. I always feel like a burst balloon down here except I am willing to knife everyone. You should read "The Maneaters of Tsavo" (Tsavo is just up the line.) O'Hara who was pulled out of his tent in front of his wife by a lion is buried in the little cemetery here, as is the fellow who shared my room in hospital. No one believes the yarns about lions till they run into them. A little padre came in y'day who had been in the Taveta fight. He was running by night with a message from the firing line when he ran into two lions who were very angry with him and all the noise round them. He slowed down to a walk and edged off but they followed him growling almost to the camp. There is a yarn of the beginning of this war when a rhino got between the two firing lines and kept on charging first one and then the other. Whichever side he charged of course concentrated their fire on the rhino and gave great sport to the other side till the rhino spun round like a polo pony. Certainly 3 tons with one very sharp end would frighten you if you saw it approaching at a hand canter. One charged an engine a few nights ago just up the line. He blotted himself but derailed the engine. Talking about wild animals I had a dust up with a wild cat about 1 a.m. this morning. He had determined to roost on the roof of my banda (banda is a grass hut—wigwam). Finally I had to lay for him with a stick (and a horrible lonely feeling all up and down my spine). The brute almost attacked me. He spat and coughed and finally dashed off like a young pony.

I think some of the tribes out here have such ripping names. Half of what I tell you now I shall probably have to untell you after 3 years residence. The Mazai, pronounced Ma's eye, seem to be the best soldier next to the Abyssinian and Nubi. The Kikuyar (which I believe means "old thing") lives round Kijabe in untanned hide and smiles. The Kavirondo makes a splendid porter and has a new musical hall ditty of his own which will drive me mad soon. The last I have heard of is the "Wanderover" who contrary to his name can never be induced to leave his

primeval forest where he lives in monkey skins, eats rats, and bows and arrows a man for stealing his wild honey.

I am resting from Swahili for the time being as every other new word I strike and enquire about means " A raised bed for planting sweet potatoes " or " a long matting bag made from the dried leaves of the baobab tree."

I can now say, without thinking almost, to my boy " You annoy me, therefore I am angry." He understands immediately and goes outside and roosts on one leg. Practice makes us both perfect.

They say the new drill book lays down a sentry shall challenge " Halt who goes there—advance one." Our lads invariably abbreviate into " Halt who goes one." I often wonder what would happen or how far you'd go if you yelled back " I go two."

The place is in a fever of excitement as 27 nurses are due to arrive from Egypt. Not a single place to put them—they never have a servant or plates and it is just going to rain. Cheerio for everyone.

Remember the following words—everyone uses them out here, same as we use pukka, bandabast etc. in India:—Banda—grass hut; Bwana—Sahib; Shenzi—Jungli; Sundowner—1st peg of the day.

To post. We hope for more mail letters in a day or two.

C. CAMPBELL, CAPT.
ADJT. 40 PNS.

(15) SAMBURU. 18.3.16.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

A short letter to catch the post. You see we have changed our address—same old station as we struck our first night in Africa when we were about-turned and shot out down the coast. McCaskill is still here—has been for months. We all live within a stone's throw of the station—I pitch a tent any old where and a resident comes up and says " I say that will never do." Why? Because no one has ever pitched a tent there before !

The heat is awful and my temper execrable. I am really thinking of chucking adjutancy—I am nothing but a glorified babu—I never was a babu—I hate being polite on paper to monkeys (not men) you'd be rude to if you met. Life is too short to sit cooped up at a table in a tin railway truck.

4 *hours later :*

Bonham Carter has just gone through on his way to England via the Cape, lucky blighter.

So far in this place I have struck no insects which walk sideways or jump backwards, or stand on their heads. It would be a great country for a collector of beetles and butterflies.

People are always wanting me on the phone and there are about 17 things to be done in office so I must cut along. Adjutant, Q.M., Mess Pres: (6 different messes 150 miles apart) and Staff Officer to 100 miles of Railway Defence comes a bit steep on one officer.

I want to meet the S. Africans—one regt. has a pipe band.

This has I believe missed the Indian and English mail. Not my fault. Sorry.

CHARLES.

(16) SAMBURU. 22.3.16.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Today I have wound up the regtal. order book that has seen us through France and till today I enclose a copy of the first two pages, though I think I have given you the details before.

Last night just before turning in I was warned for patrol at 6 a.m. this morning. Immediately afterwards I was warned for " Tasting a new consignment of beer " that had just arrived in the mess across the way. So I left a clear order in English, Hindustani and Swahili with 3 different people that I wished to be woken at 5.30 a.m. and soothed with tea and biscuits. Result smiles and " bahut achi bat." The beer was finally pronounced fit for consumption at 1 a.m. and I turned in with a last reminder to one of my wakers. After 3 preliminary rounds with a herd of mosquitoes I faded into the land of Nod. The next thing I remember was the smell of tea and African and " time to get up " in Swahili. I groaned, thought of the Kaiser, and luckily asked the time—" hours, how many " to be exact. The answer from the sphinx was " there is no hour." " Ass—find out " (my watch is bust up). Answer " No need—sun rising—time after short while." " Go and find out for certain." Departure of injured sphinx and shortly after voice from safe distance outside banda—" Just struck two." I just had time to see an imaginary Kaiser smile and bang went

my head on to the blanket again. As if that weren't enough the next ass called me at 4.45 a.m. (a man with 16 years' service too and two watches) and the 3rd not at all ! Isn't that the East all over. The joke of the whole thing is when I got on parade at 6 a.m. in all my war paint, and grass in my pagri, it was only really half past five. If only I could have met a German then.

Sorry this is a dull letter. Half asleep and just off to referee in a footer match. Not allowed to play myself. What it is to be precious. Everybody's loved by Somebody.

Thanks for all your letters and the news.

CHARLES.

(19) SAMBURU. 29.3.16.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

I got a whole day's leave y'day and with the Adjt. of the other regt. here dashed down the 40 miles to Mombasa in 2 hours—not bad going with 6 or 7 stations, water trains, barrier gates etc. en route. You never saw such a switch back curving line in your life. The pipers with our heavy kit were all going strong. I took " Willie Murray " (Samar Gul's understudy) with me in case of Germanis. Rather nice when I said to an Orakzai piper " now give Willie Murray some bread " a Dogra stepped forward and collared him by the wrist and said " Come on—my bread is ready." We saw Segar and Thornton in Mombasa—they had just marched in with the Mwela detachment on their way to Voi. 16 hours to 28 miles is good going on the coast.

We met two strange ladies over beer at 11 a.m. in the hotel. Note—every one drinks beer at 11 out here, and the ladies were not necessarily very strange. One turned out to be Mrs. Sexton's sister and I figured in Mrs. S's last letter. Small world. On the way back—pitch dark of course—we nearly ran into a bush buck standing on the line. Willie Murray mistook him for a German who refused to answer when challenged and the Coy. cook has extra work today. We also laid out an enormous puff adder. We have just extracted one fang—it is a tooth this size.

I hate all the bats and beetles and beasties that will pal up with you out here.

Everyone is suffering terribly from their teeth out here. No lime in the water or something droll—result gums

recede and teeth rattle. What it is to be a soldier. If Ella Wheeler Wilcox had been domiciled here she might have changed her poem into—

" I didn't raise my son to be a rattler
To kill some other mother's darling boy."

No—seriously, it is simply horrible to see two old Colonels talking to each other—you'd think they were snarling.

Have received 5 telegrams and chits during this ramble. I enclose the last—to prove how

" Grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure."

CHARLES.

I forgot to tell you of two zebras on the line y'day which I refused to shoot. The real trouble about the teeth is all the senior officers get the dental leave. We can't rattle hard enough—yet.

(20) SAMBURU. 30.3.16.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Just got orders to join a fighting Brigade at MOSHI G.E.A. Hurray and all that sort of thing. Don't expect to hear from me for a month after this—though I personally bet we don't get there for 10 days. Only thing is just received a wire " Heavy English mail expected 5th April." We are sure to miss that.

Off to office to write orders while Samar Gul makes a mess of my kit.

CHARLES.

Curious I should buck about teeth y'day. Lost a crown I have had 7 years this morning. Very annoying and feel half naked.

(21) VOI. 3.4.16.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Here we are again. The regt. has got 4 clear days from tomorrow to refit and refit and reorganise. Our last detachment comes in today. It is like the old story of Cassandra's box trying to get people sorted out. The hospitals keep shooting men of the 17th, 31st and 113th at us—coys we got rid of long ago. Our guards are a treat—they entirely mortify you. I unfortunately mount the guard quite close to the nurses camp and what I had to say to them

in 3 different languages last night drove a little covey who were watching away at a fast walk.

The map I gave May won't help much as on it the Tanga railway is only shewn as far as Wilhemstal whereas as a matter of fact it goes on to Moshi. We start at New Moshi but expect to go to KAHE the furthest point we have won down the line and where we expect to join up the Voi Maktan railway.

It is great to get May's news officially. What relation am I now to the V.C.

Did you see Scobey of the 59th was killed in Mesopotamia? You must have heard me speak of him often in my letters of a year ago. We are going forward a sorry lot. Munn has been left on the Mombasa waterworks with our Dogras; Magnus has an abscess on his leg and 30 veldt sores; Segar has a foot like a pumpkin; and Hart expects to be invalided for heart affection. I shall be glad when the war is over—I loathe washing in a spittoon stolen from hospital.

There is a blighter out here called ——. I have had it repeated to me that he has said

(1) We have run through half our money, and when we run through half again we must stop automatically, win or lose.
(2) That the French aren't playing up and that their Govt: wants watching lest they make a separate peace.
(3) That it is a pity French went, meaning the present C in C is not as good.

It is of course apparent that the blighter has not fought with British troops or met the French but why he should be allowed to spread reports that would out me—well, all I hope is I meet him one day. Then look out for a proper ow de do. Why do we as a nation allow these parasites to call themselves Englishmen and then give them office—poor little soul drest in a little brief authority.

Hannyngton my former C.O. in 129th commands our new Brigade. What ho!

I like the African more and more. Always cheery. I struck two headdresses this morning which were quite original. One had shaved his entire head except for a halfpenny piece. The other had shaved half and left what looked like half a Scotch cap hanging on to the other. They

called them their Kofura. The Portuguese had I suppose given them the French term. You would laugh to see a whole tree moving along with ten cheery souls underneath it singing the local " I didn't want to do it."

You ask about comforts—so far I think matches are the only thing Delhi has sent us. I know soap from that fund would be acceptable as men (Indians that is) have to pay for their own. We are well done in vegetables and fruit by a society out here as we were in France.

The Layzelles are a ripping couple. I often dine there. He showed me a photo last night of his Varsity rugger team. 10 of them have been killed in this war.

They are yelling at me to go to tiffin.

Lots of love to all. Indian letters came in last night up to 15th March. English letters for all Feb: expected soon.

CHARLES.

MY DARLING MOTHER, (22) MOSHI. 13.4.16.

Here it rains every day, and matches are short—that is the only news of importance. It is 10 days since I wrote to you and we have had a busy hard time of it but now it is all over. We are told officially that we shall be here for a fortnight so that I bet on moving again any day now. Meanwhile we are making the most of our time training hard as a regt. in bush fighting. Result is I could sleep now right off if I let myself (and defeated the flies). We have been trekking about the soaking bush since 6 a.m.—now 10.30.

Sitting on a thornbush eaten by flies, ants and beetles, listening to a blinking fool of a Pathan signaller over half a mile of defective wire, and at the same time explaining in Swahili to a couple of excited Jumbos that parade was not instituted with the idea of giving folk an opportunity of discussing high finance and female relations, an idea came to me that I really wonder has not matured yet in Mr. Punch's office namely that—

While the regtal officer really is filled these days with the importance of being earnest there are lots of others about who content themselves with the earnestness of being important. Some of these wear red tabs. Two days we got a wire " Wire date you disembarked in France 1915—important."

I thought of all the war diaries I've ever written (and have been filed I suppose without having been read). I even wondered if they had lost the ship we disembarked from and now want to charge us with the loss. Covering a yawn with a smile I wired back " Your XYZ 22—31st March." The answer has just come " Your ABC not understood, wire details." I should like to wire him a clod of wet earth in the left eye.

Teasdale, one of our I.A.R. fellows, is a ripper. He is in the N.W. Rly. in peace (India). He has taken over the machine guns from Munn, also the signallers, and works from morning to night. He has a new toy now—a telephone exchange, so that the Regtal H.Q., the 4 DCCs and the M. Gun officer can all talk to each other (and incidentally curse Teasdale at the exchange) all at the same time. The affair looks like a young piano and particularly out of place in the hands of a Pathan in the bush. Teasdale went forward to a terminal this morning to have a few words with a signaller first hand so to speak and phoned back to the exchange (in Urdu) " Hullo, who's speaking ?" " It is we Sahib." " What is your name ?" " Mad Rakhman." " What are you doing ?" " I am all alone (piteously) and this devil machine (entreatingly)." " What are you doing with the machine ?" " Seeing that no sepoy stands on it Sahib the same as you ordered me." Modern War.

The Jumbos (machine gun porters attached) are cheery fellows and quite proud of the Bom boms as they call the guns. Teasdale says he finds it hard to explain to them at times but any trouble is instantly quelled by his threatening to take them up before me ! What it is to have an angry scowl handy. One talks a little Urdu and he, as interpreter to the sick, and the doctor have a scrap every morning. I wish you could hear it—Doctor (peevish being before brekker) " Well Forosi what is wrong with these men ?" " They say we are sick, bwana." " Yes, but what sickness ?" " They say they are all sick." " Well take this man and ask him where he is sick." Follows a noise like a jolly little stream finding a new pebble to play with—later meeting with another stream, scrapping amicably over the pebble, accompanied by cinema display of huge white eyes and rows of ivory teeth, then sudden silence, and the doctor " Well what does he say ?" " He says we are sick, bwana." Safety Curtain.

Rather bad luck that the Doctor 10 minutes later at brekker should ask his servant "Where are the bananas?" "They say they are all dead, bwana." They were—some time ago too.

Moshi is a rotten little place. Kilimanjaro looks very fine at times with the extinct volcano and eternal snow. Am I right in saying it is the second largest mountain in Africa, 19000 ft. and 150 miles round the base. We feel we are getting a little of our own back in German territory at last—but thoughts like that only make Kilimanjaro smile.

It was a very tiring wet march here and the S. Africans have yet to learn that the Indian soldier may be a fool but he is a man.

Smuts they say is very struck with the valour of Indian soldiers. They also say he is going to "disband" (sic) the Indian Army. So we can cheer either way.

The 129th are here—O'Neill got a graze on the neck and 5 bullets through one foot the other day. I met Chopra the day we came in—he used to be doctor with the 19th Sher Dil Pultan. He has a German cat that eats bread. The butterflies here are most beautiful. I saw a huge black fellow lazing along y'day as proud as anything and then a young one pure gold with a broad black belt slap across his wings and two pale blue bulls eyes in the black belt. Really they both might have been dreams of the child's first colour fancy. They spoil their own romance and bring you back to earth by palling up with awfully dead mules.

Cheeroh,
CHARLES.

P.S.—A yarn I forget to tell you. Thornton was taking down Reuters over a long wire the other day when the British Signaller read out something about Wipers. Thornton corrected him saying "I suppose you mean Ypres." "Well Sir I never 'eard it called nuthink but Wipers and I ought to know." "Why?" "Cos I got wounded there last April." "So did I." "I should like to meet you Sir."

I told you I heard my first lion the other night. I was dining with the Layzelles and a hyena fight started as I thought at the foot of the garden—really a mile off. We all went out to listen when suddenly the lion started—the monkey jumped fit to break his chain and the wild cat crouched and prepared to spit, and I thought very seriously

of my half mile back to camp. It was as bad as trekking up to the trenches the first time and waiting for the first shell. The trees are very small out here and terribly thorny.

(23) NEW MOSHI. 19.4.16.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

I woke up this morning, or rather discovered I was no longer asleep (a vast difference), with lots to tell you, but 3 crowded hours of glorious office have left my brain in a sort of jerking coma. No good, all ideas have gone and only dull feelings remain.

It is a week since I wrote—very sorry, but work in the shape of bush parades and musketry have been going the pace in spite of deluges of rain. We are glad to be shot of that Rly Defence, a poisonous job. Still we have our little worries, and Olympus or the officiating gods there descend periodically through the medium of Routine Orders and do a gentle strafe. The great thing I find is to be able to discriminate between strafes that mean something and those that are hurled at you for the sake of killing time or marking up returns and averages. For instance—a petty example—a long rigmarole came round about the hours of posting—it was just like a page of Bradshaw gone mad. I got the hang of it after about 10 minutes and decided it was too complicated to try to explain away in Regtal Orders, so I left the entire mess in ignorance of the giant forces that were at work around them. 24 hours later came another order cancelling the whole thing. Lit a pipe and sponged the original photo of "hours 20.25, hours 23.10 etc." off my brain and weigh in with a new system of logarithms. Read on to the end where "the postbag closes at HULL hours 13.15" and find a p.s. "for HULL read MULL."

Again you know that we have men of the —— attached to us. We were ordered to send them to join the ——. My diary of y'day shows "Men of —— go—do not go—go—come back—prepare to go again—ordered to stand by till 2nd May." Truly we are taught to face anything by being surprised at nothing.

You know Denny's lot—they left us at the end of Feb: A wire came at midnight 2 nights ago asking us to expedite their despatch. Apparently they were holding up a ship for them at Mombasa which ship presumably discargoed

them at Basra 3 weeks ago. And then to be strafed generalistically for faulty returns. Is this not a proof of how little one's returns are attended to. I often wish I were a C.O. It is just a year now since I took over from Chris—seems centuries. You need leave here as much as you did in France.

The butterflies are topping. If we are left as garrison after this war which heaven forbid I shall certainly send home for a net. Should much prefer to have two cork boxes of perfectly beautiful butterflies than all the record heads in Asia. The Dudus or African insects give you the pip. Thompson shook a tarantula out of his blankets y'day. Segar trod on a glow-centipede which promptly covered the road with green luminous paint. Any night at dinner you could catch 10 different sorts of beetles on the table (the C.O. had to leave parade with one in his ear a week ago). Last night we caught two new fellows—water beetles the size of a rupee. They dive like Anna Kellerman and jump backwards for 2d. Fond of weak whisky and smell like a Sanatogen factory. The black ants are raiding the white ants these rainy days—they stick at nothing. If the army decides to march thro' the mess tent you have to clear out or go under.

The C.O. and I went down to KAHE y'day. It is the furthest point we have got to down this Moshi Tanga line. We go down there to the outposts in about a week for a fortnight's duty. By the time you get this we ought to be back here. Our little Dogras are coming back to us. The trip down on a trolley (2 boards on top of a Ford chassis) was without incident except for a telegraph squad who thoughtfully left a festoon of wire across the line which we took at 20 miles an hour.

I struck 3 graves in the bush the other day with tall white crosses and fresh flowers. Two German soldiers and between them—CLEAVER, Capt. in PUNJABI REGT, aus LIVERPOOL.

Griffin dined with me the other night. He is a cheery bird and knows his work. Although only 600 yds. off we never see each other all day.

Just sent a foraging party out. The market rate here is 4 hens, 1 rupee; 25 eggs, 1 rupee; 1 bunch of bananas, 3 cents ! Sounds well—we have been here a week and had no eggs, no bananas, and no chicken.

The Cape (Coloured) Corps are here—a smart intelligent lot. They are afraid they will never be put in the firing line and grouse a bit! But then "No man can weigh or size another's woe."

CHARLES.

(24) NEW MOSHI. 21.4.16.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Nothing to tell you, but a spare hour so I may as well write. Killed a snake y'day just behind my tent—only about 4 ft long but he moved in one straight streak about 100 miles an hour. You needed to strike into next week to hit him at all. The rats are getting to be a plague.

Harley St and I walked up to Old Moshi y'day—about 5 miles off and 1000 ft. or so higher. A good spot I should think in peace time with an old fashioned fort and eastern gardens. It is curious to try and imagine the scene there 2 months ago. Bet they were jolly fine soldiers garrisoning that fort and jolly fine women playing tennis on those courts. The whole crab about the German the whole world over is to my mind he doesn't play the game according to our way of thinking. Mark you I hold no brief for the blighters. I only wish Englishmen would appreciate that in spite of their crooked ideas they are a brave well organised determined-to-stick-it foe. Talking of Indian ideas as to form. Y'day 5 officers of the 40th Pathan Indian Officers shot on the range for a bet against 5 Indian officers of regts attached to us. One of the latter was at the very end called away on duty, as you were, was a substitute of the 40th so the latter like fools shot him last. The score then stood at 7 to draw and 8 to win. The 40th substitute lay down and very deliberately missed the target every shot and the 40th won easily. When he got up everyone returned to camp quite happily.

I enclose via England an amusing cutting. You will see from it what amusement our pipers got out of France.

Up in Old Moshi y'day we called on the Legion of Frontiersmen (25th Battn R. Fus.). There is one old boy we were introduced to 65 years old and a junior capt commanding a platoon. Selous—world famous in the Shikar line. Did I tell you while we were at Voi a man shot a buffalo on the platform of the next station!

As I write 2 ripping swallows have come into the mess

tent and are dangling on to a rope looking at me first with one eye and then the other. They are wearing brown balaclavas and brown evening waistcoats. Every German house here has a cat.

Thornton who is a most excellent Q.M. is hurt. Behind the mess is a bath house (6 bushes replanted in a circle). He has a good voice and knows it but 2nd Lieuts don't sing while the C.O. is having his sundowner. All I said was "It will be quite sufficient if you pay your band subscription." He says he will go back to civil employ after the war. That is where these temps have us.

CHARLES.

(25) 24.4.16.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Just a line—we got a wee bit of an English mail last night and I want to remind all concerned that parcels particularly and even letters must be secured in stout covers. The letters were all weeping and like girls late for the first dance many were sprung open at the back. The parcels were all killed or wounded and any that looked like food had been disembowelled. So don't send food—the S. African is a scaly headed vulture in some respects and remember that letters will have to go 200 or 300 miles by road.

It is annoying to get references to letters sent from England and never received. And it puts you off writing when you know for a fact some of yours have never reached home and never will.

This rain is really getting a bit thick—every single day. Fancy Good Friday passing and not one of us knowing it. Only woke up to it Sat: night when we got a Church notice for Easter morning. I was building a range myself so missed a good service where a corporal stood at the door and saluted all officers and then came in and conducted service.

Did I tell you of Samar Gul's effort when we were inspected by the general to whom Dennys is A.D.C. Dennys recognising him stopped and said "Hullo Samar Gul—how goes it? Fit?" S.G. without moving a muscle of his face "Why not?"

We have a famous character here who never sits down under a strafe. The other day he was asked why it took 120 porters to move him and his men when he was only

" entitled " to 80. He handed it over to his babu for solution. The babu accounted for 10 extra, sighed deeply, and gave it up. So —— seized a sheet of foolscap and wrote across it " To carrying about unnecessary correspondence emanating from your office—30 porters."

I don't think I ever told you in France how a C.O. next door to us received during a prelim: bombardment a typed letter asking his opinion as to how many lbs. of insect powder were necessary to kill the fleas per 100 yds of fire trench. Recognising the signature he took a pencil and wrote on the original " Dear —— What is all this rot about." A wire came back " for fleas read flies." He wired back " for ~~tor~~ rot read tosh."

Cheeroh,
CHARLES.

(26) NEW MOSHI. 29.4.16.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

It is nearly a week again since I wrote, yet it seems only y'day.

Quite an amusing scene this morning. We were all dressing outside our cubicles in the officers' dormitory when the Jumbos fell in under one of their number with a voice like a guardee and drilled with the pleasure only an African can throw into his every movement. Apparently they were seeing how many times you can turn right in a minute or playing the old Highland game of dancing longer than the other fellow can pipe. At any rate they were like so many hens on hot griddles and amused us properly. After parade 28 out of 63 fell out to see the M. Gun officer. The same interpreter came up as stage manager. " What do these men want?" " They say they want leave, bwana." " Leave? they can't have leave yet—they have only served 3 months." Ensues a long explanation, a tremendous rolling of eyes and standing on one leg and growling. " Well why don't they go?" from the officer. This acted like a green rocket in Flanders for the interpreter immediately hazarded for them. " They say they want leave, bwana." " But why? Ask them why they want leave?" Another 5 mins of clicks and jerks and then a mournful silence. " Well what do they say?" " They say they are tired, bwana."

Dinner last night was quite amusing. We got on to English history and how to learn it. The M. Gun Off: was

all for making a bracket of dates and ranging in between them. Segar the Sentimental proposed land marks of things that really strike you such as lampreys and Malmsey wine and weaving your romance round them. Correct answers to questions put—2·5 per cent.

Much later :

Can scarcely write—am trembling all over and very seasick. The C.O. is acting Brigadier for a bit and we had to go and have tiffin with the staff. There we laid the foundations of this feeling of nausea—an excellent tiffin and beer. Later a 10 mile drive over a sea of mud. It was exactly like being in a small boat on Portsmouth Harbour waters.

What is all this trouble in Ireland. I'd send nothing but Irish troops there under an Irish general and then it would be up to them to sort their own country.

Since I last wrote I have been to a most excellent concert in the S. African hospital. They could sing and no one was shy—not even the fellow who broke down because the pianist couldn't strike the key of the songster. It suddenly dawned upon him so to speak. The look he gave the accompanist was worth more than his song.

The first train in from Voi arrived the next day and was loudly cheered. It had ploughed its way through a foot of mud all along and had derailed itself twice by the cow catcher diving under the sleepers, but every day it settled down a bit now. The English papers will probably say it got in on Easter day so as not to delay the despatch of C.M.Gs to those concerned or otherwise interested.

You probably know that all the cattle in this country are driven into Zarebas at night so as to avoid the gentle attention of tigers, hyenas etc. Hodge was waiting for his tub the other night, pitch dark, and thought his servant was making a tremendous to do about getting it ready so went into our garden bath house to strafe him and ran into an old cow with one leg in his bath. Things that happen in wartime.

Gul Zaman caught me today with lots of love and kisses for Father; also a reminder that he has one eye on the subedarmajori of the Kurram Militia. I hear Shahibullah has gone on pension. I do hope Malapa gets S.M. but the new rule says no one unfit for service in the field gets

promotion. I know the old man wants to come out here but the doctors will scarcely let him at his age after 2 severe wounds. Sher Gul also writes from Mombasa saying it is biffing him at 23 years service and he wants to get back to India. So do I !

We are all covered with horrid sores—all broken out the same day. I have so far escaped with 2 young ones on the arm but poor old Segar can only sit on the very edge of his ammunition box (our mess chairs) and Harley St. can't bend his neck. He is particularly furious as he inspected the first victim at breakfast one day—the M. GUN officer —and delivered himself, characteristically, of " That's a whatnot—due to not sweating and over washing or vice versa." He slept that afternoon and woke up at tea in a much worse state himself.

However to cheer up a bit—my boy having presented me quite solemnly with a hot handful of half dead flowers— what do you think of the following words, accent always on the penultimate syllable—

Mbayuwayu (swallow) Sululu (curlew) Lengelenge (blister) Merima (contentment). Don't they leave a nice sweet taste in your mouth ?

CHARLES.

MY DARLING MOTHER, (27) 1.5.16.

A line in self defence to stop Hodge's incessant chatter. He is seeing red this morning. Dashed in and said " Have you read Alice in Wonderland ?" " Yes " I said " but have you read the order about helmets between 7 a.m. and 5 p.m. or what is it ?" " Doesn't matter about that, but do you remember the Mad Hatter offering Alice tea, and when she said No Thanks he said Well there wasn't any." " I don't remember " I said " but I'll take a note of it." " Well look at this." " This " was a wire of his asking urgently for quinine and their answer " Don't give quinine prophylactically but indent for amphules for Cinconafebrifuge treatment." Then his wire indenting (seems wonderful doesn't it) and lastly their answer " Your indent No. XYZ—There is none."

Later :

Up to this point was only interrupted 3 times, quite normal, but then came an urgent to speak on the telephone—

over half a mile away. I trekked off quite expecting to hear that I was a silly ass and could trek home again. But I heard instead the joyful news that very soon we receive a draft of 3 B.Os and 371 men (mostly Transfrontier Pathans) and 2 more machine guns. Some reinforcement but badly needed as fever etc. soon thins you out here. We push off to the outpost line as soon as they come. Regtal H.Q. will be all right in a station—the last on the German line in our hands—where they have as a pet the breech block of the big gun off the Koenigsberg—left in our hands the last fight before we got to Moshi.

I enclose, via England, two pictures. One is called the Greatest Landscape in the world—of which I have seen many trekking to and from the trenches. The other is scarcely more mournful and equally true.

Must set my own house in order before writing orders and making the bandobast for the move.

Cakes and various parcels arrived—thanks.

CHARLES.

(29) THE OUTPOSTS. 8.5.16.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Been rushing round since 2 a.m.—now 9 a.m.—getting a lot of people ready for a biggish show. Thank heaven they have pushed off at last. Why is it orders *always* come at 2 a.m. and why is it no one can ever remember that sometimes your water supply is a mile off, that cooking takes time, that your men are not standing all day long in harness with their tummies full and their eyes bulging out waiting for the final word " Go."

Lots of things have happened since I last wrote from Moshi. We got a most splendid draft—over 300 transfrontier, Lawrence from our depot, Irwin (20th) and Graham (26th) from Mesopotamia. Poor Graham—he lost 17 lakhs just before the war, lost Cleaver his brother in law out here, and finally his wife on the Persia. Such a nice fellow. He was delighted when he heard our pipes and told me he wished he had kept them up as he was pipe major of his school. " Were you ?" I said " so was I." " Where was that ?" " Glenalmond." We did a silent shake

I wish you could see the S. African 8 span mule teams. They do move—and they can halt and right wheel all at the crack of one whip. Must try and get a photo to send you.

We got a lot of "French" sick and wounded back. Even in one Coy. you would find batches of 4 and 5 standing together all wounded in one day. One little Dogra's face somehow came back to me so I said "You were wounded I feel sure." "Yes" he said "you should remember as you bound me up and said it is as nothing—your luck fights well for you." "Did I" I said "where was that?" He looked at me staggered "What, you don't remember that shell on that road?" Poor little devil—to him I suppose it was *that* road and *that* shell.

Off to office. CHARLES.

(31) KAHE. 17.5.16.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Very sleepy I am afraid so forgive mistakes, only I must give you a line before turning in as the days are so full and slip past so fast I never get any private writing done. To begin at the beginning I have letters and parcels to thank you all for—it never rains but it pours. You ask me if I ever get the weekly cakes—I got 5 that afternoon! Just before a move too, so with clothes, soap etc. etc. half of it had to be strafed right away. Annoying in a way getting 5 weeks post in one. Please stand easy for a bit with clothes and foodstuffs, as I and my kit bag are both bulging. Samar Gul does not affect handkerchiefs nor Sirius my idiot boy soap. S.G. and I have been having a sort of quiet quarrel. I called him a fool when he was one about a week ago and he has been standing about, mostly on one leg, ever since, with a face like the east end of a west bound train.

You ask about the men's comforts. They are not too well done out here—they miss the ration sugar and "comforts" milk of France. At this moment we have 5 N.C.Os back in Voi trying to get nearly 1000 rupees worth of sugar and milk—the money put down willingly by the men.

By the way do you know I was very nearly murdered last night—did you get a shock 7 p.m. the 16th—I did. A blighter went mad and attacked me with his bayonet. I was working out some transport sum in the mess when bang went a rifle, and then bang another. Went into my room and armed myself with a revolver and a pagri (nothing like pretending to be one of the crowd in these shows) and went down to the lines. Found out a man had tried to commit

suicide in hospital—missed himself his first shot, and taken all his chin and half his face off the second—a truly horrible sight—but his eyes were the thing, he was raving mad. His rifle had been taken from him and I tried to quiet him while old Argan Das bound him up. He was sitting on his bed and he suddenly produced a bayonet from below his blanket. A.D. said " Look out Sahib he has got a bayonet " and with that the blighter stood up and struck at me with intent to kill. Lucky I learnt boxing as a boy—my left guarded my breast and escaped with a scratch and a bruise on my forearm, and I was just going to land out with my right when in the thousand part of that second I remembered I had an old hurricane lamp in it and I must keep that burning. So I gracefully retired one-one-two (bayonet fighting is it or riding school?). The blighter followed me so I gave the faithful Willie Murray who was behind me with his rifle orders to shoot him. All this at 2-3 yards in a low grass hut. W. M. in the way of many faithful had overlooked the small matter of loading so the rifle just said " click " over my shoulder, I not daring to look round but staring the madman out much as the drill books on Shikar say you ought to face a crouching tiger. Even then the silly ass wouldn't chuck down his bayonet and verily had he been a full grown man in his senses I would have drawn my revolver and killed him, but being a mere lad and a fool I gave him one more last chance (and a look down W. Ms loaded rifle) and he chucked his bayonet down Awful luck for me the whole show and done me all the good in the world, as before my nerves were beginning to get jangled a bit—I was beginning to fret over things that don't matter. Escaping so lightly from what might have been serious has set me right—and the transport sum worked out right before dinner.

I have spun a long yarn I'm afraid over a hurried incident.

Met Kirke R.E. today. He was at D.I.K. with us and did a dog-bite course at Kasanli with me. He is building a railway and laying the line in a foot of water. Optimist. The latest pet is a kavarondo Crane—4 ft high, slate blue legs, brown, white and black wings, dark blue neck, black head, huge white cheeks, red nose and beard, very pale blue drunken eye and a young corn sheaf growing out of the crown of his head, which gives him a most painfully surprised expression.

No more news unless you can call the milkman an item of interest. He carries his walking stick through the lobe of his ear.

Night night,
CHARLES.

(32) IN THE FIELD. 2.6.16.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Just a line to set your mind at rest, as I find it is well over a fortnight since I last wrote. We have been moving this last 10 days and I doubt if I shall ever get this letter through as there is no means of posting it and it is a long way back to Moshi now. We are starting to count the miles left to Tanga (105 today) though I don't say we are going there.

There has been such a lot to tell you these last 10 days if only one has a spare minute day or night. The pace has knocked a lot of us I am afraid, especially the officers of this regt as the day we started they dished us out 16 naked horses and said " Oh haven't you any saddles ?" The same idiot would probably dish the navy out a cutter and say " Oh haven't you got any sails or oars ?"

The rate the horses and mules die is appalling but as long as we get there and keep them on the run it is worth it and your own sick all come back in time. I will give you an account of the march some day. At present it is all a blur of ¼ rations, terrific sun, digging trenches, heavy dew and so cold at night, no sleep, fever, on again etc. etc. I know personally from Sunday 21st till today I have only washed my face and feet once. I regret to confess I have spent the last 4 days in an ambulance with low fever but I am all right again now. The men are wonderful. They march all day under a 60 lb. load, they dig in, and then generally have a four hours fatigue at night—on ¼ rations.

Hope this reaches and hope I have time and inclination for a decent letter soon.

CHARLES.

Some ass has written about the great host of stars trampling their way across the heavens over his head. This man would probably still go to a picnic. Wish someone could " spell " me out of Africa for ever.

HOSPITAL,
MOSHI. 11.6.16.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I hope you got my letter from Mkomazi saying I was rather knocked over by the sun and heavy marching and explaining my long silence. They have given me a few days in hospital and I sleep about 16 hours a day. I expect by the time you get this—or rather long before—to be back with the regt. Don't worry, I am all right, only needing a rest and thankful for it.

The post is awful. I have had no letters since May 15th and we only got news of the Naval battle 6 days after it.

We did 120 miles in 10 days thro' awful country—only 1 man killed but over 200 sick ! It is a rotten country.

Cheero,
CHARLES.

Don't think it will last much longer.

IN HOSPITAL,
NAIROBI. 23.6.16.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

I have some letters to thank you for ending with a long one from Father, May 30th, for which please thank him. Ask him from me to write to Tyndall who knows everything—it will be instructive. A long gap missing in the letter line—no parcels for 6 weeks now. By the way don't send any more of anything and don't write till you hear again as they *may* ship me home. I really am quite seedy still and soft as butter. I am sorry for crocking up like this but I think I went on like an ass long after I had reached my limit. Don't be alarmed—it is only general debility and old age creeping on apace.

Some photos follow.

Cheerily yours,
CHARLES.

NAIROBI. 29.6.16.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Violent haste. I am much fitter but am leaving shortly for Wynberg (close to Cape Town) and from there may get sent to England for a month or two.

I am asking the Postmaster I.E.F. " B " Mombasa to hold up all my letters. If I leave S.A. for England I shall wire him and he will forward to Cocks B & Co. 43CX.

My pay is a nightmare. They have been paying me at home as well as out here. I have sent all my pay home and now I am being cut both ends. Also they have suddenly paid me Capt's pay since 1st Sept: and then just as suddenly cut it. I have given up trying to sort it at all.

How are you all? Don't be alarmed about me—only run down and horribly slack.

Am giving May a line and duplicate photos.

CHARLES.

14.7.16.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

I find it awfully hard to write as there is a terrible row going on all round. I loathe this ship but there is not much more. Durban tomorrow and Cape Town 4-5 days later.

I am better I think but would sleep and rest more if I knew for certain that I were going to England.

I am trying to teach a fellow who got a smack on the head how to read, write and speak again. It is slow work and maddening for him as he has no means of conveying his thoughts to me. Thank heavens he can hear all right. I hope I get his ship to England as he is a good fellow and so thankful for a little help.

I wish I knew my cousin's address in Natal. I go about asking Dutchmen if they know a family of 5 girls called Mears (or Meyers) who have a farm close to Maritzburg.

Will write again from Wynberg.

CHARLES.

(1) NO. 1 GEN. HOSPITAL, WYNBERG,
CAPE COLONY. 23.7.16.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Arrived here at last 3 days ago after quite the rottenest voyage I have ever made—my 13th.

I am ever so much better—quite fit really. They are fiddling about with my eyes, blinding me with belladonna and stuff but he seems a tophole man. I expect to go to England, not back to E. Africa. Probably stay here a month.

I have no news to give you. This seems to be a topping country. We are about 9 miles out of Cape Town in a ripping fir forest and rain and mist is the rule just now. It is just like Scotland in a soft rugger season. Every other person you meet is Scotch—no one is shy (I have got to know

4 families already), grown up children call their parents by their Christian name, there is a splendid suburban train and tram service (the Uganda railway excluded from competing), the museum calls me an hour a day, the Dutch are cheery birds and patriotic to a degree, all the girls have most lovely hair (and sympathetic eyes). The tobacco is unsmokable but the fish first rate, the police are a splendid body of men. There is going to be a row with the blacks in a few years—there seem to be more Javanese than Indians. Good theatres, good club (they have made me a member). In fact it strikes one straight away as a white man's country.

You would be surprised at the absolute "naturalness" of everyone. Scene, a soldier's concert. Enter two public school boys from the audience with concertinas. They don't play like pros, but what they can play they enjoy playing. The fact that one breaks his concertina in half doesn't stop the other. They are followed by an old lady who sings an old Scottish air which makes everyone cry including herself, the pianist, and my oculist. She forgets her words in the middle, so goes over to the piano, has a good look at her words, tells the pianist to be a man and stick it, and begins again!

Isn't it good news from Europe these days.

I have a German prisoner on my right. We are not allowed to speak to him. Also with me a young lieutenant of 61 who is so blind I have to cut up his food for him and scrape the butter off his tunic.

My pupil is getting on quite well. I have taught him 14 letters of the alphabet but it is slow work. One day I avoided him till our lesson hour and then weighed straight in with French. It only dawned on him after 5 mins that I was talking French. Curious he should pronounce a e i ah ai ee and not ai ee i.

More visitors—am being taken out to lunch to amuse the children with my whistle and mouth organ. You will probably see my photo in a group one day. Imperial Officers Mouth Organists entertaining the Free State League of Mercy at Rondebosch.

Goodbye pro tem. Seems I shall have a lot to tell you in a day or two. Everyone from E. Africa seems to have seen me in a beard at Kahe. Those that did not come in hopes.

CHARLES.

(2) BELGARTHEN CONVALESCENT HOME,
ST. JAMES (CLOSE TO SIMONSTOWN).
4.8.16.

MY DARLING LADY MOTHER,

After sending you a wire y'day about myself I opened a paper two months old and found Father had been given a K to his C.B. Heartiest congratulations. I am delighted.

This is a funny little seaside place. I loathe the sight of the sea. You can throw a stone into it from this house. But there are nice steep hills to climb behind here. I suppose I know 60-80 people now in Cape Town and Wynberg and round about. Have been to 2 dances, fallen in love with 6 flappers—Belinda, Liliana, Laverna etc. etc. —and dine out every day of my life. They have fixed me up in glasses and found me fit for service in Europe, not in the tropics, so I do wish they'd let me get a move on.

I can't write as I used to because there is nothing to interest you. Everyone who is not a Dutchman is a Scotsman. If I tried to give you any idea of S. African hospitality I'd have to write for an hour and you'd say I was exaggerating. I was introduced to Esmé in bed the other night. Esmé is five and kisses as though her life depended on it. She promptly gave me her pet green pig to take into the trenches with me.

Went to church this morning and had a good cry at the anniversary service. The padre here, a patient in this home, preaches till you want to throw your hat in the air and cheer.

If they keep me on here indefinitely—they have such a huge staff of doctors and nurses that they just love having patients—you will probably get a frantic wire for money and then hear of me staying with the Buchanans or the Cloetes. I can't possibly marry any of them as I love the whole kaboodle and all their nieces, cousins and aunts. As an honest fact I get on best with the old men, possibly because they don't dance and they like to hear about the life their sons Dirk, Drake, Pretorius etc. are living in France.

Saturday :

Saw the doctor last night and persuaded him at last to let me have a board so now we oughtn't to be long. Just time for a mouthful of brekker then out the whole day—same again tomorrow.

Cheerily Yours,
CHARLES.

MY DARLING MOTHER, PUTNEY. 5.10.16.

Just a line of best love to all of you to catch the mail which I hear leaves today. I am just off to stay with Hodge's people and then with Mrs. Layzell's folk. Took a girl to see Aunt Ada y'day. I swore we were married and had been some time. Aunt Edie left looking as though she had a bad smell under her nose. The rest of the family looked as though they had been gassed. I have seen Aunt Emmie and Aunt Nona. Both very cheery.

Ever Your Affect Son,
CHARLES.

8, ST. GEORGE'S AVENUE,
MY DARLING MOTHER, NORTHAMPTON. 12.10.16.

I have just had a very pleasant 5 days with Hodge's (our doctor) people in Rutland. Now I am staying a few days with Mrs Layzell's people (a large family of eleven) and then on to Cornwall. While with the Hodges I found out that Launde Abbey was quite close so went over one day to lunch. It is a ripping old place. Mrs Learoyd and Eileen (?) and Daphne were there. Col. Learoyd, the brother-in-law, returned just as I had to leave. Eileen (I think that was her name) motored me home. I saw a very nice photo of May there which I wish I had. By the way, by the time you get this it will I suppose all be over. I wish we had sent a wire the day we were at Launde. There is no news to give you—the Hodges were awfully good to me and I was glad of the chance of seeing Geoffrey's people.

Love to Father. I am working hard revising Russian and am going to put in for a job with them.

Ever Your Affect Son,
CHARLES.

CRAIGELACHIE, KESWICK ROAD,
MY DARLING MOTHER, PUTNEY. 21.11.16.

After packing to the last strap and arranging my passage passport etc. and cabling to you they have decided not to send me to India for a bit and I am waiting for orders now. Am always busy and seem to know half London. Took a little deaf and dumb girl to the pictures of Scott's Antarctic expedition—a splendid show. I see the Mohomands are out again. We get very scrappy news though. Your letter and May's just in—the first from May Learoyd.

I should write a long letter, though I expect to tell you in my next what work I am on. I hear Tyndall was wounded after pulling the regt together while the C.O. was away sick.

Love to all of you,
Your Affect Son,
CHARLES CAMPBELL.

I wrote this early as I am off to stay with my friends Val and Pobble at c/o Mrs Welcome, Arcady, Freshwater (Good Address).

ARCADY, FRESHWATER,
ISLE OF WIGHT. 28.11.16.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

No orders as yet and I have been staying a week now with Val Fox and his wife. Father does not seem to have realised yet that he married Pobble Aitken last year. I want you to grasp the following figures thoroughly. In India trained I weigh 10st 7 lbs stripped. So allowing 1 st for these winter clothes I ought to weigh 11 st 7 lbs. I was weighed half an hour ago and turned the scale at 13 st 3½ lbs. Pretty good and the last 6 lbs put on this last week. I go back to Putney tomorrow and then if they don't give me orders back to Cornwall.

I hear old Tyndall was wounded and Segar gone sick.

Give my love to May in case I don't get a letter in. Tell her to read Neill Munro's books.

CHARLES.

ROCK, WADEBRIDGE,
CORNWALL. 23.12.16.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Just a line before I forget to let Father know I have joined the Caledonian Club, St. James Sq., so he need not worry any more about the Naval and Military. I got in as a Service Member and during War there is no entrance subscription. I put down £5 5s. for 1917 but if I am out of the country in less than 2 months expect to get a refund of £2. The years I am in India will only be £1 a year.

No news yet. I ran 8 miles the other day before brekker so you will believe I am pretty fit.

Daisy and John are rippers and such hard workers.

CHARLES.

CHAPTER VI

1917—1920-23—1932-38

HOME—N.W.F. MILITIA—IN RETIREMENT

ROCK, WADEBRIDGE, CORNWALL.
10.2.17.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

I am sorry I missed last mail. I only hope you got my wire thro' the Post Master Dover. I was having a duel with the I.O. the final result being I go up for another board on the 27th.

I have to confess to spending 11s. of yours. We are having glorious skating here and there is a little fellow, whose people are very very badly off, comes and watches every day and would give anything for a pair. So I have written to Aunt Edie for a pair out of your money (on your birthday) ! The skates by the way are roller skates, so that he will get his amusement after the ice has gone.

There is no news to give you, Pelman and skating take most of the day. Leveson is in London on short leave from Malta, getting his DSO from the King. I must send you out some rough sketches soon, I copy little pictures. I can't make out yet whether it is Pelman but certain it is I can copy sketches I never could before, and learn poetry with ease.

I wonder what the Board on the 27th will do with me.

Ever your affect Son,
CHARLES.

CRAIGELACHIE, KESWICK RD., S.W.15.
17.3.17.

MY DEAR FATHER,

Heartiest congratulations, the news is in the papers this morning and I am just going out to give you a wire. Hundreds of people I never knew send their love to Mother and you. Aunt Ada asked me to the Indian Empire Club. Saying goodbye to Jean and Maggie Campbell and opening the door for them, people mistook me for an ADC on duty

and 16 strangers shook hands and thanked me for a pleasant evening before I could escape !

Love to Mother. I go to Val and Pobble Fox for ten days on Monday.

Ever Your Affect Son,
CHARLES.

27, KESWICK ROAD, PUTNEY, S.W.15.
28.3.17

MY DARLING MOTHER,

I passed my Board yesterday and shall be seeing you soon.

The following have to be entertained before I go out—Aunts Edie, Ada, Emmie, Nona. Mrs Fox, Grant and their friends, Miss Still, Miss Foster from Bodmin, and 4 others and half a dozen calls which mean dinner invitations. Hirsts, Lyndons, Thorntons, Jean Campbell.

I am also thinking of taking up a course of essay writing and drawing. I got £10 for my essay to Pelman and I really think I could draw with tuition.

Very rushed and this letter will probably be torpedoed.

Ever your affte Son,
CHARLES.

CRAIGELACHIE, KESWICK ROAD, S.W.15.
10.4.17

MY DARLING MOTHER,

No letters from you again this week. I may be missing all sorts of important instructions. No news of sailing yet. I hinted to the I.O. that I would much rather go P and O than round the Cape in a Trooper and they sniffed a bit. I am perfectly certain that if they knew I was going to India to take up a job they would somehow keep me at Home. They are the most contrary divils I know. I have always prayed for an English winter. I have had two rolled into one this year. Its the longest winter for 800 years. We are keeping summer time now—yet this is, I think, the 10th consecutive day that snow has fallen, or a frost. Topping. I love it. My programme is always full. Miss Still amongst others this week. The Grants insisted on my getting the pipes out and they are going ripping after 3 years lying up. You see I have to do 18 years after all for my majority—cheery when you see men of 22-25 majors here, literally hundreds of them. Why

should the regular be penalised. Why not be a grocer in future and when war comes you start as Capt and finish Maj-Gen !

CHARLES.

MIRANSHAH.
Sat. 17.4.20.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Just a line before I push off to Shabkadr tomorrow to tell you of an amusing incident at Idak the day before yesterday. I was standing talking to three or four other officers about the war before the last, when two very smart little Gurkha Policemen came up accompanied by a most awful looking scallywag in follower's kit. Before the Gurkhas could get their report in the scarecrow weighed in with the following in *English.* " Look 'ere, Boss, what I says is a poor bloke can't go for a drink of water nowadays without these little monkeys drop from their 'ill-tops and go flyin' abaht arresting a bloke wot 'asnt done no 'arm to no one." Biff ! Just like that, with the most delightful Australian drawl. I said " Where did you learn to speak English ?" " Me ? I am an Englishman, I've been a farmer in England, in Windsor where the King comes from and I'se been to Singapore where the Chinese come from. And I says yer want Englishmen to fight a war like this. Take that devil of a Hameer in Hafghanistan. Wot I says is 'es a blinking rogue (only he didnt blink as he said it as I do as I write it) 'e is and only an Englishman can fight like he needs fighting." I ventured to ask him what he was before he became an Englishman, and his answer came pat in a true Tommy's accent, " Me, why a Paythan from Pesh-uwoor." This extraordinary find had done service in the 40th Pathans years ago. I advised the local officers to cultivate him and tune him up to concert pitch. When he was told he might go he waved his hand comprehensively to all of us and said " Well, tata." Too priceless for words.

A huge official dak in so I must shut down.

Cheerio
CHARLES.

SKR.
3.12.20.

MY DEAREST FATHER,

A seething mass of lunatics all round the office doors and windows wanting to cut their names and I am waiting

while Merrylees shifts the chaff from the straw—which makes me think of similar scenes you must have witnessed of good men going after you have *sweated* training them, because somebody else is a lunatic and they will not listen to reason. Which reminds me of Shah Sowar and Sarfaraz Khan, and my meeting them both at an Investiture at Govt House—Sarfaraz looking extraordinarily fit and old Shah Sowar waist deep in trouble—somebody looted a box in which he kept his medals and cash—however the C C is doing what he can for him.

And so to work
CHARLES.

I O F C.
PESHAWAR, 23.5.22.

DARLING MOTHER,

May just catch post I was delighted to get your letter just now addressed to Cooks Bombay with God's Blessing—Quote it again—I love it. Very busy. Best love to all.

CHARLIE.

SHABKADR.
31.10.22.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

I must give you another line. I posted a letter to Father in Peshawar with £2 in postal orders in it for two papers for you that I know you will like.

I have returned alone after a weary time on the Pushtoo Board, 41 Candidates up as it is the last Higher Standard there will ever be. After this new India has decided " preliminary " is good enough—reward 300 ? Betty stayed in for a dance. Tomorrow I start paying 5,000 Mohmands 20,000 rupees—they tell me it will *only* last 3 or 4 days. In the middle of it we have Sir W Vincent and Mohd Shafi out as they want to see a " live " border, and we are to patrol and hold towers and turn out village pursuit parties and generally smile pretty. Colonel Keen arrives at Govt House Peshawar tonight. He has been posted to Malwa and has come up to collect his kit. Gen and Lady Skeen were in when we called the other day—nice couple.

Your affect. Son
CHARLIE.

There is absolutely no hope of getting Geoffrey's sword. This I have from the biggest Mohmand Malik who wants to do all he can to please me. It went to the Amir immediately.

[NOTE.—Charlie's brother-in-law, Captain G E D Learoyd, had his charger shot under him in the charge of the 21st Lancers in the action of the 15th September, '15, at Hafiz Kor v. the Mohmands. The Colonel of the regiment was killed, and Captain Learoyd, at that time Adjutant, narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the enemy, his life being saved by the gallantry of Trooper Hull of the regiment, for which deed he was awarded the V.C. Captain Learoyd lost his sword when his charger crashed with him, and Charlie had been endeavouring to recover it from the tribesmen. F. C.]

SHABKADR FORT, N.W.F.P.
Sunday 7th Jan., '23.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

It is a lovely cold dull morning after a night of heavy rain. If only India were always like this. We are just off to Abazai to walk up to Munda and the Canal Head from there. I was so sorry for the F C men in Hari Chand all night long through the rain—they have two miserable dark leaky hovels to crawl into—the followers have a goat shed that fell in the other day and the horses have nothing.

I am re-reading Villiers Stuart's lectures on Mountain Warfare. Of course he aims at every man being physically and mentally perfect. What an army we could have if we had time for it all, and the intelligence necessary to start with.

You know we only have 3 meals a day now after " How to be happy etc," and feel better for it. High tea instead of dinner—Betty too is greatly taken with the 6 Glasses of water a day.

I heard again from Johnston—he had a talk with the 1820 Settler people in Cape Town and decided to carry on home. He says if he cant get into the Secret Service or R A F he is going to work for medicine. Always an Optimist. As a matter of fact the A A F would suit him.

I cant write tonight somehow so will close down with both our love to all of you. My name goes up before the

C.C. next week as wanting the command of the Kurram Militia, and we are keen to see what answer he will give.

Cheerio, best love
Your affect Son
CHARLIE.

SHABKADR FORT.
Wed. 24th January, 1923.

MY DEAREST FATHER,

This is an extra line to show I have not forgotten the 25th February, though I expect it will be a few days early. I wish my birthday present could be that we have heard about the Kurram, but they are still keeping the day of telling me one thing or the other to themselves, though I understand the choice must be made before the 15th Feb.

You saw Callum became a father about Xmas time. I wrote to him but have had no answer. George Campbell wrote from Landi Kotal. They find it very hard to get away. He seems very happy and one of the Majors that I met in Peshawar told me he was a nice lad.

We have Miss Fraser staying with us for a few days. I take her and Betty into Peshawar tomorrow and return myself. Betty is staying on as there is a dance, and I go in the next day to stay with the Bennetts. Mother's old durzee is comfortably established on the Fraser's verandah and is full of messages to all of you. Durzees and bheesties always seem worthy souls, chowkidars honest scoundrels—red coated chaprassies bad men. Thank May for her letter.

Your affect Son
CHARLES.

SHABKADR FORT.
Monday evening, 29.1.23.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

We have returned from a week end in Peshawar with the Bennetts. He is acting I.O.F.C. for Tancock, and he gave me good news, and that is that I am practically certain to get the Kurram. Isn't it splendid ? Before you can get out an answer to this we may be in Parachinar, only dont write there till you get a cable, then address Comdt Kurram Militia Parachinat NWFP.

Betty wants to thank Father for " The Vision of the Kingdom." She doesnt think she will have time to write this week.

A most extraordinary thing happened in Peshawar showing what rot the whole thing is and how race meetings are merely legalised gambling. We were taken to a race meeting very much against our will, neither of us caring for it or knowing anything about it. Race No 3 had 27 horses entered for it, and for the most absurd reasons we fancied No 14, No 20 and No 24. So I went off to the totalisator and bet 2 rupees on each of those three horses to win (which was a silly thing to do to start with). Out of the 27 No 24 came in first, No 20 second, and No 14 third, which I should think about a record in the annals of racing out of a choice of 27. For the 2 rupees we bet on No 24 we got back RS 150. Seemed wicked to take the money. Too easy. We are going to put it into a carpet in the Kurram. Carpets are very cheap just now.

Cheerio,
CHARLES.

PARACHINAR,
KURRAM VALLEY, N.W.F.P.
Sunday 24th June, 1923

MY DARLING MOTHER,

It seems pretty hot to us though it never goes above 80 in the verandah and visitors from Kohat where they have been having it 115 think it delightfully cool.

Padre McKenzie came up on Wed. Gave us Communion on Thursday and rode out to the Peiwar with us and went down on Friday morning. He is a nice man and enjoyed his stay. With him came another McKenzie who is adjutant of the 51st, a huge man of 6 ft. 5 ins. weighing about 15 stone. He used to be in the ranks of some Guards regiment. I was just thinking how awkward it is to send a man a bill for Rs 2 for one ride on a horse, when Birdwood came along and said " I know you like little things like that to go down to Mess Guests, but on this occasion the horse died the same night !" Poor little beast. It was a very hot day for the Kurram.

Tomorrow night I have to go out into camp for one night. Guy and 100 men are out today doing their last week of Coy training and tomorrow night we do night operations finishing with surrounding a village at dawn. The men are very keen and it is easy to keep your temper in this cool atmosphere.

I hear that Mother Columba is taking a couple of Sisters and going to start another convent in Quetta. Plucky old lady.

We have got the swimming bath going at last. I had my first dip yesterday and in the middle of it Mrs. —— flopped in ! It was quite all right, we were chaperoned by Betty and Capt. ——, but I loathe mixed bathing under any circumstances and particularly in India where the local thinks you mad in any case. So to put *her* at her ease because *I* was uncomfortable I stayed in far too long. You know the feeling. So does Father. I think the enclosed picture quite amusing.

I want to send you too a cutting from the Times of India Illustrated Weekly, about Father speaking to Lowell Thomas after his lecture.

Betty is enclosing some snapshots. She and John and Molly Gardner got down to it and have stored the house with jam. The raspberries are still going strong and we are into apricots and greengages. Soon the apples will be ripe—they look top hole. Four soldiers come to tea this afternoon. I think they enjoy it. And now I must close with all my love. The time is simply hurtling past. Cheerio.

Ever Your affect Son
CHARLIE.

PARACHINAR.
20.10.23.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Saturday evening. I write my letter to you as tomorrow Sunday threatens to be a full day. The week has been a busy one. The P.A. is out at Karlachi meeting the Afghan Governor of Khost and he has Farwell and about 200 men as escort with him in camp. This took some arranging. Two nights ago just when I got back from a long night and day out at Shabak camp I got a frantic message saying " I hear the Afghan Govr of Khost is bringing an escort of 700 men and two guns—send your two guns and all the men you can."

Padre McKenzie is coming up again on Tuesday for 4 days or so and I think I shall take him out to Shabak Camp. He is a good fellow and never whines or pulls a long face. It was very sad seeing the Munns off last Monday. I drove

then down to Thall. I bought the Ford that Guy had and she goes like a bird.

We went out shooting this morning, Capt Watts—Guy—Birdwood and myself. I only got one bird, but then my gun only arrived at half time as my orderly went to the wrong village. I thought of Father, who I know would have taken his own gun the whole way, riding or not.

I still sometimes cant realise what has happened. I am always saying to myself I must remember to tell Betty that or write Betty that, as though she was just " away "—at home. I will write to May soon. I have written dozens of short letters this last week.

Very nice letters from Craigelachie. Best love to all. Poor wee Jean.

Your afft Son,
CHARLIE.

c/o MAJOR GRIFFITH,
PESHAWAR.
5.12.23.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

I am afraid I may have missed the mail though they assure me that you can post as late as today, Wednesday, in Peshawar.

It has been a very busy week—of doing nothing—and all day long to do it in. Lots of tennis. Jean is really much better, she soon will be 7 lbs and is taking one in five now every 2½ hours. She is as cute as a barrel full of monkeys, and we shall have to see she doesn't learn too quickly.

Goodbye Mother darling. You will love wee Jean when you see her. I knew you would meet her Plymouth or London.

Must go, with best love to May and Father.

Ever your affect Son
CHARLES CAMPBELL.

PARACHINAR.
29.12.23.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Today is Saturday and it is just 3 months today since Betty died. She was so much better in the morning too that she had Jean in bed with her for a short time and after that I went out for exercise. Yesterday came a Xmas card for her from Aunt Esther Barton, with such nice words.

" Take ship my soul,
Joyous launch out on trackless seas,
Fearless for unknown shores to sail,
Chanting a song pleasant of exploration,
Away brave souls,
Further and further sail,
O daring joy, but safe,
Are they not all the seas of God ?
O further, further sail." WALT WHITMAN.

These are such lovely days. A sharp frost at night and bright sunny days. I have written about my passage home already. Only 2 months now till Jean goes and then it wont be long. I shall be glad to have her and Miss Hook out of Peshawar in case of complications with Afghanistan. . . .

I want to do Bet's Journalism Course if they will let me, but I have neither the time or inclination that she had.

Love to all of you,

Your affet Son
CHARLES CAMPBELL.

41, LONGRIDGE ROAD, S.W.5.
21.10.32.

MY DEAR FATHER,

After Xmas, if it is cold, I shall go over to the E——s again. I took them out to dinner and a theatre the other night with Mrs D—— L—— and on the way back in the train E—— asked me what had made me do it. I had to make up something so I said " Mrs D—— L—— is such a dangerous woman I had promised my mother I would never go out with her alone." He hasn't stopped laughing yet (but I notice he asked her round shortly after to see his garden !).

I go to the Keens tonight after Class, arriving Eastbourne 10.42 ! I am glad you are both happy to be home.

Yours,
CHARLES.

(*Postcard*) S.S. HILARY.
Thurs. 15 *Dec.*, 1938.

Ship just grand, though view not quite up to reverse yet. Am at Capt's table, so far. Clayton already calculating number of yards to the door. Promises well.

Love. CHARLES.

Cabin mosquito proof.

R.M.S. "HILARY"
LEAVING LISBON, *Monday* 19 *Dec.*, '38.

MY DEAR HECTOR,

I dont know why I should feel so compelled to write to you tonight—Maybe it is the motion of the ship—Maybe it is the red wine or maybe it is an excuse to avoid the lovely girl with red hair (who came up and spoke to me today—I've been avoiding her since we started).

It looks to me as trips go I have struck a winner. A good cabin, a splendid library, good food, without any waste or unnecessary luxury, and only some sixty first-class of whom about half are making the round trip. So far we have been given two shore trips, at Oporto and Lisbon, both of which were excellent and most instructive—quite to my surprise they were free to Round Trip passengers, and from my experience of other cruises were worth 25s. or 30s. each. They throw in, on these shore trips, a five course luncheon with wine, but even when one hears that the hotels take you in for 6s. a day, you are still surprised they can give you such long drives and so much history for nothing. Today one old Scot in our party found his grandfather's grave in Cintra, killed fighting under Wellington.

We hear over the wireless that you are having a cold spell—it sounds really incredible here. I wish you were on board to hear me trying my Spanish on a Brazilian lady. I introduced my friend Clayton as "Mi albuelo antiguo, sin corazon" or "My ancient grandfather, and heartless." It went very well.

There are no unemployed in Portugal. Every man in work pays 2 pc on his pay—which his employer doubles, which the Govt. doubles and the result is that any man without a definite job is put on to constructive work, roads or doing up historic places to attract visitors. We saw them at it. They are going to have a great show in 1940, celebrating two centenaries, freedom from the Moors 1140 and independence from Spain 1640. Thus I learn my history, rather late in life but in a far pleasanter fashion than sitting on a hard bench and sweating for some exam. It will be worth coming to.

I am deep in "Guns or Butter" by Bruce-Lockhart and am a little disappointed. They have a special side to their library for Brazil that I have not started on yet. The canvas tank goes up outside my cabin the day after tomorrow.

Altogether I am having a *First Class* trip at just about one third P and O prices, and some twelve good shore trips thrown in. I only wish I could persuade more friends and relations to join me.

There never seems time to write to all I would wish to—will you send on to Charles Hay and ask him to let Aunt Edie have a dekho—I know she'll slip it into her next letter to my parents, and that is four letters off.

Yours ever

CHARLES GUNNING CAMPBELL.

S.S. HILARY.
30.12.38. AT PARA.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

So far the voyage has been a great success. I have been in the salt water swimming tank five times a day and sunbathing almost naked (except for a light felt hat) in between. This if you please on the equator ! I have read a lot of books and made a lot of friends, mostly old gentlemen this time—the only exception being a fascinating red haired girl of 25, an actress by profession and a sort of Scotch cousin of our A—— C—— in her spare time.

The tank has had to come down as it is set up over a hatchway and we shall have no more bathing now till we get to the English Club at Manaos. The Portuguese are not a bad lot—they behave very well and are very punctilious about dress, but they chatter and screech like parrots—They start on a high note and hold it like a syren. The English amuse me, they think it *so* hot and they all perspire and fan themselves and eat five course meals three times a day—it is on an average 30 degrees cooler than Peshawar hot weather.

The Captain has a lot to put up with. I have heard ladies put the following questions to him.

" Captain, who is that nice looking *steward* sitting at that dinner table with three rings round his arm ?"

" That, Madam, is my Chief Officer."

" Captain when we get to Para will the ship go right up to the tahn (town ?) or the tahn come down to the ship so to sigh ?" Silence.

Meanwhile Birthday Greetings to you and May and love to you and Father. I hope you keep fit through your cold spell.

Your affect Son,

CHARLES CAMPBELL.

APPENDIXES

APPENDIX A

MISCELLANEOUS

1

EXTRACTS FROM "THE GLENALMOND CHRONICLE"

THE BROCK CHALLENGE SHIELD 11th June, 1904 (in which competition Charlie made cock score, 61 for his team): "The whole VIII are to be heartily congratulated on their steady shooting, particularly Campbell and Easton, whose first appearance does them every credit."

THE BROCK CHALLENGE SHIELD 17th June, 1905: "Campbell shot magnificently for us, and his last shot which lost him the possible was just off the bull."

THE ASHBURTON SHIELD COMPETITION, BISLEY 1904: "Our shoot was very much a repetition of that at 200 yards, Campbell and Mackay coming to the rescue. The former is to be heartily congratulated on winning the Bombay cup. Mackay and he were neck and neck to the last shot, when a bull to Campbell secured it to him with 62 points against Mackay's 61. This last pair showed once more the greatest pluck and determination and did not let a bad shot throw them off their balance: at each range they lay down with a bad score before them, and each secured his highest score on the range."

2

JAVA, THE GARDEN OF THE EAST

Quoting from the *Pioneer* of the 20th August, 1913: "In the last number of the *Journal of the United Service Institution of India* is a short note on Java by Lieutenant Campbell of the 40th Pathans. The references to the military forces maintained by the Dutch Government are specially interesting. The officers are said to be intelligent,

well-educated Dutch gentlemen, but their knowledge is often more of a theoretical than of a practical kind—they have no opportunities for active service worthy of the name, though the petty expeditions to New Guinea and Sumatra give them experience of bush fighting. As regards the rank and file all units are mixed in the rough proportion of one European (or Eurasian) to three Javanese, an experiment that works well in spite of the Dutch East India soldier being the wastrel of Holland who volunteers for Java when his failure at home is complete. The European has the distinction of wearing a short sword, otherwise in the ranks he is armed and accoutred like his companions. Very strict discipline is maintained, and this is said to account for the success of the mixed class system. Some of the punishments for small offences are curious, notably one forbidding a man from looking at an officer in the face for three months ! Lieutenant Campbell thinks the Javanese soldiers are as fit, active and ready for service as the men of our Indian Army, and they are generally more intelligent, no recruit being taken who cannot read and write. Incidentally it may be mentioned that free education is given in Java, the money being provided by heavy export duties. The garrison of Java is not likely to be called upon for serious fighting, but it is interesting to know the state in which it is kept. Nothing save some great convulsion in the Further East can imperil the safety of Java; and that Holland is not going to run any risks is plain from her new scheme for the establishment of a naval force in that region which when realised will throw our East Indian Squadron entirely into the shade."

Again, to quote from the *Pioneer* of the — August, 1913: " *Wireless Telegraphy.*—In an article on Java, which appears in the current issue of the *Journal of the United Service of India*, Lieutenant Campbell of the 40th Pathans mentions that wireless telegraphy is being established everywhere in the Dutch East India. Stations have been opened in Dutch Borneo and even at Sambilan or Tarakan Island to the south of British North Borneo. These installations will no doubt be linked up with others, and in the Further East chains of ' wireless ' will eventually be of the highest value to ships at sea; particularly as the region is one of severe cyclonic storms."—*Pioneer.*

3

LETTER TO CHARLIE FROM LT.-COLONEL A. LOVEBAND, COMDG. 2/ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS

DEAR CAMPBELL, 6.3.15.

Very many thanks indeed for your congratulations. I would have written before only I went home suddenly on 8 days leave, on information that there was to be no leave after 1st March. They ought to have given you something more than a mention—but I dont know how they fix these things up, they seem to pick out some and let others go with a mention only who have perhaps a better chit and record—but better luck next time: you thoroughly deserved a DSO. We are now at La C again, and everything the same as ever. Best of luck to you. No end of letters to write. Wish you were back.

Yours
A. LOVEBAND.

4

LETTER TO CHARLIE FROM MAJOR J. BURKE, 2/ ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS

27.2.15.

Many thanks for your note of congratulations, which I have much pleasure in accepting and returning with compound interest. I would have liked to have seen your name in for the M.C. nobody more deserved it. I do not think the Indian Officer Sahibs got all they deserved. However your chance may come before we have finished this little bit, and I am sure you will take it. We are still holding on. The last 4 days in we dropped 5 killed and 11 wounded. This makes us 50 killed and 130 wounded at your last place with us. We all miss you very much, especially your company, and would be glad if you were back, but as this cannot be we all wish you good luck no matter where you are and you wont be forgotten by the "Dubs."

I hope you receive all the letters which I re-direct to you when they pass through my hands. I redirected one this morning. I am afraid you are a bad correspondent, or you would have written to all your friends long before

telling them your new address, or maybe you have so many admirers that to write them you would want a furlough.

Loveband has gone for 8 days, the last we are to get, so he took it, and I was very glad, too much trench work is not good.

I hope to have the pleasure of having a peg with you some happy day in London Town, when you wont be taken for a Russian.

Good luck to you,
Yours, J. BURKE.

5

LETTER TO E. M. C. FROM COLONEL ROGERSON

The following letter from Colonel Rogerson was accompanied by a handsome agate box inlaid with gold (which Charlie later gave to his mother).

The act of courtesy and kindness referred to by Colonel Rogerson consisted of Charlie assisting him to avoid an accident when entering a train in the Tube Railway. It is a curious coincidence that Colonel Rogerson, a retired officer, should have belonged to the Royal Dublin Fusiliers to which Charlie was attached at the time of the adventure.

"GILLESBIE, LOCKERBIE, SCOTLAND.

"Colonel Rogerson presents his compliments to Lady Campbell and requests that she will take care of the little box herewith, in case her son in the Pathans has left the station. The acquaintance arising out of an act of courtesy and kindness, was but of a brief half hour. From it sprung an admiration which has been heightened by letters in acknowledgement of small packages. May Lady Campbell have the satisfaction of seeing her son rise to distinction in the Service.

"*Nov.* 27, 1917."

6

LETTER TO F. C. FROM
BRIG.-GENL. W. G. HAMILTON, D.S.O.

WELLINGTON, NILGIRIS.
13th Feb., 1915.

MY DEAR CAMPBELL,

I have just got a letter from Lt. Colonel Routh 1/R.D. Fusiliers which contains the following message for

you—" I hear his son has a company in the regiment and is very highly thought of. I have this from an officer called Frankland who was with the Btn and is now Bde Major of our Brigade."

* * * * *

Yours sincerely,
W. G. HAMILTON.
(Comdg Southern Bde. 9th Secunderabad Division.)

7

EXTRACT FROM LETTER TO F. C. FROM No. 9002, PTE. J. DOYLE*

2ND PLATOON, A. COY., 2ND R.D.F., 10TH BRIGADE,
4TH DIVISION BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.
6.5.15.

DEAR SIR,

In answer to your ever welcome letter which I received this day, I was very much surprised indeed Sir to receive a letter from you. I did not think that Captain Campbell thought so much of me, as anything I ever done for him I thought was only my duty, and there is nothing I would be capable of that I would not do for him as I always held him to be the finest company commander or leader of men that is out here at the present time. Not me alone thought this for he was recognised as such by the whole battalion, and I am very often asked by the N C O's and men do I know how he is getting on, as they all wished him the height of luck. I am also glad to say he spoke to his aunt in Earlscourt London about me, and she sent me a very nice present. I am getting on fairly well myself at present, but I am sorry to say that the battalion is just after going through the mill, and we have had a very nice dose of the poison which the Huns are throwing at us now, but please God they will get something in return.

* * * * *

I remain your obedient servant,
J. DOYLE.

* Charlie's batman.—F. C.

8

Real Conversations in the Trenches

4.45 am. Paddy—Paddy, wake up ! Tis time to stand to and the officer's waiting on you.

Ach ! To hell with him and the Kaiser—can they not let a dacent man sleep 2 hours between them ?

Stop talking there and look to your front.

Spake aisy there—the officer says keep a sharp look out.

Glory be to God—if I was in civil life I'd go sick.

Why not, Mike, 'twould be no shame on you.

'Twould be no shame on me going sick but I would be sorry to leave you to receive the Kaiser.

Ach ! Away with you, is the tea not up yet ?

Will you keep silent there and look out.

" Tick-tock ! Tick-tock ! " Begorrah had I taken his advice I might have seen the d——d thing coming.

What is it, Paddy ?

What is it at all—a souvenir Allimander in my right shoulder three fingers right from the spine. Ay and its more warming than the rum.

What is it there ? who has been hit ?

Its Doyle, Sir, can I pass the word for the stretcher-bearers?

Not at all ! Not at all ! I'll just walk over on my own and tell H.I.M. if you see him I'll show him my souvenir, in Berlin, on or about Xmas.

¾ of an hour later—" down town."

Where were you hit, Paddy ?

Tapped on the shoulder by an Allimander for not looking to my front same as the officer told me.

So now you'll be going Tipperary way ?

Maybe for a spell—but the next drop of " chā " (tea) I sip with you, Jock, will be in Berlin.

Ay, Henri the interpreter says he's got some parcels to deliver there, soon too. Have you no seen the transport lines ? I was having some café with a French lassie when Jack Johnstone called in and it soon became that unhealthy we had to shift.

What of the girl, Jock ?

She got a splinter through the calf of her leg—mind I'm telling you 'twas a bonnie calf too—but she just smiled and said " souvenir " ! So I said " Poor France " and the doctor had her carried away.

So ! Is there a café round here I could sit in till the Roll of Honour rolls on ?

Ay, jest at the corner like. "Just—a boo" they call it though it has de luxe on it. I was hearing an officer saying as how it was "10 pc café and 90 pc de luxe" but the 10 pc is worth it. Why don't they have cafés in England ?

If they did they'd never allow soldiers in them till war time, then they'd invite them in same as here.

9

Quotation sent us by Charlie, 26th May, 1939

(Source unknown.)

Please be kind to Britain !
She isn't very strong,
Her Navy's inefficient,
Her Army's all gone wrong,
Her ARP is useless,
Her Air Force far too small,
Her people so degenerate
She's no morale at all !
She doesn't want to fight you,
She's so convinced you'd win !
She'll let you take her Empire
If it will save her skin !
She's old, decayed and senile,
And you have strength and youth,
So please be kind to Britain,
Don't keep abusing Britain,
Be nice to poor old Britain—
Or you may learn the truth !

10

A Narrative by Charlie, Reminiscent of a Kindly Act on the Part of a Belgian Woman during the War

The Milk of Human Kindness.

It can be very cold in Waziristan in December. It certainly seemed so as we sat round our small ante-room on Xmas morning, in spite of heaps of coal on the fire and plenty of strong drink on the Abdar's tray—for the Indian Officers had come in force and we were trying to persuade those whose religion does not distinctly forbid them to do so

to celebrate the occasion. The Sikhs naturally needed no tempting and other Hindus, who twenty years ago would have been surprised at you offering hospitality, were sipping their glasses of sherry wine and making the cake look distinctly silly. The Pathans made up in fruit and soft drinks for their forced abstinence from alcohol and it consequently took longer to get them speaking freely and at their ease; for no man can answer glibly with half a banana in his mouth, and it needs two ginger beers to oil the springs of the lock of conversation where half a glass of port would suffice. But so long as each man sticks to his tenets, and does not impose offence on others by so doing, you know where you are and can soon find the side door leading to his heart.

It was curious that the mail before Xmas should have brought us out, quite by chance, a photograph of the Menin Gate with the names of our Missing very clear to the reading. The only British Officer left present* who was in the Regiment before 1914 produced the photo from the album as a matter of interest to the two or three Indian Officers who would remember the action commemorated, in our case the second battle of Ypres. There was in the forefront of this picture a shapeless female figure depositing a wreath or trying to decipher one of the lower names. She might be of any age or of any nationality, but a Pathan immediately queries, " Is that the old Belgian lady who gave us milk as we went up into action that day ?"

The mind flicked back ten thousand pictures to a scene enacted sixteen years ago in little Belgium—Belgium so flat, so populous, so thriving, you can think of no country less like Waziristan. Again it is Sunday morning and cold as charity though the month is April. A regiment of lately arrived Indians is wending its slow way up into battle in the Salient. Yesterday they had covered over thirty miles of Pavé and had been shelled by some long-range gun, at intervals all night. Now they were " for it." Some noted American has written that there are but three things that will carry a man forward to certain death, and they are Religion, Discipline and the Valour of Ignorance. The first two the men had in plenty and let us hope valour too. The civvies paid small attention to " Les Hindous "—what would you, after all was it not Sunday, and after the early milking and general tidying up was there not the important

* Charlie.—F.C.

business of black clothes and Mass? The priest at the door of his little plaster church in the last inhabited village included in his smile of welcome to his parishioners a passing prayer and a "bon chance" for the savage men of an alien race who had come eight thousand miles to fight in the Great War for Civilisation. But at the gate of the last croft of all stood an old woman who was not going to church that day. It was raining and she had on no hat and her umbrella was used to shield two weighty pails of milk which she had placed out on the roadway for Jack Sepoy to drink his fill. This he did until the Colonel, thinking all march discipline would be lost, ordered his Adjutant back down the line to convey his thanks to Madame, but also to see no more men fell out. The men of course understood the Colonel's motive—but it is doubtful if the old lady did.

The Subedar-Major, catching the Colonel's eye, is rising to go and on his doing so all rise as though on parade. I do not know much Pushtoo but I heard the Major say, "All right, Subedar Sahib, hockey sharp at three o'clock and I'll do my best to let the old Belgian lady know you sent her your thanks for that milk that day."

One would like her to know that her kindness of that morning is still recalled in this wild frontier so many years after. One is reminded of Lawrence Hope's lines:

"Men should be judged—not by their tint of skin,
The Gods they serve—the vintage they drink,
Nor by the way they fight—or love—or sin,
But by the quality of thoughts they think."

II

Delineation of Charlie's Handwriting, by Ranee

(Probably 1939.)

"You are very energetic and when you once make up your mind to do a thing you generally succeed in carrying it through. You are very sincere in your friendships. You are shrewd and observant and you are very critical; always ready to see the amusing side of a question. You have much sense of humour. You are able to form your opinions quickly, but your judgment is sound. I should think you would do well as a lawyer. You are sincere in your affections but you are very reserved."

APPENDIX B

TRIBUTES TO CHARLIE'S MEMORY

From the Postal Censorship, Liverpool

Edde Lane,
Liverpool,
7th October, 1940.

Those in the Liverpool Censorship Branch, who have just had definite news of the tragic death of your dearly loved son, Charles, and who also count themselves as but a few of the numerous friends he formed whilst engaged in this City, wish to offer yourself and Lady Campbell their deepest and most profound sympathy in your sad bereavement. Although only together for a comparatively short period, he had endeared himself to all and sundry by his natural gifts for creating a feeling of quietude and competence.

We all admired him in life, but he carries with him now the knowledge that he has left an everlasting memory with us, and we feel that we have indeed lost a grand comrade.

Table 30.
Chas. L. Hansard.
John Scroggie.
R. Towers.
Henry Sibeth.
Peter Jacobs.
R. B. Trapnell.

From the Postal and Telegraph Censorship Department (Ministry of Information)

23-27, Brooke Street,
Holborn, London, E.C.1.
14th October, 1940.

Dear Sir Frederick,

On behalf of my co-Director and all colleagues in the Postal and Telegraph Censorship I wish to convey to you our very great regret at the death of Major Frederick Campbell. He was engaged in this branch of the public

service on work of urgent national importance which necessitated living and working in a dangerous area, and his death by reason of enemy action occurred on active service just as much as if he had been serving in the armed forces.

Not only on personal grounds but by reason of the excellent work done by Major Campbell his unfortunate death is a very real loss to the Postal and Telegraph Censorship and to the public service.

I wish, on behalf of us all, to convey to you and his relations and friends our sincere sympathy in the heavy loss you have sustained.

Yours sincerely,
F. S. TOWLE,
Joint Director.

PERSONAL TRIBUTES

[Friends have very kindly given permission for the following extracts from their letters being quoted.—F. C.]

My first recollection of him is as a very small boy in a kilt at Skisdon running to fetch a new little walking stick (of which he was very proud) and giving it to me because I had been stung by a wasp ! . . . In fact, to sum up, what one remembers of those old days was a kind-hearted boy, merry and studious. He always read good solid books and magazines and introduced us to his Cornhills and Blackwood magazines. Always keeping himself fit by exercises, running and bathing, yet was always ready to do anyone a good turn and join in with social things. N. S.

I have such delightful recollections of him when he was a small boy. . . . A sweet character. E. C.

One remembers all the funny little things about people when they go. When I was with you at Camberley Charlie taught me how to wake at a definite hour in the morning. The feat was to be accomplished by hitting the head against the wall for the number of times which counted the hour—6 times for 6 a m ! C. C.

I always admired Major Campbell, and he always impressed me as being the model of what a man should be.

A. B.

I have so many happy memories of him in India when we were all young and care-free. He was such a staunch friend and every one loved him.

V. C. D.

He was one of the best. My late husband loved him for all his kindness to him during the war and afterwards. There was never one like him. We always pray for you all. I hope the Major and my husband meet in the next world. . . . The last letter I received from the Major was dated 14.3.40. He told me of his work and did not forget to send me a present.

K. D.

I deeply regret the passing of your dear son. Your letter to my dear husband was opened by me. My husband passed away on the 4th October in his sleep, he was in failing health for some years, but the end came as a great shock. I know if he had lived your letter would have made him very sad, as he dearly loved the Major. I had heard about the Major years ago, my husband told me he was a great man, and a splendid officer. He told me the exploits they had together during the last war and said the Major gave the men courage by his example, and he never expected a man to do anything he himself wouldn't do, (as my husband put it) he was a whole man.

E. L.

We can be thankful for the memories he has left of his vivid interest in life and all it brought and of his courage in bearing his own sorrows, and the thought that he is now at peace, but there are few people whose passing could leave a greater sense of loss.

E. F.

His passing will leave a gap in our lives. . . . I myself can count his friendship right back to the days before the last war, and no one was more pleased than myself when I heard he was coming to me as my Adjutant when I was raising the Mohmand Militia. He was a fine soldier and a grand friend and companion.

E. C. C.-S.

I was very fond of Charlie and shall always remember his kindness to —— and to ——. He was one of those people who never seem to change, calm and lovable, and I

always looked forward to seeing him when I came home. The last time we met was for a few minutes in London, since the outbreak of war, and we both had to rush to our respective businesses, but he was just the same taking a level view of the war. I always felt he set us all an example of how to meet personal sorrow, of which he had more than his share, and we are all the poorer for his loss. H. G.

Charles was such a wonderful son and so utterly devoted to you and that must be a wonderful memory to have. He died as he would have wished, for his country, and you must be very proud through all your grief. We were so fond of him.

L. D.

I would just like to tell you what an irreparable loss he is not only to all his friends in the Censorship, and how many they were, but to the world in general. . . . His quick grasp of a situation, his vision, his ready wit and immense powers of sympathy made him an outstanding figure. He refused to be safe and met his death rather in the same way as he faced life, with that flip of the fingers which was so characteristic of him. You must indeed be proud of a son like that.

U. S.

He had been one of our dearest friends for nine years, and his passing will be a great loss to us. Everyone who came in contact with him had such a high regard for him. . . . We both sympathise with you and Lady Campbell most deeply in the loss of your lovely son, whose tone and excellent character will ever remain green in our memories.

D. AND E. E.

Major Campbell was quite the most charming and interesting man one has ever been privileged to meet and certainly one of the bravest to have faced up to life as he did. We feel we have indeed lost a very kind friend. J. M.

Charles was my best friend and from the first day I met him, when he came to command us (The Tochi Scouts) at Miranshah, a warm comradeship sprang up between us. This had continued through the years, and neither time nor distance seemed to lessen it. I. P. G.

He will be greatly missed by all his friends for he was a true friend, and always there ready to help the many people who brought their problems to him. He had a fine brain and tremendous sense of humour and was a delightful person to be with, and we loved having him here.

J. L.-S.

Charlie was always a "gentleman," in the real and finest sense of that oft-misused term. That was my very first impression, never to be effaced, only strengthened as the years went on. It sums him up to me—but then my definition of "gentleman" involves a *very* high standard, and much perhaps that would be more attributed to a soldier—e.g. honour and chivalry.

E. S.

It is not just a "phrase" when I say I would have very willingly and gladly given my own life to save your dear son for you. . . . He was such a noble, such a loyal and such an exceptionally good, kind, and understanding friend to me in these seven years that I knew him. I was exceedingly fond of him, and I treasure very highly his unfailing, unwearied, staunch friendship for me in my lonely and distressing circumstances. God bless him! I have such lovely memories and can dream of the past and remember that the future of re-unions is not so very far distant. "Though here on earth we part in pain—in Heaven we hope to meet again."

M. N.

I can say nothing except it was the death of the soldier at his post, and I feel that is how he would have liked to die, and that is why little Jean died because she would have been heartbroken at the loss of her beloved father. I knew Charlie so well by all his little kindnesses to many odd people, by the amount of money he was always giving away to needy people, and how he loved to take people out and give them a really good meal, and then he would just live on nothing himself. . . . No one had a kinder or sweeter natured son.

C. R.

He always seemed to us such a vital person. . . . He was so quick in sympathy, so generous in judgment, that knowing him enriched one's life. . . . I remember his saying to

me, " To be of use in the world one must have a moral standard and live up to it—and it must be a standard that can bear the light of day." Charlie's moral standard could and did, and was pure gold and *he* never came off his gold standard. It must be a great joy to you to feel you gave to this cruel world such a lovely personality.

C. A.

Some day the war will come to an end, but your son will not come back to you, even so you have always the no small consolation that he gave his life in order that others might live, and no one can give more.

J. C.

The many little walks we had together through the Parks after work were my last thoughts of him; the birds, the flowers, the green grass he would draw to my attention as if these were the world of which he dreamt. These little walks when we discussed the world in general were his choice and I shall long remember his happy face. I was at Golders Green today paying my respects to a man I not only loved, but for whom I had the greatest respect. He was loved and respected by all those he came in contact with in the Censorship, and more than one have expressed to me their great loss.

H. B. C. H.

Looking through some of his letters I came across one he wrote me after Lollie's death where he said, " But you my dear cousin know as well as I do the time does come when one realises that *they* at any rate are at Peace, and when one looks around the crazy world of today perhaps a sunbeam of thankfulness bursts through."

E. H.

Even now after nearly a month I feel a pang on looking around at the office and seeing a stranger in Charlie's seat. The table companions at Liverpool were also sad to hear the sad tidings, and it must be a source of satisfaction and pride for you to receive letters from folk who had only known your son for 5 months. It points out—eloquently—what a fine fellow is lost.

I could write pages about his consideration and helpfulness to others. Being a friend of his confidence, it was my privilege to hear and see many things. Can you

wonder therefore why the loss of a great friend strikes so deeply into one's heart? To call a man a friend is paying him the highest compliment in one's power. Acquaintances are numbered by the score, but friends are few and far between. I must relate two little incidents which go to show his sterling character.

Picture those dreary, foggy days in Liverpool when influenza was rampant throughout the Censorship. Duncan, Charles and I usually took tea in the canteen with three ladies. One of these the sole support of her aged mother was ill, really ill, but could not afford to lie up and so lose a day's pay. Charles ordered her home there and then, and passed over a note for her day's pay threatening her—with his cheery smile—he would not speak to her again if she came on the morrow. Having done this he passed it over as my suggestion. Can you see the quiet way in which he hid the gold in his good nature?

Again—Chancery Lane Tube Station, and thousands of people trying to get to the trains, the escalators jammed and the passages crowded with women and children going to shelter for the night. A corpulent woman, obviously very poor, with three young children struggling along with parcels of grubby blankets comes along. Everybody is pushing and anxious to get away from the city. Charles without hesitation takes the bundles and gives a helping hand to get her and the children down to the platform. Not content with this, the good deed is completed with a present of three half-crowns in the palms of three outstretched grubby little hands. Can you see the smile? I saw something much deeper! the full appreciation by those less favoured of a gentlemanly deed by a gentleman.

I am afraid I must confess that tears came to my eyes when the coffin containing what was left of dear Charles silently and gradually disappeared from the chapel at Golders Green, and a prayer went up for the comfort of his parents. Now I have had your letter I know I have done what he would have expected me to do, and if I have helped you and your dear wife in your sorrow I too am grateful.

W. R. D.

APPENDIX C

POETRY

I

Cavalier " C "

I

" Born to be noble, upright and true,
To wield for his country the steel that he drew,
Not noble by birth but in action was he,
Who admires not gallant young Cavalier ' C ' ?

II

To defend his own country, his King and his Right
Was his one special object each day of his life,
So Constant and Prudent* and Upright was he
Who does not envy bold Cavalier ' C ' ?

III

His first thought was duty each forthcoming day,
And how through his duty his God to repay
For the manifold pleasures and blessings that He
Had graciously granted young Cavalier ' C '.

IV

So onward through life and through every new phase
He brightened his honour with every good grace,
And if you are Constant and Prudent like he,
You may live to be noble like Cavalier ' C '."

[Lines written by Charlie's sister May, end of January, 1907, with injunctions not to show them to anyone.]

* The family motto is *Constanter et Prudenter*. When working at home Charlie was always faced with this motto which was boldly stamped at the head of his desk.

2

Glen Almain

A very happy and impressionable period of Charlie's life was that of the five years passed at Glenalmond. Believing that environment has much to do with the development of character I attribute his characteristic calm and confident manner in some measure to the atmosphere in which he was brought up. It may not be out of place therefore to quote as follows from a booklet entitled " Trinity College, Glenalmond," published 1893. [F. C.]

" This picturesque Glen is the legendary burial place of Ossian, and Wordsworth in a poem entitled Glen Almain, has sung:

> ' In this still place, remote from men
> Sleeps Ossian in the Narrow Glen;
> In this still place, where murmurs on
> But one meek streamlet, only one.' "

3

The following lines were copied by, and sent to us by Charlie:

Discord and Harmony

" War in China, war in Spain,
But birds are building nests again.

Man destroys himself, nor reasons;
God persists in Time and Seasons.

Bombs drop death—tears, blood and pain;
Sweet Spring blossoms—sun and rain.

Empires come, and Empires go;
Earth rolls on, so sure and slow.

War in China, war in Spain,
But birds are building nests again."

Nathalie Lynn.

4

Charlie sent us the following lines, with the remark: " Can't you just hear and see the jolly old mina bird saying, ' Bring a cherry, bring a cherry, soon, soon, soon ' ? Do you remember the way they sort of bowed before talking ?"

BIRD CALLS

" The lark he trills his song on high,
A tiny spec on a wide blue sky;
' Tira-lir, it's sweet up here,
It's sweet up here, my dear, my dear.'

The turtle-dove's in love and so,
Is anxious all his world should know
And follow his example too;
' Look at us two. Oh do, oh do.'

Woodpeckers make their thirsty cry,
Of ' pluie, pluie, pluie,' to a sunlit sky;
But sure enough they have their way
For rain, rain, rain will fall next day.

The blackbird also craves a boon,
Says, ' Bring a cherry, bring a cherry, soon, soon, soon.'
And there in answer to his call
The cherry blooms on the garden wall.

The thrush of all the birds that sing
Of nests and little wives in Spring
Alone confides the secret way;
' What does she *line* it with ? Why, clay.'

The willow wren she sings a song
Just like her mate though not so long,
But both sing in all winds and weathers,
' Sing to me; bring to me little brown feathers.' "

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

5

The following poem (originally taken from " Psalms of a Saiva Saint," by T. Isaac Tambyah) is by Tayumanavar, and appeared in a small book called " Temple Bells," by A. J. Appasamy.

Tayumanavar belongs to the eighteenth century A.D. He was a steward and manager of the royal estate of Chola, Prince of Trichinopoly. He had already begun a study of religious books and found time to continue these studies along with his official duties. He married, and after the death of his wife he cut off all connection with the world and lived a life wholly devoted to God. His exquisite and melodious verses have sung themselves into the deepest heart of the Tamil people.

In sending this poem and explanatory remarks, Captain H. Brian Hill writes:

" Charlie was very fond of good verse. I remember handing him the enclosed, to which he seemed to take a great fancy ":

KEEP ME FROM GREED

" None can the limits set
To longings of the mind,
Ways of Desire are wide,
Their windings none can find.

Kings whose possessions are numberless,
Conquerors of many lands,
Seek the sea also to subjugate,
Gain for the greed of their hands.

Rich men unsatisfied tho' they own
Riches, as Kwera's* untold,
Fain would learn alchemic means to turn
Gross things and base into gold.

Long-living men, full of longings are
Longer and longer to live,
Seek in all secrets that nature hides
One that might deathlessness give.

* Kwera is the God of wealth, who is fabulously rich.

Considering all things, this I know,
The body needs but bread,
Appeasing hunger, soothing sleep,
Somewhere to rest the head.

These I have, and for this pray—
Pure, unattached keep me,
Lest I, by longings driven, rush
Into desire's deep sea.

O God, without a void
Whose presence all-where is,
All things pervading fills,
O all-embracing Bliss !"

6

Verses sent by Charlie to his mother, 15th August, 1940.

NOTE.—An old tomb in the Abbey near the tombs of the three Queens, Mary, Elizabeth, and Mary Queen of Scots, bears the inscription:

JANE LISTER, DEAR CHILDE

" How came you here, tell me how came you here
With those of England's garnered great to lie ?
In this vast tomb of Kings cool and austere,
Why should you sleep while centuries go by
Lost and alone—Jane Lister, childe so dear ?

Who brought you down this dim and storied way,
Where mighty names are carved on wall and floor:—
Who carried you that far forgotten day
In through the Abbey's heavy darkened door—
You who belonged to the morning and the May ?

Poets and Queens, and Ministers of State,
These are your neighbours in this house of peace,
You are ringed round with weary men and great
Who each one, here, at last, found long release
From weight of grandeur, pain of love, and hate.

Here Gloriana's restless heart is still,
And Mary Queen of Scots is free of grief,
Here the Crusader's armour rusts at will
And never summer shine or swinging leaf
Brightens these alcoves that the shadows fill.

They should have found for you a pleasant place,
Small one—where daisies grew and grass was green,
And shadows from the tall trees made lovely lace,
And in young April little lambs were seen,
Or the high moon looked down with smiling face.

O much I wonder why they brought you here
Where Kings and Queens and glorious warriors lie
With one lone unknown soldier on his bier.
Strange ghosts, methinks, you are companied by
Little Jane Lister—childe for ever dear."

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

7

The following verses were sent to us by Charlie while on one of his voyages:

MUVVER

I

" When nurse has tucked the bedclothes in
And stumped across the floor,
She says that not a single soul
Must come in through the door;
But only me and Mick the dog,
Who sleeps along o' me,
Know why the skylight's open
And what we're going to see.

II

For when the sun has gone away,
The world is put to bed,
There's someone comes to see us then
Who Nursie says is dead.

Dad used to call her ' darlin' heart,'
But Muvver was her name,
And Mick and me was very sad
Before our Muvver came.

III

She comes in through the window,
'Cos the door is not allowed,
Her eyes are bright as little stars,
Her dress is like a cloud,
She holds me very kind and tight,
And talks about a land
Where all the flowers are boys and girls,
Wiv Muvvers close at hand.

* * * * *

And when I want to go wiv her,
She says 'twould never do,
'Cos Daddy would be lonely, son,
Wivout a man like you."

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

8

Charlie had a very retentive memory and could recite accurately from the large amount of material which he had in store. The following verses were the last he recited to us—in 1940:

ABOU BEN ADHEM

" Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase !)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
' What writest thou ?' The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, ' The names of those who love the Lord.'
' And is mine one ?' said Abou. ' Nay not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,

But cheerly still; and said, ' I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men.'
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

LEIGH HUNT.

9

Dating his letter Parachinar, 29.12.23, Charlie wrote to his mother as follows:

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Today is Saturday and it is just 3 months today since Betty died. She was so much better in the morning too that she had Jean in bed with her for a short time, and after that I went out for exercise.

Yesterday came a Xmas card for her from Aunt Barton, with such nice words.

[These may appropriately be quoted here.—F. C.]

TAKE SHIP, MY SOUL

" Take ship, my soul,
Joyous launch out in trackless seas,
Fearless for unknown shores to sail,
Chanting a song pleasant of exploration.
Away brave souls,
Further and further sail,
O daring joy but safe,
Are they not all the seas of God ?
O further, further sail."

WALT WHITMAN.

10

E. F. writes: " The verse I copied from a MS. book which Charlie gave me to read, in which he had written various quotations. It had no author's name."

The Gentle Angel

" What if some morning, when the stars were paling
And the dawn whitened and the East was clear,
Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence
Of a benignant spirit standing near;
And I should tell him as he stood beside me,
' This is our earth—most friendly earth and fair;
Daily its sea and shore through sun and shadow
Faithful its turns, robed in its azure air:
There is blessed living here, loving and serving,
And quest of truth and serene friendships dear.
But stay not Spirit ! Earth has one destroyer,
His name is Death: Flee, lest he find thee here.'
And what if then, while still the morning brightened
And freshened in the elm the summer's breath,
Should gently smile on me the gentle angel
And take my hand and say ' My name is Death !' "

Author Unknown.

II

The following beautiful lines from Lord Tennyson's " In Memoriam " may well conclude the foregoing life story, embodying as they do a trend of thought which must often have been Charlie's. Indeed, the final words of the last line are but an echo of the " Cheerio " with which, however dark the night, he frequently ended his letters.

In Memoriam

(canto cxxvi)

" Love is and was my Lord and King,
And in his presence I attend
To hear the tidings of my friend
Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my King and Lord,
And will be, tho' as yet I keep
Within his courts on earth, and sleep
Encompass'd by his faithful guard,

And hear at times a sentinel
Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well."

ADDENDUM

In February, 1927, whilst in command of the Kurram Militia, Charlie picked up the following poem when visiting the Saidgi Post. It appealed to him, and noticing it was signed XCI and obviously written by someone in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, he brought it home to Ardrishaig, and on enquiry discovered the author to be Lieutenant (now Major) George Malcolm, Yr of Poltalloch.

Owing to this officer being at present on active service abroad I have only just received his kind sanction to include the poem in this little book. It first appeared in *Blackwood* in December, 1926, the publishers of which have courteously permitted me to reproduce it here.—F. C.

"Retreat"

"Gone is the stifling noon-day heat,
Work is over and football too;
So I'm going up to hear 'Retreat,'
For I think it is time the bugle blew.

Ay, there it goes: I can hear the drums
Waking the echoes around the Square
To thunderous life—then Music comes
Beating her wings on the evening air.

Calling to me from Bonnie Argyle,
Bringing me word of a far fond land,
Calling across three thousand mile
Of water and wind and burning sand;

To mind me of heather in bloom again,
To bring me the smell of the burning peat,
The sight of the hills in mist and rain
And the crush of bracken beneath my feet.

'Go back, go back,' says the old cock-grouse;
'Never you heed him,' the sea-birds cry;
I see the cattle beside the house,
I feel the West wind whistling by.

. . . . . .

The vision changes—for now they play
'The Flowers of the Forest'; and to my mind
Rise up the friends of a bygone day,
And I number those I have left behind.

Left behind where they blythely went
Ten years syne in the wake of War,
And I seem to hear the pipes' lament:
'MacCrimmon returns no more, no more.'

. . . . . .

Yet faster the drumming: they're beating the Charge
That rallied our fathers in days of old;
I thrill to the clashing of steel on targe,
And the echo of tales that never were told.

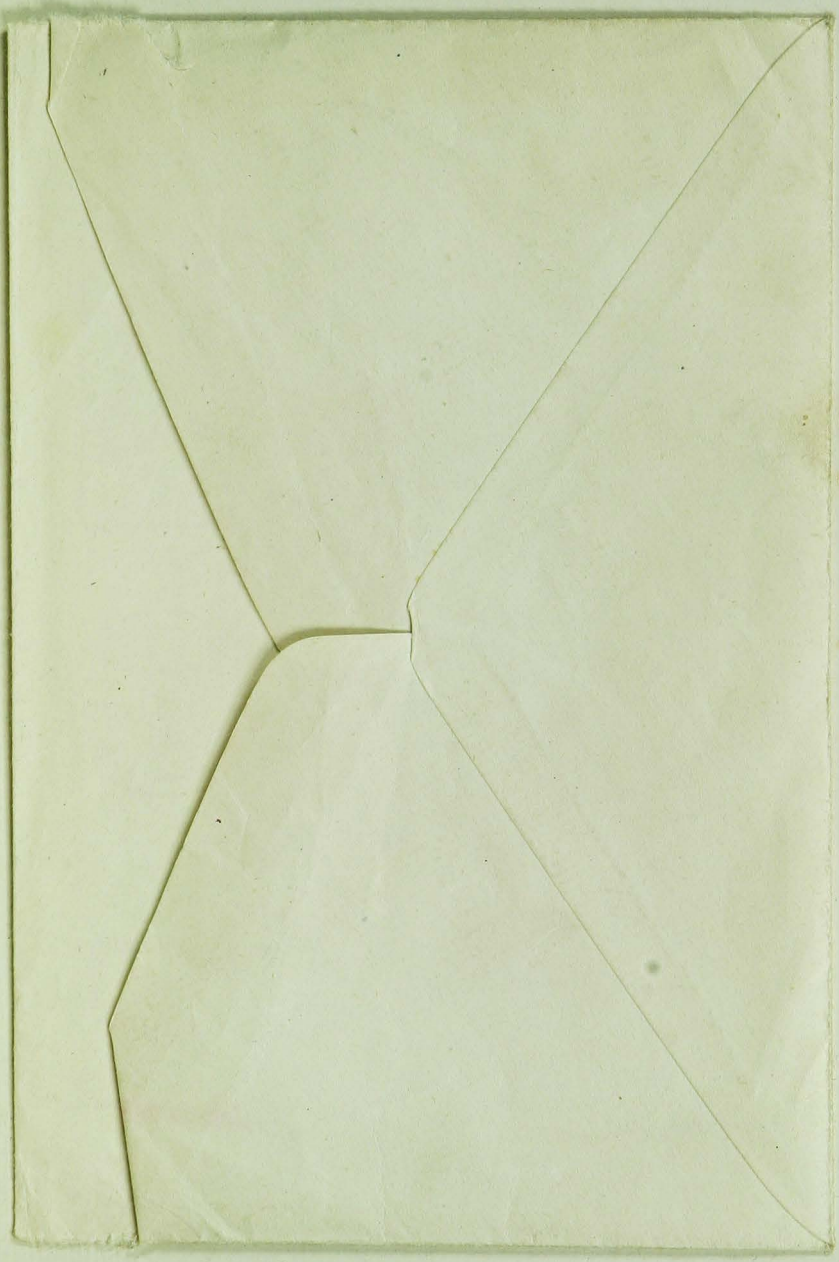
'The Campbells are Coming' rings over the Square;
The Campbells are coming—'tis truth they tell,
For here are the clansmen who bid us prepare
To follow our Chief—the Laird of Lochnell.

Has the Music ceased? I wake with a start
From all my dreams of Bonnie Argyle;
Yet the pipes are playing within my heart
As I watch the sunset beyond the Nile."

XCI.

CAIRO, 1926.

Strangeways Printers London

Times 3.10.40.

CAMPBELL.—On Tuesday, Sept. 24, 1940, MAJOR FREDERICK CHARLES GUNNING CAMPBELL, M.C., late 40th Pathans, dearly loved only son of General Sir Frederick and Lady Campbell, Tigh-an-Rudha, Ardrishaig. Cremation, Golders Green, to-day (Thursday), 11.30 a.m.